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# ARCHAICA.

CONTAINING

A REPRINT OF SCARCE

## OLD ENGLISH PROSE TRACTS.

WITH

**Prefaces, Critical and Biographical.**

IN TWO VOLUMES.

*Samuel Egerton*

BY SIR E. BRYDGES, BART. M. P.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING TRACTS OF ROBERT GREENE, ROBERT SOUTHWELL, NICHOLAS BRETON,  
AND THOMAS NASH.



LONDON:

*From the Private Press*

OF

LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN.

PRINTED BY T. DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

1815.

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## Advertisement.

THE Archaica having been published in separate Parts, without any fixed order, it is proposed, now that they are brought to a conclusion, to arrange them in two volumes, in the following manner.

### CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

1. PART THE FIRST. . Greene's Philomela.
2. PART THE SECOND. . Greene's Arcadia.
3. PART THE THIRD. . Southwell's Triumphs over Death.
4. PART THE FIFTH. . Breton's Characters, and his Good and the Bad.
5. PART THE SEVENTH. Nash's Christ's Tears over Jerusalem.

### CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

1. PART THE FOURTH. Harvey's Four Letters and Sonnets touching Robert Greene.
2. PART THE EIGHTH. } Harvey's Pierce's Supererogation.  
PART THE NINTH. } ——— New Letter of Notable Contents.
3. PART THE SIXTH. . Brathwayte's Essays upon the Five Senses.

These will form two volumes of an equal size, without separating the different pieces of the same author from each other ; and leave the two great adversaries, Greene and Harvey, each at the head of that volume to which they have contributed the largest portion of pages.





## CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

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- ⊙ 1. PART THE FIRST. . Greene's Philomela.
- ⊙ 2. PART THE SECOND. . Greene's Arcadia.
- ⊙ 3. PART THE THIRD. . Southwell's Triumphs over Death.
- ⊙ 4. PART THE FIFTH. . Breton's Characters, and his Good and the Bad.
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# GENERAL PREFACE

TO THE

TWO VOLUMES OF ARCHAICA.

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WHEN the commencement of the present Selection of reprinted Tracts was announced in March 1814, words were used in the Prospectus, to which, at the conclusion, the Editor will not shrink from recurring.

“Great care,” it was said, “will be exercised in the selection of these Tracts; which will be chosen out of such as illustrate the character of our ancient literature; the manners and customs of the times; and the taste of the people, at the period of their publication; of such as are frequently referred to by historians and critics of enlarged and deep research, like Warton; and which being at present, in consequence of their rarity, inaccessible to all but a few rich and lucky Collectors, would thus be opened to the liberal curiosity of the studious and inquisitive. Among these are many of the Tracts of Robert Greene, with those of Gabriel Harvey, Thomas Lodge, Thomas Nash, John Lilly, some of Nicholas Breton, and several others. Mere pamphlets of a temporary or local nature, remarkable for nothing but their scarcity, will not be allowed a place in this Collection.”



✓ The same Prospectus having announced a Collection of scarce Poetical Tracts to be edited by Mr. Park, under the title of *HELICONIA*, it was added, that,

“ These two Collections of the *ARCHAICA* and *HELICONIA* will mutually illustrate each other ; and according to the plan proposed for editing them, will form a singularly interesting body of old English literature, exemplifying the progress of our language, and the mental habits of the nation ; and facilitating that intimacy with the polite literature of our ancestors, which enlarges the taste, and gratifies that veneration for the past, so congenial to every feeling and cultivated understanding.”

In looking back on the expectations here raised, the Editor is sure that his coadjutor has well fulfilled his task ; and as to the Prose Tracts, though execution is so apt to fall short of the first warm hopes of design, he will not feel much dismayed if the intelligent Censor shall candidly try him by the terms thus recorded. It is true that no piece either of Lodge or Lilly has found its place in this Collection. The reason is obvious. It has been deemed prudent to make it less voluminous than was at first intended.

Has any thing been done then, by this editorial labour, to forward the sound purposes of literature, and give food to the cultivated and inquisitive mind ? It must be recollected, that not one of the authors here revived was obscure in his own day. Each of them had the power to interest his cotemporaries, and perhaps no unimportant influence over their opinions and their conduct. The language and the manners of one of the most energetic and instructive æras of our history are here reflected as in a mirror.

They are, some of them, among the primary volumes of Shakespeare's school, and tend materially to illustrate the obscurities of his text. But, hitherto, who but the lucky successors of Farmer, Steevens, Reed, Malone, and the Duke of Roxburgh, could procure an inspection of them?

The happy passion of the Collector shall not here be decried. These pages shall never ridicule the scornful preference given to the broken, irregular, and crowded types, and the dingy paper of the originals, from which the text is here copied with such conscious inferiority of value! It is however to be lamented, that something of a more discriminating taste is not oftener to be found in those who addict themselves to antiquarian pursuits: that, if a reader has acquired a fondness for antiquarian matter, he is seldom content to receive it unless dressed in all the rude *beauty* of ancient typography!

It is singular that the numerous pieces of ROBERT GREENE seem to have vanished not only from circulation, but from memory, as early as the time of *Langbaine*, whose work *On the Dramatic Poets* appeared in 1691; and who mentions two or three of them, as if he was utterly ignorant even of the names of the others. A mere modern reader, habituated to a style gradually polished into a refined and perhaps diseased delicacy, will be continually repelled and shocked by the coarseness of expression, and, indeed, of thought, which this author, like most of his contemporaries, too often exhibits. But there are defects and impurities in the language and composition of our own days, as well as in those of our less smooth but sounder and more vigorous ancestors; and the

comparison and contrast enable us to enlarge and strengthen our debilitated minds. The praise of taste cannot be honestly bestowed on Greene. Taste, indeed, is very rarely the growth of an early period : it is the last result of judgment and experience, before age has brought back the faculties to the weakness and delusions of a second childhood. But Greene had fancy, sentiment, and invention ; a pastoral simplicity of genius ; and a copious facility of diction.

As to GABRIEL HARVEY, there is more difficulty and hesitation in characterizing him with exact and unbiassed truth. His pedantry, his offensive vanity, and the malignant irritability of his temper ; above all, his inhuman trampling upon the grave of Greene, which roused into indignation even the cold and dry feelings of honest Anthony Wood, have continually excited in the Editor's mind prejudices against his merits, which his cooler reflection has overcome. Even his scholastic style, which at first is so repulsive, softens by long familiarity into many excellencies. His learning at least must be allowed to have been extensive and profound ; and his judgment acute and discriminative. There is no Tract in the English language which contains so many cotemporary literary notices of the Elizabethan reign ; and none, therefore, of equal value to the antiquarian Critic and Philologer. It is not merely curious, as giving names and titles ; but of far greater interest, as giving characters. But the eye and the heart of a poet were denied to him : though the friend of Spenser, he does not appear to have been endowed with a single poetical quality. He outlived his illustrious and inspired friend between thirty and forty years.

TOM NASH is a name so familiar to those who have pored over the exuberant note-makers on Shakespeare, that they will probably not be displeased to have an opportunity of judging for themselves of his merits. Hitherto his pieces have been so rare as to be almost inaccessible. Harvey, in his *Letter of Notable Contents*, speaks of his *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, as an instance of horrible hypocrisy. "Were I not content," says he<sup>1</sup>, "in some little of his final recovery, either in deed or in shew, to do him a meritorious favour by concealing his utter discredit, I would easily, and would notoriously, make him ashamed of some of his late sayings and doings. O Lord, how unbeseeming *The Tears of Christ*; and, alas! how likely to forerun a miserable destiny!" &c. &c. This severity of Harvey, when we recollect the irritation and vehemence which was passing between these antagonists, will have but little weight in oppressing the fame of Nash.

The versatile author took an important part in a controversy of an higher concern. He was a main opponent to the puritanical and seditious Sectarians, who contended under the name of *Martin Marprelate*. "There was," says Isaac Walton, in his *Life of Hooker*, "not only *Martin Marprelate*, but other venomous books daily printed and dispersed; books that were so absurd and scurrilous, that the graver divines disdained them an answer. And yet these were grown into high esteem with the common people, till TOM NASH appeared against them, who was a man of a sharp wit, and the master of a scoffing, satirical, merry pen, which he employed to discover the absurdities of those blind, malicious, sense-

<sup>1</sup> See the Letter in vol. ii. p. 23.



less pamphlets, and sermons as senseless as they. Nash's answers being like his books which bore these titles: *An Almond for a Parrot*; *A Fig for my Godson*; *Come, crack me this Nut*; and the like; so that his merry wit made such a discovery of their absurdities, as (which is strange) he put a greater stop to these malicious pamphlets, than a much wiser man had been able."

Dr. Zouche, the editor of Walton's Lives, adds, "that he wrote with great pleasantry and wit against a set of men, who at that time boldly pretended to prognostications and astronomical predictions. From the various Tracts written by Nash," he continues, "the commentators on Shakespeare have happily illustrated and explained several passages of their great poet."

Drayton, in his *Epistle of Poets and Poems* \*, says :

" And surely *Nashe*, tho' he a proser were,  
A branch of laurel yet deserves to bear :  
Sharply satiric was he, and that way  
He went, since that his being, to this day  
Few have attempted, and I surely think  
Those words shall hardly be set down with ink,  
Shall scorch and blast so as his could, where he  
Would inflict vengeance!"

ROBERT SOUTHWELL comes next in contrast with those already named. This grave writer's moral pathos is thus doubly striking; and is therefore selected to shew the style of the times in a different department of composition.

Of NICHOLAS BRETON, a great favourite with the Editor as a poet, these prose pieces are left to the reader's judgment. They

\* See Drayton's *NYMPHIDIA, with other poems*, printed at the Lee Priory Press.

are not such as might have been expected from one whose poetical vein was generally clear and bright; but who here writes with a common-place epigrammatic quaintness not at all indicative of genius. It has been said, however, that these are favourites with some of the readers of *ARCHAICA*: and there is no disputing on matters of taste. They have been placed in this collection as specimens of a popular writer. In his *Melancholic Humours*, printed at the *private press of Lee Priory*, there are several exquisite specimens of poetry by this ingenious but forgotten author.

RICHARD BRATHWAYTE is of a later period. He was once very popular. Some of his pieces are become extremely rare. His *Essays on the Five Senses* (which is perhaps the only Tract in this Collection of less uncommon occurrence) deserves perusal: but it does not seem necessary to the Editor to add any thing to his observations prefixed to it.

Here, then, this General Preface may draw to a close. The heavy task, which the Editor voluntarily imposed on himself, he has discharged amid a thousand avocations and distractions; amid good report and bad report; amid sneers, and frowns, and detractions, sometimes softened by the smiles of the candid, and the civilities of the kind; amid the hurry of procrastination, and the enfeebling distresses of wearisome solicitude. If he has failed in adding any thing more than a stupid and useless contribution to that literature, to which, under the influence of an unconquerable passion, he has been through life a devoted and unmercenary slave, it will but add one more to the numerous disappointments which it has been his destiny to bear.

If, on the contrary, these two splendidly-printed Volumes shall be destined to stand on the well-furnished shelves of the cultivated scholar and the man of deep and enlightened research ; of him whose studies are directed to that golden epoch which gave birth to Spenser, and Sackville, and Shakespeare, and laid the foundation for the most valuable parts of our polite literature ; the fatigue which the task has cost, the precious time which it has withdrawn from concerns not undeserving attention nor unconnected with deep and pressing interests, will not be regretted as lost or ill applied.

Hope at least whispers, that among the crude revivals of ancient ingenuity which Time had condemned to a just oblivion, and which offended Taste sends back again to their deserved obscurity and neglect, will not be found the two volumes of **ARCHAICA !**

B.

*Oct. 23, 1815.*

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# ARCHAICA.

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## PART I.

CONTAINING

## PHILOMELA.



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©

**PHILOMELA;**

**THE**

**LADY FITZWATER'S NIGHTINGALE.**

**BY**

**ROBERT GREENE, A. M.**

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*SERO, SED SERIO.*

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**A NEW EDITION.**

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**REPRINTED FROM THE EDITION OF 1615.**

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**LONDON:**

*From the Private Press*

**or**

**LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN.**

**PRINTED BY T. DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.**

**1814.**



## Advertisement.

WHOEVER is anxious to be familiar with the popular literature of England in the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the mind of the immortal Shakspeare was gathering its materials for future display, will eagerly embrace the opportunity to peruse any of the works of ROBERT GREENE, all of which have for nearly a century been of such rare occurrence, that rich and fortunate collectors alone could indulge this liberal curiosity.

Of the life of Greene so much has been said of late, in the *Censura Literaria*; in *The British Bibliographer*; in *Beloe's Anecdotes*; in the *Preface* to the reprint of this Author's *Groat's worth of Wit*, which has lately issued from the private press of Lee Priory, in Kent; all of which will probably appear, elegantly compressed, in the next volume of *Chalmers's Biographical Dictionary*, improved by the learned Editor's own judicious remarks, that it is better to defer any new memoir of this eccentric writer, or any elaborate critique on his genius or his compositions, till more specimens of his pen shall be in the reader's hands.

The present production is sufficient to rescue the calumniated author's memory from a constant prostitution of his talents to immoral purposes. He who wrote this tale was in no degree lost to the most lively sense of right and wrong. The character of Philomela is so exquisite, is drawn with so many attractions of generous and saint-like purity, that the fancy which pourtrayed it must have been at times illumined by the most tender and the most sublime conceptions:

" She sat, like Patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief."—

If the language is sometimes quaint, and now and then (but surely not often) degraded by vulgarisms, it is not unfrequently clear, proper, and even elegant.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

In the conduct of the story there is even a selection of circumstances which anticipates the skill of a later period of literature : and this is the more striking when we compare it with the prolixity of manner in a work then enjoying the highest reputation, *the Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sydney.

The intellectual stores of Greene were cultivated and copious ; he was fertile in sentiment, and rich in moral remark. He had seen life in many of its varieties, and knew how to value virtue by contrast with the miseries which he had experienced in vice.

To those who do not feel themselves interested in the progress of the human mind, in the change of language, manners, and mental fashion, the revival of works like the present may seem but an impertinent and useless act. Readers of this cast are not called to the perusal of the *ARCHAICA*.

They for whose gratification this undertaking has been planned will, we trust, receive it with candor, and bear testimony to the value of this addition to the memorials we already possess of the genius of our ancestors.

He who suggested this scheme to the publishers, in his zeal to rescue departed talent from unmerited oblivion, has added a few notes, sometimes of close, and sometimes of distant, similitude either in thought or expression, from Shakspeare, whose career had scarcely commenced when Greene died in 1592 ; but regrets that other more important avocations, which have imperiously commanded his time, have prevented his giving the attention to these notes, or this advertisement, which he was desirous to have given.

B.

*London, 22d May, 1814.*

**PHILOMELA;**  
**THE**  
**LADY FITZWATER'S NIGHTINGALE.**

**BY**  
**ROBERT GREENE,**  
**UTRIUSQUE ACADEMIÆ IN ARTIBUS MAGISTER.**

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*SERO SED SERIO.*

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**LONDON:**  
**IMPRINTED FOR GEORGE PURSLOWE.**  
**1615.**



TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE  
LADY BRIDGET RATLIFFE, LADY FITZWATERS<sup>1</sup>;

*Robert Greene wisheth increase of honour and virtue.*

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*RIGHT beautiful and bountiful lady, finding myself humbly devoted to the right honourable the Lord Fitzwaters your husband, not only that I am born his<sup>2</sup>, but also for the gracious acceptance of a small pamphlet, written by another, and presented to him by me, I endeavoured any way, and every way that I might, to discover my affectionate duty to him by some scholar-like labours, that I began to toss over the first fruits of my wits, wrapped up as scholars' treasures be, in loose papers, that I might sift out something worthy his honour; but finding all worthless of his Lordship, at last I lighted upon this fiction of Venetian Philomela, which I had written long since, and kept charily, being penned at the request of a Countess in this land, to approve women's chastity. As soon as I had read it over, and reduced it into form, licking it a little, as the bears do their whelps, to bring them to perfection, I have resolved to make good my duty to his Lordship, in doing homage with my simple labours to your Ladyship, knowing service done to the wife is gratified in the husband; whereupon I presume to present the dedication of chaste*

<sup>1</sup> Bridget Lady Fitzwater was daughter of Sir Charles Morison of Cashibury in Hertfordshire, wife of Robert Ratcliffe, Lord Fitzwalter, afterwards 5th Earl of Sussex, son of Henry, 4th Earl, who died 10th April, 1593. By him she had four children, who all died in his lifetime. She was his first wife. The Earl survived her, till 1629.

<sup>2</sup> This seems as if Greene's family had been dependent on the noble family of Ratcliffe.

*Philomela to your Honour, and to christen it in your Ladyship's name, calling it the "Lady Fitzwater's Nightingale;" as if I should insinuate a comparison 'twixt you and him of equal and honourable virtues: imitating herein Master ABRAHAM FRANCE, who titled the Lamentations of Amintas, under the name of the Countess of Pembroke's Ivie-Church. For herein your Ladyship had far more perfections than years, and more inward excellence than external beauty, yet so beautiful, as few so fair, though none more virtuous. I thought the legend of an honourable and chaste lady would be grateful to your Honour, whose mind is wholly delighted in chaste thoughts, keeping herein a perfect decorum to appropriate the nature of the gift to the content of the person. For such as offer incense to Venus, burn myrrh mixed with eringo; those that glory Pallas, give her a shield; Dians present a bow; witty poems are fit for wise heads; and examples of honour for such as triumph in virtue: so that seeing there hath few led more chaste than an Italian Philomela, I thought none only more fit to patronize her honours than your Ladyship, whose chastity is as far spread as you are either known or spoken of. If then my well meaning may not be misconstrued, but my presumption pardoned, and my labours favoured with your gracious acceptance, I have what I aimed at, and what I expected: in the hope of which courtesy, setting down my rest, I humbly take my leave.*

*Your Ladyship's,*

*in all dutiful service,*

ROBERT GREENE.

TO  
THE GENTLEMEN READERS,  
HEALTH.

IF the contents of lines could at life discover the colour of the face, you should, Gentlemen, see my ruddy cheeks manifest my open follies: but seeing paper cannot blush, I will confess my fault, and so humbly crave pardon. I promised, Gentlemen, both in my **MOURNING GARMENT** and **FAREWELL TO FOLLIES**, never to busy myself about any wanton pamphlets again, nor to have my brain counted so addle, as to set out any matter that were amorous; but yet am I come, contrary to vow and promise, once again to the press with a labour of love, which I hatched long ago, though now brought forth to light. If the printer had not been, I would have had it thrust out as an orphan, without any name to father it: but at his earnest entreaty I was content to subscribe, though I abide your hard censures and angry frowns for a penance. Therefore sith the work was writ afore my vow, and published upon duty to so honourable and beautiful a Lady, I humbly sue for favour, and crave that you will bear with this fault, and hold me every way excused; which courtesy if you grant me, I have more than I deserve, and as much as my desire every way can wish, and so farewell.

Yours,

ROBERT GREENE.



THE

**LADY FITZWATER'S NIGHTINGALE.**

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**T**HERE dwelt in the city of Venice, near the Rialto, an Earl of great excellence, both for the descent of his parentage, and largeness of his patrimony, called **IL CONTE PHILIPPO MEDICO**, a gentleman every way, not only by birth, as being by the mother's side of the *Æmilii*, but every way furnished with civil virtues for peace, and martial valour for the wars; as politic at home, as resolute abroad: revered of all, not for his grey hairs, for he was young, but for his many virtues, wherein he overwent men of age.

This Count **PHILIPPO** had by the favour of Fortune, and his own foresight, linked himself to a young gentlewoman in marriage, called **PHILOMELA CELII**, at that time the wonder of Venice, not for her beauty, though Italy afforded none so fair, nor for her dowry, though she were the only daughter of the Duke of Milan; but for the admirable honours of her mind, which were so many, and matchless, that Virtue seemed to have planted there the paradise of her perfection. Her age exceeded not seventeen; yet appeared there such a symmetry of more than womanly excellence in every action of this Venetian paragon, that Italy held her life as an instance of all commendable qualities: she was modest without sullenness, and silent, not as a fool, but because she would not be



counted a blab : chaste, and yet not coy ; for the poorest of all held her courteous : though she was young, yet she desired neither to gad nor to gaze, nor to have her beauty made common to every bad companion's eye. The veil she used for her face, was the covert of her own house ; for she never would go abroad but in the company of her husband, and then with such bashfulness, that she seemed to hold herself faulty in stepping beyond the shadow of her own mansion.

Thus was PHILOMELA famous for her exquisite virtues, and PHILIPPO fortunate for enjoying so virtuous a paramour<sup>1</sup>. But as there is no antidote so precious, but being tempered with antimony, is infectious ; nor no heart so sovereign good, but art can make simply ill ; so PHILIPPO was not so commendable for some good parts, as afterwards bad thought of for some unworthy qualities. For though he had a wife every way answerable to his own wish, both fair to please his eye, and honest to content his humour, yet in seeking to quittance these virtues with love, he so overloved her, that he plagued her more with jealousy, than recompensed her with affection ; insomuch that with a deep insight, entering into the consideration of her beauty, and her youth, he began to suspect, that such as frequented his house for traffic (for the greatest men in Venice used merchandise) were rather drawn thither by a desire to see his wife, than for the special use of any other his commodities.

Feeding upon this passion, that gnaweth like Envy upon her own flesh<sup>2</sup>, he called to mind, to which of his friends she shewed

<sup>1</sup> Probably this story has its original in some Italian novel. The incidents are of a kind which modern compositions of this class have worn thread-bare ; but the reader must constantly bear in mind the date of ROBERT GREENE's publications.

<sup>2</sup> O beware of jealousy !  
It is the green-eyed monster, that doth make  
The meat it feeds on.

*Shakesp. Othello.*

the most gracious looks, upon whom she glanced the most smiling favours, whose carver she would be at the table, to whom she would drink, and who had most courteous entertainment at her hands. These men he did most suspect and envy, as those to whom he thought his wife for those granted favours most affectionate. Yet when he called to mind her chaste virtues, and did ruminate the particularities of his loves toward himself, he suppressed the suspicious flame of jealousy, with the assured proofs of her invincible chastity. Hammering these betwixt fear and hope, he built castles in the air, and reached beyond the moon<sup>1</sup>: one while swearing all women were false and inconstant; and then again protesting, if all women were so, yet not all, because PHILOMELA was not so.

In this jealous quandary he used to himself this quaint discourse: "If love be a blessing, PHILIPPO, as yet proves in the end most bitter, how blessed are they that never make trial of so sour<sup>2</sup> a sweet! A child, stung with a bee, will fly from the honeycomb; such as are bitten with vipers<sup>3</sup>, will fear to sleep on the grass: but men touched with the inconvenience of fancy, hunt with sighs to enrich themselves with that passion. What conquest have such as win fair women? Even the like victory that Alexander had in subduing the Scythians reconciled friends, who, the more they flattered him, the more he mistrusted. Beauty is like the herb larix, cool

<sup>1</sup> The spring of love resembleth  
The uncertain glory of an April day;  
Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,  
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

<sup>2</sup> Sweet Love, changing his property,  
Turns to the surest and most deadly hate.

*Ibid. Rich. II.*

<sup>3</sup> The stung are jealous of the adder.

*King Lear.*

in the water, but hot in the stomach : precious, while it is a blossom, but prejudicial, grown to a fruit : a gem not to be valued, if set in virtue<sup>1</sup>, but disgraced with a bad foil, like a ring of gold in a swine's snout.

“ Yet what comfort is there in life, if man had no solace but man? Women are sweet helps, and those kind creatures that God made to perfect up men's excellence. Truth, PHILIPPO, they be wonders of nature, if they wrong not nature ; and admirable angels, if they would not be drawn with angels to become devils<sup>2</sup>. Oh, flatter not thyself in flattering them ; for where they find submission, there they proclaim contempt : and if thou makest them thy mate, they will give thee such a checkmate<sup>3</sup>, that happily thou shalt live by the loss all thy life after ! What needs this invective humour against women, when thou hast such a wife, as every way is abso-

<sup>1</sup> O how much more doth Beauty beauteous seem,  
By that sweet ornament which Truth doth give.  
The rose looks fair ; but fairer we it deem  
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.  
The canker blooms have full as deep a die  
As the perfumed tincture of the roses ;  
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly,  
When Summer's breath their masked buds discloses.  
But for their virtues only in their shew,  
They live unmov'd and unrespected fade ;  
Die to themselves : sweet roses do not so ;  
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made.  
And so when Virtue graces Beauty's youth,  
When that shall fade, by verse distills its truth.

*Shakespeare's Sonnets.*

<sup>2</sup> A woman is a dish fit for the gods, if the devil  
Dress her not.

*Troilus and Cressida.*

<sup>3</sup> This custom of playing on words too frequently occurs in Greene, and deforms his style : but Greene only falls into it, in common with almost all the writers of his day.

lute, both for beauty and virtue<sup>1</sup>? let such as have been stung with the scorpion be warned: speak thou as thou findest, and then thou wilt say, that women are creatures, as excellent in mind, as they be singular in complexion: as far beyond men in inward virtues, as they exceed men in exterior beauties!

“ I grant all this: yet, PHILIPPO, the juice of the hellebore is poison; the greener the alisander leaves be, the more bitter is the sap; every outward appearance is not an authentical instance: women have chaste eyes, when they have wanton thoughts; and modest looks, when they harbour lascivious wishes: the eagle, when he soareth nearest to the sun, then he hovers for his prey: the salamander is most warm, when he lieth furthest from the fire: and then are women most heart-hollow, when they are most lip-holy! And by these premises, PHILIPPO, argue of thy wife’s preciseness; for though she seem chaste, yet may she secretly delight in change; and though her countenance be coy to all, yet her conscience may be courteous to some one: when the sun shines most garish, it foreshews a shower; when the birds sing early, there is a storm before night; women’s flatteries are no more to be trusted than an astronomer’s almanack, that proclaimeth that for a most fair day, that proves most cloudy; and so of PHILOMELA.”

As thus as the Count PHILIPPO was jarring with himself about this humour of jealousy, there came to him while he sat (for all this while he was in an arbour in his garden) a familiar friend of his, called Seignior GIOVANNI LUTESIO, so private unto the Earl in all his secret affairs, that he concealed nothing from him which came within the compass of his thoughts. This Seignior GIOVANNI seeing the Count in a brown study, wakened him out of his muse

<sup>1</sup> What dearer debt in all humanity  
Than wife is to the husband?

*Troilus and Cressida.*

with a merry greeting, and bade a penny for his thought. The Earl seeing his second self, his only repository of his private passions, entertained him very courteously, and, after some familiar speeches used betwixt them, GIOVANNI began to question what the cause was of that melancholy dump that he found him in. The Earl fetching a great sigh, taking LUTESIO by the hand, setting him down by him, began to rehearse from point to point what a jealous suspicion he had of his wife's beauty, and that for all the shew of her honesty, he somewhat doubted of her chastity.

GIOVANNI, who with a reverend love favoured the Countess, began somewhat sharply to reprove the Earl, that he should admit of so foolish a passion as jealousy, and misconstrue of her whose virtuous life was so famous through all Venice. As suspicious heads want not sophistry to supply their mistrust<sup>1</sup>, so PHILIP at that time was not barren of arguments, to prove the subtlety of women; their inconstancy; how they were faced like Janus, having one full of furrows, the other of smiles, swearing, he should never be merry at his heart, till he had made an assured proof of her chastity. And with that he broke with Seignior GIOVANNI LUTESIO, that he should be the man to make experience of her honesty, although the gentleman was very unwilling to take such a task in hand, doubting, lest in dallying with the flame, he might burn his finger, and so injure his friend. Yet, at the importunate entreaty of PHILIPPO, he promised to undertake the matter, and by all means possible to assault the invincible fort of her chastity; protesting, that if he found her pliant to listen to his passions, he would make it manifest to him without dissembling.

<sup>1</sup> Suspicion is full of eyes.

*Hen. IV.*

Suspicion thinks the least signs probable.

*Hen. VI.*

PHILIPPO glad of this, to grant GIOVANNI opportunity to court his wife, would be more often abroad; and that he might drive her the sooner to listen unto his suit, he used not that wonted love and familiarity that he was accustomed to do, but quitted all her dutiful favours with uncouth and disdainful frowns, so that poor PHILOMELA, who knew nothing of his compacted treachery, began to wonder what had altered her husband's wonted humour; and like a good wife she began to examine her own conscience, wherein she had given him any occasion of offence. Feeling herself guiltless (unless his own conceit deceived him) she imagined that her husband affected some other lady more than herself; which imagination she concealed with patience, and resolved not, by revealing it, to retrieve him from his new entertained fancy, but with obedience, love and silence<sup>1</sup> to recover her PHILIPPO to favour none but his PHILOMELA.

While thus her mind a little suspicious began to waver, LUTESIO began to lay his baits to betray this silly innocent. Now you must imagine, he was a young Gentleman of a good house, of no mean wealth, nor any way made unfortunate by nature, for he was counted the most fine and courtly gentleman in all Venice. This LUTESIO therefore seeking fit opportunity to find Madam PHILOMELA in a merry vein (for time is called that *capillata ministra*, that favours lovers in their fortunes) watched so narrowly, that he found the Countess sitting alone in her garden, playing upon a lute many pretty roundelays, borginets, madrigals, and such pleasant lessons, all as it were, amorous love, vowed in honour of Venus; singing to her lute many pretty and merry ditties, some of her own composing, and some written by some witty gentlemen of Venice;

<sup>1</sup> Cold, stubborn, selfish is that heart indeed,  
Which not the gentle spirit of moving words  
Prevails to change into a milder form.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

thinking now time had smiled upon him, by putting her in such an humorous vein. At last he heard her warble out this pleasant ode.

PHILOMELA'S ODE THAT SHE SANG IN HER ARBOUR.

Sitting by a river's side,  
 Where a silent stream did glide,  
 Muse I did of many things,  
 That the mind in quiet brings.  
 I 'gan think how some men deem  
 Gold their god ; and some esteem  
 Honour is the chief content,  
 That to man in life is lent.  
 And some others do contend,  
 Quiet none, like to a friend.  
 Others hold, there is no wealth  
 Compared to a perfect health.  
 Some man's mind in quiet stands,  
 When he is lord of many lands :  
 But I did sigh, and said all this  
 Was but a shade of perfect bliss :  
 And in my thoughts I did approve,  
 Nought so sweet as is true love.  
 Love 'twixt lovers passeth these,  
 When mouth kisseth and heart 'grees,  
 With folded arms and lips meeting,  
 Each soul another sweetly greeting.  
 For by the breath the soul fleeteth,  
 And soul with soul in kissing meeteth.  
 If Love be so sweet a thing,  
 That such happy bliss doth bring,  
 Happy is Love's sugar'd thrall,  
 But unhappy maidens all,  
 Who esteem your virgin's blisses,  
 Sweeter than a wife's sweet kisses.

No such quiet to the mind,  
 As true love with kisses kind.  
 But if a kiss prove unchaste,  
 Then is true love quite disgrac'd.  
 Though love be sweet, learn this of me,  
 No love sweet but honesty.

As soon as PHILOMELA had ended her ode, Seignior LUTESIO stepped to her, and half marred her melody with this unlooked for motion: "I am glad, Madam, to find you so full of glee; women's minds set on mirth shews their thoughts are at quiet: when birds sing early, there hath been a sweet dew; so your morning's anthem shews your night's content; the subject of your song, and the censure of my thoughts argue upon conclusion: for likely it is, you have found kissing sweet, that so highly commend it; but as the old proverb is, *such laugh as win*; and such as Venus favours may afford her incense. Love is precious to such as possess their love; but there is no hell, if love be not hell, to such as dare not express their passions<sup>1</sup>."

PHILOMELA seeing LUTESIO took her napping in singing so merry an ode, shewed in the blush of her cheeks, the bashfulness of her thoughts; yet knowing he was her husband's familiar, she cared the less, and smiling, made him this pleasant answer: "Seignior LUTESIO, as I relished a wanton song at random, so I little looked your ears should have been troubled with my music; but since

<sup>1</sup> Fire that is closest kept, burns most of all.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Fell Sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,  
 Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

*Shakesp. Rich. II.*

Silence in love denotes more woe,  
 Than words, tho' ne'er so witty.

*Raleigh.*



you are a hearer of my hoarse ditty, take it as you find it, and construe of it as you please, I know mine own meaning best. In that I commend kissing, it argues me the more kind; and my husband the more loving, in that I find lip-love so sweet; women may be wantons in their husbands, yet not immodest: and wives are allowed to sport, so their dallying be not dishonest; yet had I known you had been so nigh, I would have been more silent." And at this word she blushed again, discovering by her looks, it grieved her, any man (though never so familiar) should hear her so extraordinary pleasant: but to find fish in Seignior LUTESIO's fingers, because he glanced at disdain in love, she followed her reply thus: "Yet since, Sir, what is past cannot be recalled, I will overslip the conceit of mine own folly, and be so bold as to have you under confession. What is the reason, LUTESIO, you diversely descant of the fruition of love? Hath that divine passion crept into your brains?"

GIOVANNI hearing her harp on that string, strained it a pin higher thus. "Divine passion call you it, Madam? nay rather a fury fetched from hell, a madness brewed in the bosom of Tesiphon, an unbridled desire, a restless agony, a continual anguish. Thus do I value love, because my life is at an end by the wrongs of love: such as are poisoned with ragwort count it fatal; yet such as have the pleurisy drink it in potions: the mercurial Moti was very much commended of Ulysses, though condemned of Cyrus: men's poems follow their passions, and they conclude as they are contented: then, Madam, if all the world say, love is a heaven, yet must I say, desire is a hell: not that the beauteous Saint, whom mine eye doth worship, and my heart doth honour, hath quitted my affection with disdain: but that in not daring discover my passions, I am put to a triple tormenting penance."

At this he fetched such a feigned sigh, that simple meaning PHILOMELA imagined the gentleman was full of sorrow, and there-

fore began to comfort him thus. "Why, Seignior LUTESIO, have you soared so high, that you doubt the scorching of your feathers? Have your desires taken flight so far above your degree, that you fear a fall? Is the lady whom you love so great of birth, that you dare not be your own broker? Love, LUTESIO, if honest, is lawful, and may reap disdain, but not disgrace. Desire is the daughter of Destiny, and the sympathy of affections is forepointed by the stars. Women's eyes are not tied to high personages, but to exquisite perfections: and the greater oft-times they be in degrees, the lower they prove in loves. Be she then, LUTESIO, the stateliest, the richest, the fairest in all Italy, fear not to court her: for happily she may grant, and she at the worst can but say no. When I enter into thy wonted humours, how honestly wanton thou hast been amongst women of high account, when I think of thy wealth, of thy virtues, of thy parentage, of thy person, I flatter not, LUTESIO; for in my opinion a frump amongst friends is petty treason in effect! I cannot but wonder what she is that LUTESIO dares not tell he loves; if without offence I may crave it, tell me her name, that I may censure of her qualities."

LUTESIO, with a face full of discontent, made her this answer: "Madam, as I dare not discourse my loves, so I will not discover her name; I regard her honour as my life, and therefore only suffice it, I am as far unworthy of her, as she is beyond my reach to compass."

PHILOMELA, who straight found the knot in the rush, began to imagine that it was some married wife that LUTESIO aimed at: and therefore charged him by the love that he bore to PHILIPPO MEDICO, that he would tell her whether it was a wife or a maid that he thus earnestly affected. LUTESIO briefly told her, that she was not only a wife, but maid to one, whom she almost as tenderly loved, as he did the Earl her husband: a lady of honour and virtue, yet a woman, and therefore he hoped might be won, if his heart

would serve him to be a wooer. PHILOMELA hearing this, began to find a knot in the rush, and began to deem it was some familiar of his that he was affected to: and therefore with a gentle frown, as if she loved him, and yet misliked of his fondness in fancy, taking him by the hand, she began thus to school him.

“ LUTESIO, now I see, the strongest oak hath his sap, and his worms: that ravens will breed in the fairest ash, and that the musked angelica bears a dew, that shining like pearl, being tasted, is most prejudicial: that the holiest men in shew are oft the hollowest men in substance; and where there is the greatest flourish of virtue<sup>1</sup>, there in time appeareth the greatest blemish of vanity. I speak this by all, but apply it to them, who seeming every way absolute, will prove every way dissolute. Hath not Venice held thee more famous for thy good parts than for thy parentage; and yet well born? and valued thee more for living well, than wealthily; and yet thy patrimony is not small? Oh, LUTESIO, darken not these honours with dishonesty; nor for the foolish and fading passion of lust<sup>2</sup>, reach not an everlasting penance of infamy!

“ As I mislike of thy choice, so I can but wonder at thy change, to see thee altered in manners, that wert erst so modest. Who was

<sup>1</sup> When devils will the blackest sins put on,  
They do suggest, at first, with heavenly shows.

*Othello.*

Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,  
And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice.

*Rich. III.*

O cunning enemy, that to catch a saint,  
With saints dost bait thy hook!

*Measure for Measure.*

<sup>2</sup> Lust's winter comes, ere summer half be done.  
Love surfeits not: Lust like a glutton dies;  
Love is all truth; Lust full of forged lies.

*Venus and Adonis.*

esteemed amongst ladies for his civil conceits as LUTESIO? Thou wert wished for amongst the chastest for thy choice qualities, amongst youth for thy wit, amongst age for thy honest behaviour, desired of all, because offensive to none : and now if thou prosecute this bad purpose, intend this base love, to violate the honour of a Venetian Lady, look to be hated of all that are virtuous, because thou art grown so suddenly vicious, and to be banished out of the company of all that are honest, because thou seekest to make one dishonest. Then as thou lovest thy fame, leave off this love, and as thou valuest thine honour, so veil the appetite of thy dishonest thoughts!

“ Besides, LUTESIO, enter into the consideration of the fault, and by that measure what will be the sequel of thy folly! Thou attemptest to dishonour a wife, nay, the wife of thy friend : in doing this, thou shalt lose a sweet companion, and purchase thyself a fatal enemy ; thou shalt displease God, and grow odious to men ; hazard the hope of thy grace, and assure thyself of the reward of sin. Adultery, LUTESIO, is commended in none, condemned in all, and punished in the end either with this world’s infamy, or heaven’s anger : it is a desire without regard of honesty, and a gain with greater reward of misery : a pleasure bought with pain, a delight hatched with disquiet, a content possessed with fear, and a sin finished with sorrow<sup>1</sup>. Barbarous nations punish it with death : mere atheists in religion avoid it by instinct of nature : such as glory God with no honour, covet to glorify themselves with honesty : and wilt thou that art a Christian then, crucify Christ anew, by making the harbour of thy soul the habitation of Satan?

<sup>1</sup> Having waste ground enough,  
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,  
And pitch our evils there ?

*Measure for Measure.*

"O, LUTESIO, as thou blushest at my words, so banish thy bad thoughts, and being created by God, seek not to despise thy Creator in abusing his creatures. A woman's honesty is her honour, and her honour the chiefest essence of her life<sup>1</sup>. Then in seeking to blemish her virtues with lust, thou aimest at no less disgrace than her death: and yet, LUTESIO, this is not all; for in winning her love, thou lovest a friend<sup>2</sup>, than which there is nothing more precious, as there is nothing more rare: as *Corruptio unius est generatio alterius*: so the loss of a friend is the purchase of an enemy, and such a mortal foe as will apply all his wits to thy wreck, intrude all his thoughts to thy ruin, and pass away his days, cares and nights' slumbers, in dreaming of thy destruction. For if brute beasts will revenge such brutish wrongs as adultery, then imagine no man to be so patient, that will overpass so gross an injury<sup>3</sup>.

"Assure thyself of this, LUTESIO! if her husband hear of your loves, he will aim at your lives<sup>4</sup>; he will leave no confection untempered, no poison unsearched, no mineral untried, no aconite unbruised, no herb, tree, root, stone, simple or secret unsought, till revenge hath satisfied the burning thirst of his hate! So shalt thou fear with whom to drink, with whom to converse, where to walk, how to perform thy affairs, only for doubt of her revenging husband, and thy protested enemy. If such unlawful lust, such unkind

<sup>1</sup> Dearer than life is spotless chastity.

*Titus Andronicus.*

<sup>2</sup> Love's true respect will poison false desire.

*Tarquin and Lucrece.*

<sup>3</sup> It is greater grief

To bear Love's wrong, than Hate's known injury.

*Shakespeare's Sonnets.*

<sup>4</sup> Heat of vindictive rage hath a condition

That nothing can allay, nothing but blood.

*King John.*

desires, such unchaste love procure so great loss, and so many perils, revert it, LUTESIO, as a passion most pernicious, as a sin most odious, and a gain full of most deadly sorrows.

“ Though this be much, LUTESIO, yet this is not all : for many love that are never liked, and every one that wooes is not a winner : diverse desire with hope, and yet their wishes are to small effect. Suppose the lady whom thou lovest is honest ; then is thy love as unlikely as Ixion’s was to Juno, who aiming at the substance, was made a fool with a shadow. I tell thee, it is more easy to cut a diamond with a glass, to pierce steel with a feather, to tie an elephant with a thread of silk, than to alienate an honest woman’s love from her husband ; their hearts be harbours of one love<sup>1</sup> ; closets of one contents ; cells, whereinto no amorous idea but one can enter ; as hard to be pierced with new-fangled affection, as the adamant to be made soft with fire.

“ A lady, LUTESIO, that regardeth her honour, will die with Lucretia, before she agree to lust ; she will eat coals with Portia, before she prove unchaste ; she will think every misery sweet, every mishap content, before she condescend to the allurements of any wanton lecher. Imagine then her whom thou lovest to be such a one ; then will it qualify thy hope, cool thy desires, and quench those unbridled thoughts that lead thee on to such follies. For if she be a wanton, what dost thou win ? her that many hath worn, and more than thyself may vanquish : a light housewife and a lewd minion, that after she hath yielded the flower of her love, to Theseus,

1

## Affection

Will, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,  
Turn all things to its latent quality,  
And leave no semblance foreign to itself.  
Thus blemishes to graces finely change,  
Dipt in its potent stream.

*Hamlet.*

will marry with Menelaus, and then run away with Paris : amorous to every one, because she is humorous to all.

“ Then, LUTESIO, seeing if thou likest an honest lady, thy love is past hope, and if thou wooest a wanton, thou shalt gain but what others have left ; leave both, and become as hitherto thou hast been, an honest gentleman in all men’s opinions ; so shalt thou live well thought of, and die honourably :” and with that, smiling, she asked him, if she had not played the preacher well.

But LUTESIO wondering at her virtues, made no answer, he was so amazed, but rested silent ; which PHILOMELA perceiving, to waken him out of his dump, she took again her lute in her hand, and began to sing this following ode.

#### PHILOMELA'S SECOND ODE.

It was frosty winter season,  
And fair Flora’s wealth was geason :  
Meads that erst with green were spread,  
With choice flowers diap’red,  
Had tawny vales : cold had scattered,  
What the springs and nature planted :  
Leafless boughs there might you see,  
All except fair Daphne’s tree ;  
On their twigs no birds perched,  
Warmer coverts none they searched ;  
And by nature’s secret reason,  
Fram’d their voices to the season :  
With their feeble tunes bewraying,  
How they griev’d the spring’s decaying :  
Frosty winter thus had gloomed  
Each fair thing that summer bloomed ;  
Fields were bare, and trees unclad,  
Flowers withered, birds were had :

When I saw a shepherd fold  
 Sheep in cote, to shun the cold;  
 Himself sitting on the grass,  
 That with frost withered was;  
 Sighing deeply, thus 'gan say,  
 " Love is folly when astray;  
 Like to love no passion such,  
 For his madness, if too much;  
 If too little, then despair;  
 If too high, he beats the air;  
 With bootless cries, if too low;  
 An eagle matcheth with a crow.  
 Thence grows jars, thus I find,  
 Love is folly, if unkind;  
 Yet do men most desire  
 To be heated with this fire;  
 Whose flame is so pleasing hot,  
 That they burn, yet feel it not:  
 Yet hath love another kind,  
 Worse than these unto the mind:  
 That is, when a wanton's eye  
 Leads desire clean awry,  
 And with the bee doth rejoice  
 Every minute to change choice,  
 Counting he were then in bliss,  
 If that each fair fall were his;  
 Highly thus in love disgrac'd,  
 When the lover is unchaste;  
 And would taste of fruit forbidden,  
 'Cause the scape is easily hidden.  
 Though such love be sweet in brewing,  
 Bitter is the end ensuing;  
 For the humour of love he shameth,  
 And himself with lust defameth;



For a minute's pleasure gaining,  
 Fame and honour ever staining."  
 Gazing thus so far awry,  
 Last the chip falls in his eye,  
 Then it burns that erst but heat him,  
 And his own rod 'gins to beat him;  
 His choicest sweets turn to gall,  
 He finds lust his sin's thrall :  
 That wanton women in their eyes,  
 Men's deceivings do comprise,  
 That homage, done to fair faces,  
 Doth dishonour other graces.  
 If lawless love be such a sin,  
 Curst is he that lives therein;  
 For the gain of Venus' game,  
 Is the downfal unto shame.  
 Here he paused and did stay,  
 Sigh'd and rose, and went away.

As soon as PHILOMELA had ended her ode, she smiled on LUTESIO and said : " Hoping then that this private conference shall be a conclusion of your passions, and a final resolution to reverse your thoughts from this disordinate folly of love, I will at this time cease to speak any more, because I hope you will rest from your motion : " and so taking him by the hand, she led him into the parlour, where, amongst other company, they passed away the day in pleasant chat, till that LUTESIO found convenient opportunity to discover to PHILIPPO the resolution of his wife, who thought every minute a month till he had heard what answer she had made to LUTESIO.

At last they went both together, walking into a garden that adjoined to the house of PHILIPPO : and there LUTESIO, who revealed from point to point what he had mentioned afar off to

PHILOMELA, and how honourably and honestly she replied, rehearsing what a cooling card of good counsel she gave him, able to have quailed the hottest stomach, or quenched the most eager flame that fancy could fire the mind of man withal; entering into a large and high commendation of the chastity, wisdom, and general virtues of PHILOMELA, averring that he thought there was not a woman of more absolute qualities, nor honourable disposition, in all Italy.

PHILIPPO, the more he drunk the more he thirsted, and the more he was persuaded to trust in her honesty the more he was suspicious, and doubted of her virtue: for he replied, still in his jealous humour<sup>1</sup>, that "women's words were no warrants of their truth; that as the onyx is inwardly most cold when it is outwardly most hot, so women's words are like the cries of lapwings, farthest from their thoughts, as they are from their nests: they proclaim silence with their tongues, modesty with their eyes, chastity with their actions, when in their hearts they are plotting how to grant an amorous pleasure to their lovers."

"Tush," says PHILIPPO, "women's tongues are tipt with deceit; they can sing with the nightingale, though they have a prick at their breasts; they can lend him a cherry lip whom they heartily loathe, and fawn upon their husbands' necks when they give their lovers a wink. Though my wife hath made a fair shew of virtue, it is no authentional proof of her honesty<sup>2</sup>; either she mistrusted or misdoubted of your sorcery, or else she would seem hard

<sup>1</sup> Dangerous conceits are in their nature poisons,  
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,  
But with a little act upon the blood,  
Burn like the mines of sulphur.

*Othello.*

A beauteous wall doth oft close in pollution.

*Twelfth Night.*

in the winning, that her chastity might be holden the more chary; for, be she never so wanton, she will seem modest; and the most common courtezan will, to a novice, seem the most coy matron: they have their countenance at command, their words at will, their oaths at pleasure, and all to shadow their scapes with the masks of virtue. Rodope seemed coy to Psanneticus, else had a courtezan never conquered a king; Hermia chaste to Aristotle, else had she not bewitched a philosopher; Plato's overworn trull true to him, else had she not been mistress of his thoughts. I tell thee, LUTESIO, they have more wiles than the sun hath beams, to betray the simple meaning of besotted lovers. Therefore, though she uttered a legend of good lessons, believe her not. Though the hare take squat, she is not lost at the first default: apply thy wits, try her by letters, write passionately, and hear her answer, and assure thyself, if thou cunningly cast forth the lure, she will soon be reclaimed to thy fist<sup>1</sup>."

Thus importunate was PHILIPPO upon his friend LUTESIO, that at the last he craved license to depart for a while, leaving PHILIPPO meditating of his melancholy, while he went into his chamber, where, taking pen and paper, he wrote PHILOMELA this cunning letter.

#### LUTESIO TO THE FAIREST PHILOMELA,

WISHETH WHAT HE WANTS HIMSELF.

IT is no wonder, PHILOMELA, if men's minds be subject to love, when their eyes are the instruments of desire; nor is any blameworthy for affecting, when as the sight of man is a sense that viewing every thing must of force allow of something. I speak not, sweet Lady, philosophically as a scholar, but passionately as a

<sup>1</sup> An allusion to hawking.

lover, whose eyes have been so lavish in overhigh looks, that either they must have their longing, or else I die through their over-liking: for as too sweet perfumes make the sense to surfeit, and the most bright colours soonest blemish the sight, so I, in gazing on the choice perfections of beauty, have dazzled mine eyes, and fired my heart with desire, that none but the fruition of that blessed object can save me from being Love's cursed abject.

Now, Madam, the rare idea that thus through the applause of mine eye hath bewitched my heart, is the beauteous image of your sweet self. Pardon me, if I presume, when the extremity of love pricks me forward. Faults that grow by affection, ought to be forgiven, because they come of constraint: then, Madam, read with favour, and censure with mercy, for so long I dallied with the fly about the candle, that I began to feel overmuch heat would breed my harm; I have played so long with the minnow at the bait, that I am stricken with the hook; I have viewed your beauty with such delight, and considered of your virtues with such desire, that in your gracious looks lies the only hope of my life.

Ah, PHILOMELA! were not my love extreme, my passions passing all measure, my affection too full of anguish, I would have concealed my thoughts with silence, and have smothered my griefs with patience; but either I must live by revealing it, or die by repressing it. I fear thou wilt here object, PHILIPPO is my friend, and then I am of little faith to proffer him this wrong; I confess this is a truth, and were worthy of blame, were I not bewitched by love, who neither admitteth exceptions of faith or friendship. If it be a passion that controlleth the gods, no wonder at all if it conquer and command men. If sons disobey their fathers to have their desires, it is more tolerable to crack friendship for the conquest of love.

Why then did Nature frame beauty to be so excellent, if she had tied the winning of it within exceptions? If that a friend may fault with his friend for a kingdom, no doubt faith may be broken for love, that is a great deal more puissant than kings, and much

more precious than diadems : chiefly, if that the party be chary to have regard of his mistress' honour. What the eye sees not, PHILOMELA, never hurteth the heart ; a secret love impeacheth not chastity<sup>1</sup>. Juno never frowned when Jupiter made his scape in a cloud. Private pleasures have never enjoined unto them any penance, and she is always counted chaste enough, that is chary enough : then, Madam, let him not die for love, whom, if you please, you may bless with love !

It may be, you will reply, that PHILIPPO is a Count, and a great deal my superior, and the supreme of your heart, therefore not to be wronged with an arrival. Consider, Madam, kings do brook many unknown scapes ; love will play the wanton amongst the greatest lords ; women are not made such chaste nuns, but they may let much water slip by the mill that the miller knoweth not of ; they may love their husbands with one of their eyes, and favour a friend with the other.

Since then, Madam, I have been stung with the scorpion, and cannot be helped or healed by none but by the scorpion ; that I am wounded with Achilles' lance, and I must be healed with his truncheon ; that I am entangled and snared in your beauty, and must be set at liberty only by your love ; look upon my passions, and pity them, let me not die for desiring your sweet self, but rather grant me favour, and enjoy such a lover as will prize your honour before his life, and at all times be yours in all dutiful service whilst he lives, expecting such an answer as is agreeing to such divine beauty, which cannot be cruel, or according unto my destiny, which be it sinister, will be my death. Farewell.

Yours ever,

though never yours,

GIOVANNI LUTESIO.

<sup>1</sup> This is the common language of the vicious and practised seducer.

Having finished his letter thus amorously, he remembered himself; and although PHILIPPO stayed for him in the garden, yet he stepped once again to his standish, and wrote under this following sonnet.

*Natura nihil frustra.*

On women Nature did bestow two eyes,  
Like Hemian's bright lamps, in matchless beauty shining,  
Whose beams do soonest captivate the wise  
And wary heads, made rare by Art's refining.  
But why did Nature, in her choice combining,  
Plant two fair eyes within a beauteous face,  
That they might favour two with equal grace?

Venus did sooth up Vulcan with one eye,  
With th' other granted Mars his wished glee :  
If she did so, whom Hymen did defy,  
Think love no sin, but grant an eye to me;  
In vain else Nature gave two stars to thee :  
If then two eyes may well two friends maintain,  
Allow of two, and prove not Nature vain<sup>1</sup>.

*Natura repugnare belluinum.*

After he had ended this sonnet, he went and shewed them to Seignior PHILIPPO, who liked well of his passionate humour, and desired nothing more than to hear what answer his wife would make to these amorous poems; therefore, that he might grant LUTESIO the fitter opportunity to deliver them, he took a skiff, and went with sundry other gentlemen, his familiars, to solace himself upon the waters.

In the meanwhile LUTESIO, who was left alone by himself, began to enter into the least disposition of a jealous man, that

<sup>1</sup> This sonnet is absurdly conceited and far-fetched; nor is its structure legitimate.

would hazard the honour of his wife, to content his own suspicious humour, and whet on a friend to a feigned fancy, which in time might grow to an unfeigned affection: so that smiling to himself, he began thus to murmur in his mind. "Is not he worthy to find that seeks, and deserveth he not many blows that craves to be beaten? Sith PHILIPPO will buy the buck's head, is he not worthy to have the horns? and seeing he will needs have me court his wife in jest, were it not well if he might have the cuckow in earnest? Knows he not, that frumps amongst friends grow at last to open anger? that pretty sportings in love end oftentimes in pretty bargains? that it is ill jesting with edge tools, and of all cattle worst caviling with fair women? for beauty is a bait that will not be dallied with. But I love him too well, and I honour the lady too much, to motion such a thought in earnest: though he be foolish, I know her too honest to grant love to the greatest monarch of the world."

While he was thus musing with himself, PHILOMELA came into the garden with two of her waiting women, who seeing LUTESIO in a dump, thought he was devising of his new love: whereupon she stepped to him, and began to ask him if he proceeded in his purpose. "Ay, Madam," quoth he, "if I mean to persevere in life," and with that the water stood in his eyes: whether it was that he had an onion in his napkin to make him weep, or that he had sucked that special quality from his mother, to let fall tears when he list, I know not; but she perceiving he watered his plants, began somewhat to pity his passions, and asked him if yet he had made the motion. "No, Madam," quoth LUTESIO, "but here I have written her my mind, and please it you, you shall be my secretary, both to read my letter, and see her name, for I know you will conceal it."

PHILOMELA, desirous to see what lady it was LUTESIO was in love withal, as *Natura mulierum novitatis avida*, took it very kindly

at LUTESIO's hands that he would participate his secrets unto her, and promised not only to be silent, but to yield her opinion of the hope of his success; so she took the letter and promised the next morning to give it him again, and so they fell into other chat, talking of sundry matters, as their present occasions did minister, till at last PHILOMELA, with child to see the contents of the letter, took her leave and went into her closet, where unripping the seals, she found lines far unfitting to her expectation.

As soon as she saw LUTESIO's love was meant to her, she rent the paper in a thousand pieces, and exclaimed against him in most bitter terms, vowing her Lord should be revenged upon him for this intended villainy, or else he should refuse her for his wife. Thus alone while she breathed out most hard invectives against him, yet at last, that she might aggravate her husband's displeasure the more against him, she gathered up the pieces, and laying them together, read them over, where, perceiving his passions, and thinking them to grow from a mind full of fancy<sup>1</sup>, having somewhat cooled her choler, she resolved not to tell her husband, lest if he should kill LUTESIO she might be thought the occasion of the murder, and so bring her unblemished honour in question; and therefore she took paper and ink, and wrote him this sharp reply.

#### PHILOMELA TO THE MOST FALSE LUTESIO,

WISHETH WHAT HE WANTS HIMSELF.

IF thou wonderest what I wish thee, LUTESIO, enter into thine own want, and thou shalt find, I desire thou mightst have more honour and less dishonesty; else a short life and a long repentance.

<sup>1</sup> This contest between the indignation of virtue and the intoxication of flattery is naturally drawn.



I see now that hemlock, wheresoever it be planted, will be pestilent; that the serpent with the brightest scales shroudeth the most fatal venom; that the ruby, whatsoever foil it hath, will shew red; that when nature hatcheth vicious, nurture will never make virtuous.

Thou art like, LUTESIO, unto the hyssop, growing in America, that is liked of strangers for the smell, and hated of the inhabitants for the operation, being as prejudicial in the one, as delightsome in the other: so thou in voice art holden honest, and therefore liked, but being once looked into, and found lascivious, thou wilt grow into as great contempt with thy familiars as now thou art honoured amongst strangers. Hadst thou none answerable to thine appetite but PHILOMELA? nor none to wrong but PHILIPPO? Canst thou wish me so much harm, or owe him so little friendship; I honouring thee so kindly, and he loving thee so dearly? How canst thou love the wife that betrayest the husband? or how shall I deem thou wilt prove constant in love that art false in thy faith, and to such a friend, who, next myself, counteth thee second in his secrets? Base man, that harbours so bad a thought, ransack thy thoughts and rip up the end of thy attempt! and then, if that shame hath not utterly abandoned thee, thou wilt for fear of shame leave off thy lust, and grow into more grace<sup>1</sup>.

Tell me, LUTESIO, (and if thou speakest not what thou knowest I defy thee,) wherein hast thou seen me so light, or have my gestures been so lewd, that thou shouldest gather hope to gain thy love? Hath Venice suspected me for a wanton? Hath Italy deemed me dissolute? Have I granted unto thee, or to any other, extraordinary favours? Have I been froward to my Lord, or by any wanton

<sup>1</sup> Bear not along  
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

*Rich. II.*

tricks shewed the wrack of my chastity? If any of these blemishes have disgraced me, speak it, and I will call for grace and amend them, but never a whit the more befriend thee: for whereas I honourably thought of LUTESIO, unless I find thy humour changed, I will aim at thy dishonour, and proclaim thee an enemy to ladies, 'cause thou art a friend to lust.

Ah, LUTESIO! I would sooner have deemed the seas should have become dry, the earth barren, and the sun without light, than thou wouldest have sought to violate the honesty of PHILOMELA, or blemish the honour of PHILIPPO. PHILIPPO's wealth is at thy will, his sword at thy command, his heart placed in thy bosom; he reserveth of all that he hath for thee, save only me to himself; and canst thou be so unkind to rob him of his only love, that owes thee so much love? Judge the best, and I hope that I imagine truth, thou doest it but to try me. If it be so, I brook it with the more patience, yet discontent thou shouldst trouble mine eyes with a wanton line; but if thy passionate humour be in earnest, it contents me not to deny thee, but to defy thee; I proclaim myself enemy to thy life, as thou art envious of mine and my husband's honour.

I will incense PHILIPPO to revenge with his sword what I cannot requite with words; and never live in quiet till I see thee die, infamous traitor as thou art. Unless thy grace be such, to cease from thy treachery, come no more in my husband's house, lest thou look for a dagger in thy bosom; feed not at my table, lest thou quaff with Alexander thy fatal draught! To be brief, love not PHILOMELA, if thou mean to live, but look up to heaven; become penitent for thy fond and foolish passions; let me see repentance in thy eyes, and remorse in thy actions; be as thou hast been, a friend to PHILIPPO, and a favourer of mine honour; and though thou hast deserved but meanly, yet thou shalt be welcome heartily, and whatsoever is past, upon thy penitence, I will pardon,

and for this time conceal it from the knowledge of the Count; otherwise, set down thy rest, we will not both live together in Italy. Farewell.

Never thine,

though she were not PHILIPPO's,

PHILOMELA MEDIA.

Having ended her letter, she resolved to answer his sonnet, as well to shew her wit, as to choke his wantonness, and therefore she writ this poem.

*Quot corda, tot amores.*

Nature foreseeing how men would devise  
More wiles than Proteus, women to entice,  
Granted them two, and those bright shining eyes,  
To pierce into man's faults if they were wise.  
For they with shew of virtue mask their vice,  
Therefore to women's eyes belongs these gifts,  
The one must love, the other see men's shifts.

Both these await upon one simple heart,  
And what they choose, it hides up without change.  
The emerald will not with his portrait part,  
Nor will a woman's thoughts delight to range.  
They hold it bad to have so base exchange.  
One heart, one friend, though that two eyes do choose him,  
No more but one, and heart will never lose him.

*Cor unum, amor unus.*

As soon as she had sealed up her letter, she brooked no delay, but sent it straight by one of her waiting women to LUTESIO, whom she found sitting alone in his chamber reading upon a book. Interrupting his study, she delivered him the letter, and the message of

her lady. LUTESIO kind, gave the gentlewoman a kiss; for he thought she valued a lip favour more than a piece of gold, and with great courtesy gave her leave to depart. She was scarce out of the chamber, but he opened the letter, and found what he expected, the resolution of a chaste Countess, too worthy of so jealous a husband.

Praising in himself the honourable mind of PHILOMELA, he went abroad to find out PHILIPPO, whom at last he met, near unto the arsenal. Walking together to LUTESIO's house, there he shewed PHILIPPO his wife's letter, and did comment upon every line, commending greatly her chastity, and deeply condemning his suspicion. "Tush," says PHILIPPO, "all this wind shakes no corn. Helena writ as sharply to Paris, yet she ran away with him. Try her once again, LUTESIO, and for my life thou shalt find calmer words and sweeter lines." LUTESIO, with his eyes full of choler, made him this answer. "PHILIPPO, if thou beest so sottish, with Cephalus to betray thy wife's honour, perhaps with him prove the first that repent thy treachery. When the wild boar is not chafed, thou mayest chasten him with a wand, but being once indammaged with the dogs, he is dismal.

"Women that are chaste while they are trusted, prove wantons being suspected causeless. Jealousy is a spur to revenge. Beware PHILOMELA hear not of this practice, lest she make thee eat with the blind man many a fly. Canst thou not, PHILIPPO, content thyself that thy Lady is honest, but thou must plot the means to make her a harlot<sup>1</sup>? If thou likest hunters' fees so well, seek another woodman, for I will not play an apple-squire to feed thy humours. If Venice knew as much as I am privy to, they would hold thee

<sup>1</sup> How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds  
Makes ill deeds done.

*King John.*

worthy of that thou hast not, and her a fool if she gave thee not what thou seekest for. I am sorry I have wronged her virtues by so bad a motion ; but henceforth, PHILIPPO, hope never to get me in the like vein : and more, if thou leavest not from being so vain, I will abandon thy company, and renounce thy friendship for ever."

PHILIPPO hearing his friend LUTESIO so short, desired him to be content, patient, and silent; and he would raze out the suspicious conceit that haunted him, and for ever after grace his good wife with more love and honour ; and, with that, PHILIPPO and he walked to the Rialto : but LUTESIO would not for that night go to the house of PHILIPPO, lest his presence might be offensive to PHILOMELA, and so drive him into some dumpish choler.

PHILIPPO coming home, was welcome to his Lady, and being somewhat late, they sat down lovingly to supper. The first course was no sooner come in, but PHILIPPO said, he marvelled that all that day he had not seen LUTESIO : this he spake with his eyes on PHILOMELA's face, to see what countenance she would hold at his name ; she, little suspecting her husband had been privy to her new found lover, blushed and kept herself silent. PHILIPPO took no knowledge of any thing, but passed it over smoothly, and used his former wonted familiarity to his wife. The next day going abroad, LUTESIO came to his house, and went not in as his custom was, boldly, but walking in the hall, asked one of the Earl's gentlemen, if the Countess was stirring : he, marvelling at LUTESIO's strangeness, smiled and said, " Sir, what needs this question ? my Lady is alone at her book ; go up, Sir, and help her in her muses." " I pray you," quoth LUTESIO, " go to the Countess, and tell her I am here, and would, if her leisure served her, gladly have a word with her." The gentleman, though he wondered at these uncouth words of LUTESIO, yet he went up and told his Lady the message, who presently leaving her book and company, all to avoid out of the chamber, sent for him up ; who no sooner came into her presence,

but she saluted him with such a frown, that he stood as mortified as if he had been struck with the eye of a basilisk. **PHILOMELA** seeing him in this passionate agony, began with him thus.

“I cannot tell, **LUTESIO**, how to salute thee either with looks or speeches, seeing thou art not as thou seemedst once, my well-wisher, and my husband’s friend. The lapidaries value the stones no longer than they hold their virtues; nor I prize a gentleman no longer than he regards his honour. For, as a diamond with a cloud is cast into the goldsmith’s dust, so a gentleman without credit is carelessly holden for refuse. I read thy letter, and I answered it: but tell me, how shall I take it? As thou repliest, so will I entertain: if to try me, thou shalt find the more favour; if to betray me, hope for nothing but revenge.” **LUTESIO**, hearing **PHILOMELA** so honourably peremptory, with blushing cheeks made her this answer.

“Madam, as my face bewrays my folly, and my ruddy hue my reckless show, so let my words be holden for witnesses of my truth, and think whatsoever I say is sooth: by the faith of a gentleman, then, assure yourself, mine eye hath ever loved you, but never unlawfully; and what humble duty I have shown you, hath been to honour you, not to dishonest you. This letter was but to make trial how you liked **PHILIPPO**, to whom I owe such faith, that it would grieve me he should have a wife false. I know not, Madam, what humour drew me on to it. I am sure, neither your wanton looks, nor light demeanours, but a kind of passion destined to breed mine own prejudice, if your favour exceed not my deserts. If, therefore, your Ladyship shall forget and forgive this folly, and conceal it from the Earl, who perhaps may take it meant in earnest, enjoin me any penance, Madam, and I will perform it with patience.”

**PHILOMELA** hearing **LUTESIO** thus penitent, began to clear up her countenance, and said to him thus: “It is folly to rub the scar when the wound is almost whole, or to renew quarrels when the matter is put in compromise; therefore, omitting all, **LUTESIO**,

I pardon thee, and promise neither to remember thy folly myself, nor yet to reveal it to my husband, but thou shalt be every way as heartily welcome to me as thou wert wont; only this shall be thy penance, to swear upon this bible, never hereafter to motion me of any dishonesty. To this LUTESIO willingly granted, and took his oath; so were they reconciled, and the Countess called for a cup of wine, and drunk to him: and after, to pass away the afternoon, they fell to chess. After a mate or two, the Countess was called aside by one MARGARETA STROMIA, a Venetian lady, that came to visit her, and LUTESIO went down to walk in the garden by chance. As he was striking through the parlour he met the Earl, whom he took by the arm, and led him into one of the privy walks, and there recounted unto him what reconcilment was grown between him and the Countess his wife, which highly pleased the Earl, so that without any more cross humours they passed a long time in all contented pleasures; till Fortune, whose envy is to subvert content, and whose delight is to turn comic mirth into tragic sorrows, entered into the theatre of PHILOMELA's life, and began to act a baleful scene, in this manner.

PHILIPPO, who had not quite extinguished suspicion, but covered up in the cinders of melancholy the glowing sparks of jealousy<sup>1</sup>, began afresh to kindle the flame, and to conceit a new insight into his wife's actions; and whereas generally he mistrusted her before, and only thought her a wanton, as she was a woman, now he suspected that there was too much familiarity between her and LUTESIO, and flatly, that between them both he wore the horns: yet accuse her he durst not, because her parentage was great, her friends many, and her honesty most of all. Neither had he any probable articles to object against her, and therefore was silent, but ever murmuring with himself to this effect.

<sup>1</sup> Burke has made use of a similar image applied to a much greater occasion.

“PHILIPPO, thou wert too fond to plot LUTESIO a means of his love, granting him opportunity to woo, which is the sweetest friend to love. Men cannot dally with fire, nor sport with affection; for he that is a suitor in jest, may be a speeder in earnest. Have not such a thought in thy mind, PHILIPPO, for as LUTESIO is thy friend, so is he faithful; and as PHILOMELA is thy wife, so she is honest; and yet both may join issue, and prove dissemblous. Lovers have Argus' eyes, to be wary in their doings, and angels' tongues, to talk of holiness, when their hearts are most lascivious. Though my wife returned a taunting letter to him openly, yet she might send him sweet lines secretly; her satiable answer was but a cloak for the rain; for, ever since they have been more familiar and less asunder; nor she is never merry if LUTESIO begin not the mirth: if LUTESIO be not at table, her stomach is queasy: as when the halcyons hatch, the sea is calm, and the phoenix never spreads her wings but when the sunbeams shine on her nest; so PHILOMELA is never frolic but when she is matched in the company of LUTESIO. This courtesy grows of some private kindness, which if I can find out by just proof and circumstance, let me alone to revenge to the uttermost.”

In this jealous passion he passed away many days and many months, till one day LUTESIO being alone in the chamber with PHILOMELA, the Earl coming in, and hearing they were together, went charily up the stairs, and peeping in at the lock-hole, saw them two standing at a bay-window, hand in hand, talking very familiarly: which sight struck such a suspicious fury into his head, that he was half frantic; yet did he smother what he thought in silence, and going down into the garden, left them two still together. Being there alone by himself, he cast a thousand suspicious doubts in his head of LUTESIO and his wife's dishonesty, intending to watch more narrowly, to take them in a trap, while they, poor souls, little mistrusted his jealousy.



He had not staid in the garden long, ere LUTESIO and the Countess went down together to walk, where they found the Earl in his dumps; but they two wakened him from his drowsy melancholy, with the pleasant devices of Seignior LUTESIO; PHILIPPO making at all no shew of his suspicion, but entertained his friend with all accustomed familiarity; so that they passed away that day with all contented pleasures, till night, the infortunate breeder of PHILOMELA's misfortunes, grew on, when she and the Earl went to bed together: for, as she lay talking, she started, being new quickened with child, and feeling the unperfect infant stir. PHILIPPO asking the cause, she, ready to weep for joy, said, "Good news, my Lord, you shall have a young son." At this his heart waxed cold, and he questioned of her if she were with child: she, taking his hand, laying it on her side, said: "Feel, my Lord, you may perceive it move." With that it leapt against his hand. When she creeping into his bosom, began amorously to kiss him, and commend him; that, though for the space of four years that they had been married she had had no child, yet at last he had played the man's part, and gotten her a boy.

This touched PHILIPPO at the quick, and doubled the flame of his jealousy, that as a man half lunatic, he leapt out of the bed, and drawing his rapier, began thus to menace poor PHILOMELA. "Incestuous strumpet, more wanton than Lamia, more lascivious than Lais, and more shameless than Pasiphae, whose life as it hath been shadowed with painted holiness, so it hath been full of pestilent villainies; thou hast sucked subtlety from thy mother; thou hast learned with Circe to enchant, with Calypso to charm, with the Syrens to sing, and all these to breed my destruction; yet, at last thy concealed vices are burst open into manifest abuses. Now is thy lust grown to light, thy whoredoms to be acted in the theatres of Venice, thy palpable dissolutions to be proclaimed in the provinces of Italy. Time is the mother of Truth, and now hath laid

open thy life to the world : thou art, with Venus, taken in a net by Vulcan ; and though thou hast long gone to the water, yet at last thou art come broken home. I mistrusted this of long, and have found it out at last : I mean the loves between thee and that traitor LUTESIO, which although I smothered with silence, yet I hid up for revenge. I have seen with grief, and passed over with sorrow, many odd pranks, thinking still time would have altered thy thoughts ; but now thou hast sported thy belly full, and gotten a bastard, and wouldest fob me off to be the father ; no, though I be blind, I will not swallow such a fly. For the time of thy quickening and his fresh acquaintance, jumps in an even date ; this four years I have been thy husband and could not raise up thy belly, and LUTESIO no sooner grew familiar with thee, but he got thee with child ; and were it not, base strumpet, that I reserve thee to further infamy, I would presently butcher thee and the brat both with one stab<sup>1</sup>."

And with that he flung out of the chamber, leaving poor PHILOMELA in a great maze, to hear this unlooked-for discourse ; insomuch, that after she had lain a while in a trance, coming to herself, she burst forth into abundance of tears, and passed away the night in bitter complaints ; whilst PHILIPPO, mad with the frantic humour of jealousy, sat in his study, hammering how he might bring both LUTESIO and her to confusion. One while he resolved to provide galleys ready for his passage, and then to murder both his wife and LUTESIO, and so to fly away into some foreign country ; then he determined to accuse them before the Duke, his near kinsman, and have them openly punished with the extremity of the law ; but he wanted witnesses to confirm his jealous allegations.

<sup>1</sup> The broad and coarse language used in this conversation is not a little repulsive to the superior refinement of the present age.

Being thus in a quandary, at last he called up two Genoese, his servants, slaves that neither regarded God, religion, nor conscience, and them he suborned with sweet persuasions and large promises to swear that he and they did take LUTESIO and PHILOMELA in an adulterous action ; and although the base villains had at all no sparks of honesty in their minds, yet the honour of their Lady, her courtesy to all, her known virtues, and special good qualities, did so prevail, that they were passing unwilling to blemish her good name with their perjuries ; yet at last the Count cloyed them so with the hope of gold, that they gave free consent to confirm by oath whatsoever he should plot down to them.

Whereupon, the next morning, the Earl gat him early to the Duke of Venice, who was his cousin german, and made solemn complaint of the dishonour offered him by his wife and Seignior LUTESIO ; craving justice, that he might have such a manifest injury redressed with the rigour of the law.

The Duke, whose name was LORENZO MEDICI, grieved that his kinsman was vexed with such a cross, and sorrowed that PHILOMELA, that was so famous in Italy for her beauty and virtue, should dishonour herself and her husband by yielding her love to lascivious LUTESIO, swearing a present dispatch of revenge ; and thereupon granted out warrants to bring them both presently before him.

PHILIPPO glad of this, went his way to the house of LUTESIO well armed, and every way appointed, as if he had gone to sack the strongest hold in all Italy, carrying with him a crew of his friends and familiars, furnished at all points to apprehend the guiltless gentleman. As soon as they came to his house, they found one of his servants sitting at the door, who, seeing the Earl, saluted him reverently, and marvelled what the reason should be he was accompanied with such a multitude.

PHILIPPO demanded of him where his master was. " Walking, may it please your honour, (quoth he) in his garden." " Then,"

says the Earl, "if he be no more busy, I will be so bold as to go speak with him; and therefore follow me," saith he to the crew; who pressing in after the Earl, encountered LUTESIO, coming from his garden to go into his chamber. As soon as he spied PHILIPPO, with a merry look, as if his heart had commanded his eyes to bid him welcome, he saluted the Earl most graciously, but highly was astonished to see such a troop at his heels.

PHILIPPO, contrary, (as LUTESIO offered to embrace him with his best hand) took him fast by the bosom, and pulling forth his poniard, said, "Traitor, were it not I regard mine honour, and were loth to be blemished with the blood of so base a companion, I would rip out that false heart that hath violated the faith once united betwixt us: but the extremity of the law shall revenge thy villainy, and therefore officers take him into your custody, and carry him presently to the Duke, whither I will bring straight the strumpet, his paramour, that they may receive condign punishment for their heinous and detestable treacheries."

Poor LUTESIO, who little looked for such a greeting of the Earl, wondered whence this bitter speech should grow, so deeply amazed, that he stood as a man in a trance, till at the last, gathering his wits together, he began humbly and fearfully to have replied, when the Earl commanded the officers to carry him away, and would not hear him utter any one word.

He speeding him home to his own house, to fetch his sorrowful and faultless wife, to hear the baleful verdict of her appeached innocency. Coming up into her bedchamber, he found her sitting by her bedside, on her knees, in most hearty and devout prayer, that it would please God to clear her husband from his jealousy, and protect her from any open reproach or slander, uttering her orisons with such heart-breaking sighs and abundance of tears, that the base catchpoles that came in with him took pity, and did compassionate the extremity of her passions. But PHILIPPO, as if he

had participated his nature with the bloodthirsty cannibal, or eaten of the seathin root, that maketh a man to be as cruel in heart as it is hard in the rind, stepped to her, and casting her backward, bade her "arise, strumpet," and hastily make her ready, for the Duke stayed for her coming, and had sent his officers to fetch her.

Perplexed PHILOMELA, casting up her eye, and seeing such a crew of rakehells ready to attend upon him, was so surcharged with grief that she fell down in a passion. PHILIPPO let her lie, but the ministers stepped unto her and received her again. As soon as she was come to herself, she desired PHILIPPO, that for all the love of their youth, he would grant her but only this one favour, that she might not be carried before the Duke with that common attendance, but that she and he might go together without any further open discredit; and then, if she could not prove herself innocent, let her without favour abide the penalty of the law. Although she craved this boon with abundance of tears, yet PHILIPPO would have no remorse, but compelled her to attire herself, and then conveyed her with this crew to the Duke's palace, where there was gathered together all the consigladiors and chief magistrates of the city. Her passing through the streets drew a great wonder to the Venetians what the cause of her trouble should be, so that infinite number of citizens followed her, and as many other people as could thrust into the common hall, to hear what should be objected against PHILOMELA.

At last, when the judges were set, and LUTESIO and PHILOMELA brought to the bar, the Duke commanded PHILIPPO to discourse what articles he had to object against his wife and LUTESIO.

PHILIPPO, with his eyes full of jealousy, and heart armed with revenge, looking on them both, fetching a deep sigh, began thus. "It is not unknown to the Venetians, (right famous Duke, and honourable magistrates of this so worthy a city,) how, ever since I

married this **PHILOMELA**, I have yielded her such love with reverence, such affection with care, such devoted favours with affected duties, that I did rather honour her as a saint than regard her as a wife; so that the Venetians counted me rather to doat on her extremely, than to love her ordinarily. Neither can I deny, mighty **LORENZO**, but **PHILOMELA** returned all these my favours with gentle loves and obedient amours, being as dutiful a wife as I was a loving husband, until this traitor **LUTESIO**, this ingrateful monster, that living hath drunk of the river *Lethe*, which maketh men forgetful of what is past, so he, oblivious of all honour I did him, was the first actor in this tragic overthrow of the fame of the house of **PHILIPPO**.

“ I appeal to the Venetians, even from the magistrate to the meanest man, what honourable parts of friendship I have shewn to **LUTESIO**; how he was my second self, except **PHILOMELA**; his bosom was the cell wherein I hid up my secrets, his mouth was the oracle whereby I directed my actions. As I could not be without his presence, so I never would do any thing without his counsel; committing thus myself, my soul, my goods, mine honour, nay, my wife, to his honour, only reserving her from him. Of all that I have private to myself, the traitor, (oh, listen to a tale of ruth, Venetians!) neither regarding God nor respecting his friend, neither moved with fear nor touched with faith, forgetting all friendship, became amorously to woo my wife, and at last dishonestly won her; and now of long time lasciviously hath used her, which I suspected as little, as I trusted and affected them both deeply.

“ How long they have continued in their adulterous loves I know not; but as time hatcheth truth, and revealeth the very entrails of hidden secrets, so yesterday, oh, the baleful day of my dishonour! **LUTESIO** and my wife being suspected of too much familiarity by my servants, though never mistrusted by me, were watched by these Genoese, who seeing them in the chamber toge-

ther, shameless as they were, having little regard of any privy priers into their actions, fell to these amorous sports so openly, that through a chink of the door these were eye-witnesses of their adultery.

“ I being then in the garden, coming up, and finding these two peeping in at the door, stole secretly up, and with these poor slaves was a beholder of mine own dishonour. My shame was so great, and my sorrow so extreme, to see my wife so inconstant, and my friend so false, that I stepped back again into the garden, calling away these varlets, and leaving them still agents of these unkind villainies. When I came into the garden, such was the love to PHILOMELA, and so great the friendship I bore to LUTESIO, that, trust me, Venetians, had myself only been a witness of their follies, I would have smothered the fault with silence; but knowing that such base rascals would at one time or other be blabs, and so blemish mine honour, and so accuse me for a wittol to my own wife, I resolved to have them punished by law, that have so perversely requited my love: therefore have I here produced them in open court, that my dishonours may end in their revenge, calling for justice with extremity against two persons of such treacherous ingratitude.”

And here PHILIPPO ceased, driving all the hearers into a great maze, that the Duke sat astonished, the consigladiori musing, and the common people murmuring at the discourse of Seignior PHILIPPO, and bending their envious eyes against the two innocents, for wronging so honourable a Count.

To be brief, LUTESIO and PHILOMELA were examined, and no doubt they told sundry tales to clear themselves; but all in vain, for the oath of the two slaves found them guilty: whereupon a quest of choice citizens went upon them, and both, as guilty, condemned to death.

When the fatal sentence should have been pronounced against

them, PHILIPPO, with a counterfeit countenance, full of sorrow, kneeling down, desired that they might not die, because it would grieve him to be blemished with the blood of his wife whom he had loved, or of his friend whom he had honoured. At whose humble entreaty judgment was given, that PHILIPPO and PHILOMELA should be divorced, and he at free liberty to marry whom he list; and LUTESIO for ever to be banished, not only out of Venice, but of all the dukedom and territories of the same.

As soon as sentence was given, LUTESIO fetched a great sigh, and laying his hand on his bosom, said: "This breast, PHILIPPO, did never harbour any disloyal thought against thee, nor once imagine or contrive any dishonour against thy wife. Whatsoever thou hast wrongfully averred, or the Duke hardly conceived, for witness I appeal to none but God, who knoweth me guiltless, and to thine own conscience, whose worm for this wrong will ever be restless. My banishment I brook with patience, in that I know time will discover any truth in my absence: smoke cannot be hidden, nor the wrong of innocents scape without revenge. I only grieve for PHILOMELA, whose chastity is no less than her virtues are many<sup>1</sup>, and her honours as far from lust as thou and thy perjured slaves from truth. It boots not use many words, only this I will say, men of Venice have lost a friend which he will miss, and a wife that he will sorrow for." And so he went out of the council-house home to his own lodging, having the term of twenty-one days appointed for his departure.

PHILOMELA, poor soul, knowing what was in record could not be reversed, that her credit was cracked, her honour utterly blemished, and her name brought in contempt, for all this,

<sup>1</sup> Come not in way of accusation

To taint that honour every good tongue blesses.

*Hen. VIII.*



abashed not outwardly, whatsoever she conceited inwardly, but seemed in her far more full of favour and beauty than ever she was before; and her looks so modest and grave, that Chastity seemed to sit in her eyes, and to proclaim the wrong was offered unto her by these perjured persons. With this assured and constant countenance, first looking on the Duke, on the consigladiori, on the common people, and then on her husband, she used these words.

“O, PHILIPPO MEDICI! once the lover of PHILOMELA, though now the wrack of her honours, and the blemish of her high fortunes, how canst thou look to heaven and not tremble? How canst thou behold me and not blush? How canst thou think there is a God, without fear? or a hell, without horror? Canst thou blind the divine Majesty as thou hast led these magistrates into a false opinion of thine own dishonour and my dishonesty? *Mille testes conscientia*. If these slaves, the ministers of thy jealous envy, should grow dumb, and all the world silent, yet will thine own conscience daily cry out in thine ears<sup>1</sup> that thou hast wronged PHILOMELA. I am the daughter of a Duke, as thou art the son of an Earl; my virtues in Venice have been as great as thine honours; my fortunes and my friends more than thine: all these will search into this cause, and if they find out mine innocency, think PHILIPPO worthy of great penance.

“But in vain, I use charms to a deaf adder; therefore, I leave thee to the choice of a new love, and the fortune of a fair wife, who, if she prove as honestly amorous towards thee as PHILOMELA, then wrong her not with suspicion, as thou hast done me with jealousy, lest she prove too liberal and pay my debts.

<sup>1</sup> The worm of conscience still gnaws the soul.

*Rich. III.*

Conscience is a thousand swords.

*Ibid.*

“ Yet, PHILIPPO, hast thou lost more in losing LUTESIO than in forsaking me, for thou mayest have many honest wives, but never so faithful a friend ; therefore, though I be divorced, be thou and he reconciled, lest at last the horror of thy conscience draw thee into despair, and pain thee with too late repentance.

“ So, PHILIPPO, ever wishing thee well, I will ever entreat, that neither God may lay the wrong of mine innocency to thy charge, nor my friends triumph in thy unfortunate revenge ; and so farewell.”

With this, she stepped forth of the hall, leaving PHILIPPO greatly tormented in his conscience, and the Duke and all the rest wondering at her patience ; saying, “ it was pity she was drawn on to wantonness by LUTESIO.”

The rumours of this spread through all Venice, of the lascivious life of PHILOMELA, Some said, all was not gold that glistered ; that the fairest faces have oft-times the falsest hearts ; and the smoothest looks the most treacherous thoughts ; that as the agate, be it never so white without, yet it is full of black strokes within ; and that the most shining sun breedeth the most sharp showers<sup>1</sup> ; so women, the more chastity they profess openly, the less chary

<sup>1</sup> All hoods make not monks.

*Hen. VIII.*

The hood makes not a monk : a man may be honest in nothing but his clothes.

*Winter's Tale.*

All that glistens is not gold :

Gilded tombs do worms enfold.

*Merchant of Venice.*

Trust not appearances and outward shews :

For some have acted like the elder Brutus,

Covering discretion with a coat of folly ;

As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots,

Which shall first spring, and be most delicate.

*Hen. V.*

they are in secret of their honesty. Others said, it might be a compacted matter by the Earl to be rid of his wife. Some said, that the matter might be mistaken, and made worse than it was.

Thus diversly they did descant, while poor PHILOMELA, being gotten to a gentleman's house, a friend of hers, sate sorrowfully, resolving how she might best salve this blemish. One while she thought to go home to the Duke her father, and incense him to revenge: that again she misliked, for by open jars and civil dissension, were she never so innocent, yet her name should by such open brawls grow more infamous. Another while, she thought to persuade LUTESIO against him, and that he might procure the slaves by torture to bewray the subornation of perjury, and so to bring her husband within the compass of open treachery.

Thus the secret love she bare still to PHILIPPO would not suffice; for she had rather bear guiltless shame, than bring her husband to perpetual infamy.

Thus did she plot in her mind sundry ways of revenge; but at last, this was her resolution: sith her honour, so famous through Italy, was now so highly stained, she would neither stay in Italy nor yet return to her father, but go into some strange country, and there die unknown; that being absent from the rumour of her bad report, she might live, though poorly, yet quiet.

Upon this determination she set down her rest, and gathered all her clothes and jewels together; for the Earl sent her all, whatsoever he had of hers, and she returned him by the messenger a ring with a diamond, wherein was written these words, *Olim meminisse dolebit*. The Earl took it, and put it on his finger, which after bred his further misery.

But leaving him a contented man, though with a troubled conscience, for the satisfying of his jealous revenge.

Again to PHILOMELA, who having packed up all her jewels and treasures, listened for a ship, and heard of one that made to

Palermo in Sicily. As the poor Countess was careless of herself, as a woman half in despair, so she little regarded to what port of Christendom the bark made, and therefore hired passage in that ship so secretly, that none but her own self and a page did know when or whither she meant to make her voyage; so that on a sudden, having certain intelligence at what hour the ship would warp out of the haven, she slipped away, and her page with her, and getting aboard under sail, committed herself to God, the mercy of the seas, and to the husband of many hard misfortunes.

The ship had not gone a league upon the seas, but PHILOMELA began to be sick; whereupon the master of the ship coming in to comfort her, found her in his eye one of the fairest creatures that ever he saw; and though her colour were something pale through her present sickness<sup>1</sup>, yet he could compare it to no worse shew than the glister of the moon in a silent night and a clear sky, so that the poor shipper's conscience began to be pricked, and love began to shake him by the sleeve, that he sate down by her, and after his blunt fashion gave her such sweet comfort as such a swain could afford.

PHILOMELA thanked him, and told him, it was nothing but a passion that the roughness of the seas had wrought in her, who heretofore was unacquainted with any other waters than the river Po, and such small creeks as watered Italy.

Hereupon the master departed, but with a flea in his ear, and love in his eye; for he had almost forgot his compass, he was so far out of compass with thinking how to compass<sup>2</sup> PHILOMELA. In this amorous humour he began to visit often the cabin wherein

<sup>1</sup> Shakespeare somewhere has an expression, that

“Sorrow eats the bud of Beauty.”

The image drawn from “the moon in a silent night and clear sky,” is very poetical.

<sup>2</sup> This miserable play upon words shews the literary infection of the age.

PHILOMELA lay, which was a means rather to increase his fury than to qualify the fire of love that began to heat him: for, as he that playeth with a bee may sooner feel her sting than taste of her honey<sup>1</sup>, so he that acquainteth himself with love may more easily repent him than content him; and sooner inthrall himself in a labyrinth, than get an hour of quiet liberty.

So it fell out with **TEBALDO**, for so was the master of the ship called: for he, by conversing privately and familiarly with **PHILOMELA**, became so far in love, that he held no happiness like the obtaining of this love; he noted the excellency of her beauty, the exquisiteness of her qualities, and measured every part with such precise judgment, that the small heat of desire grew to a glowing fire of affection<sup>2</sup>. But for all this he durst not reveal his mind unto her, lest happily by his motion she should be moved unto displeasure. But as by time small sparks grow into great flames, so at last he waxed so passionate, that there was no way with him but death or despair, if he did not manifest his thoughts unto her: resolving thus damnably with himself, that howsoever love or fortune dealt with him, he would have his mind satisfied; for if she granted, then he would keep her in Palermo, as his paramour; if she denied, seeing he had her within the compass of his bark, he would have his purpose by force, and so become lord of his content by conquest.

Thus resolute, he went towards the cabin of **PHILOMELA**, to bewray his affection unto her, when, drawing near the door, he heard her playing most cunningly upon a lute certain lessons of

<sup>1</sup> Beware, and lick not  
The sweet, that is your poison.

*Coriolanus.*

<sup>2</sup> A little spark will prove a raging fire,  
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with.

*Hen. VI.*

curious descant. Staying awhile, lest he might interrupt so sweet music; at last she left off, and fell from her lute to this lamentable complaint.

“ Oh, poor woman, worthy so termed, being brought to thy woe by a man; now dost thou see, that as such as are stung by the tarantula are best cured by music; so such minds as are vexed by sorrow, find no better relief than a sweet relish of comforting melody<sup>1</sup>.

“ Ah, ABSTEMIA, for so she now called her name, the more to disguise herself; if music should be answerable to thy martyrdom, or the excellency of descant conformable to the intent of the distressor, then must Apollo be fetched from heaven, Orpheus from his grave, Amphion from his rest, the Syrens from their rocks, to qualify thy musings with their musics; for though they excel in degrees of sounds, thou exceedest in diversities of sorrows, being far more miserable than musical; and yet they, the rarest of all others. Once, ABSTEMIA, thou wast counted the fairest in all Italy, and now thou art holden the falsest; thy virtues were thought many, now thy dishonours are counted numberless; thou wert the glory of thy parents, the hope of thy friends, the fame of thy country, the wonder of thy time for modesty, the paragon of Italy for honourable grace, and the pattern whereby women did measure their perfections: for she that was holden less modest, was counted a wanton; and she that would seem more virtuous, was esteemed too precise; but now thou art valued worthless of all thy former honours, by the stain of one undeserved blemish.

“ Ah, had I been false to my husband, perhaps I had been more fortunate, though not in mine own conscience, yet to the eyes of the world less suspected, and so not detected; but inno-

<sup>1</sup> No charm like music to a weary spirit.  
*Hen. IV.*

cency to God is the sweetest incense, and a conscience without guilt is a sacrifice of the purest savour<sup>1</sup>. What, though I be blamed? if my life be lent me, my honour will be recovered; for, as God will not suffer a murder to escape without punishment<sup>2</sup>, so he will not let the wrong of the innocent go to his grave without revenge. Though thou be banished, ABSTEMIA, yet comfort thyself; account each country thine own, and every honest man thy neighbour; let thy life be mean, so shalt thou not be looked into, for envy creepeth not so low as cottages; reeds bend with the wind, when cedars fall with a blast: poor men rely lightly of fortune, because they are too weak for fortune, when higher states feel her force, because they pursle in her bosom<sup>3</sup>: acquaint not thyself with many, lest thou fall into the hands of flatterers<sup>4</sup>, for the popular sorts<sup>5</sup> have more eyes

<sup>1</sup> A still and quiet conscience is a peace,  
Above all earthly dignities.

*Hen. VIII.*

<sup>2</sup> Innocent blood,  
E'en like the blood of sacrificing Abel,  
Cries from the tongueless caverns of the earth,  
For justice and rough chastisement.

*King John.*

<sup>3</sup> The poor doth fear no poison which attends  
In place of greater state.

*Cymbeline.*

Full oft 'tis seen  
Our mean secures us; and our mere defects  
Prove our commodities.

*King Lear.*

<sup>4</sup> What we oft do best  
By sick interpreters is not allowed;  
What worst, is oft cried up for our best action.

*Hen. VIII.*

<sup>5</sup> An habitation giddy and unsure,  
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

*Hen. IV.*

and longer tongues than the rich : seem courteous to all, but converse with few ; and let thy virtues be much spoken, though thyself live never so private. Hold honesty more dear than thy life ; and be thou never so poor, yet be chaste ; and choose rather to starve in the streets, than live daintily at a lecher's table. If, as thou art beautiful, ABSTEMIA, any fall in love with thy favours, and what he cannot win by suits will seek to get by force, and so ravish thee of thy richest glory, choose rather to be without breath, than live with such a blemish<sup>1</sup>. Thou art friendless in Sicilia, and though thou complainest, thou shalt not be heard : might overcomes right, and the weakest are still thrust to the wall.

“ To prevent, therefore, constraint in love in the greatest prince, I have provided (quoth she) a poison in the seal of my ring, as deadly as it is little, resolving as stoutly as Hannibal did, who held the like in the pommel of his sword, and chose rather to die free, than fall into the hands of Scipio. So, before any lecher shall force me to satisfy his passion, I will end my life with this fatal poison. So, ABSTEMIA, shalt thou die more honourably, which is more dear than to live disgraced ; enough is a feast ; poor wench, what needs these solemn preachings ? Leave these secret dumps, and fall to thy lute, for thou shalt have time enough to think of sorrow.” And with that she tuned her strings, and in a merry vein played three or four pleasant lessons, and at last sung to herself this conceited ditty.

#### AN ODE.

What is love once disgraced ?  
But a wanton thought ill placed,

<sup>1</sup> Dearer than life is spotless chastity.

*Titus Andronicus.*



Which doth blemish whom it paineth,  
 And dishonours whom it deigneth,  
 Seen in higher powers most,  
 Though some fools do fondly boast,  
 That who so is high of kin,  
 Sanctifies his lover's sin.  
 Jove could not hide Io's scape,  
 Nor conceal Calisto's rape.  
 Both did fault, and both were framed,  
 Light of loves, whom lust had shamed.  
 Let not women trust to men ;  
 They can flatter now and then,  
 And tell them many wanton tales,  
 Which do breed their after bales.  
 Sin in kings is sin we see,  
 And greater sin, 'cause great of 'gree.  
*Majus peccatum*, this I read,  
 If he be high that doth the deed.  
 Mars, for all his deity,  
 Could not Venus dignify ;  
 But Vulcan trap'd her, and her blame  
 Was punish'd with an open shame.  
 All the gods laugh'd them to scorn,  
 For dubbing Vulcan with the horn.  
 Whereon may a woman boast,  
 If her chastity be lost.  
 Shame await'h upon her face,  
 Blushing cheeks and foul disgrace ;  
 Report will blab, this is she  
 That with her lust wins infamy.  
 If lusting love be so disgrac'd,  
 Die before you live unchaste :  
 For better die with honest fame,  
 Than lead a wanton life with shame.

As soon as PHILOMELA had ended her ditty, she laid down her lute, and fell to her book. But TEBALDO having heard all her secret meditation, was driven into such a maze with the conceit of her incomparable excellency, that he stood as much astonished to hear her chaste speeches, as Acteon to see Diana's naked beauties. Entering with a piercing insight into her virtues, and perceiving she was some greater personage than he at the first took her for, his love was so quailed with the rareness of her qualities, that he rather endeavoured to honour her as a saint, than to love her as a paramour: desire now began to change to reverence, and affection to an honest devotion, that he shamed he once thought any way lust towards so virtuous a creature.

Thus metamorphosed, he stepped into her cabin, and found her reading, to whom he did shew more than accustomed reverence, which PHILOMELA returned with equal courtesy.

At last, he told her, how he had heard her lamentable discourse of her misfortune, and the honourable resolution of her honesty; which did so tie him to be devoted towards her, that if, when she came into Palermo, his poor house might serve her for a lodging, it and all therein, with himself and his wife, should be at her command.

PHILOMELA thanked him heartily for his kind and courteous proffer, and promised to her ability not to be ungrateful.

Well, leaving her under sail towards Palermo, to Seignior GIOVANNI LUTESIO, who, harbouring a hateful intent of revenge in his mind against the Count PHILIPPO, thought to pay him home pat in his lap; and therefore making as speedy a dispatch as might be of his affairs, he takes his journey from Venice towards the Duke of Milan's court, the father of PHILOMELA, to whom he had recounted what had happened to his daughter, what had chanced to him, and how great dishonour was offered to him by her husband.

The Duke, although these news touched him at the quick, yet

dissembled the matter, and began in great choler to upbraid LUTESIO, that no doubt the Earl did it upon just cause, or else neither would he have wronged a wife whom so tenderly he loved, neither rejected a friend whom he so dearly honoured ; nor yet the Duke and Senate of Venice would have yielded so peremptory and hard a sentence, as either banishment to him, or divorce to her.

To this LUTESIO made reply, that the Earl, to prove his surmised articles true, had suborned slaves, that were Genoese, to perjure themselves.

He shewed the Duke the letters that passed between him and his daughter, and the reason why he wrote them. But all this could not satisfy the Duke's opinion ; but he charged his gentlemen to lay hands on LUTESIO, and to carry him to prison until he had further trial of the matter, swearing, if he found him to have played false with his daughter, neither should his banishment excuse him, nor her divorce ; for he would have both their lives, for offering dishonour to the house of Milan.

Upon this censure of the Duke, LUTESIO was carried to prison, and the Duke left mightily perplexed ; who began to cast in his mind many doubts of this strange chance, vowing in his heart a fatal revenge upon PHILIPPO, for blemishing his daughter's honour with such open infamy.

When thus the Duke was in a heavy suspicion, one of the Genoese, whose conscience tormented him, ran away from Venice, and came to Milan ; where coming to the Duke's palace, he desired to speak with his Grace from the Count PHILIPPO. Being brought straight unto him, as soon as he came into his presence, he kneeled down, trembling, and besought him for mercy.

The Duke, astonished at the strange terror of the man, demanded of him what he was, and from whence he came.

The slave told him that he was born at Genoa, and had been

servant to that infortunate Earl, the Count PHILIPPO MEDICI, and one of those perjured traitors that had borne false witness against his daughter PHILOMELA.

At this the Duke started out of his seat ; and taking the fellow courteously up, bade him not fear nor doubt, for if he spake nothing but the truth, he should not only be freely pardoned, but highly rewarded.

Upon this the poor slave discoursed from point to point. First, the singular chastity of his lady and mistress ; and then the deep jealousy of PHILIPPO, who first, as he had learned, caused his dear friend, Seignior GIOVANNI LUTESIO, to try her, who finding her wise, virtuous, and constant, fell out with the Earl, that he would wrong his wife with such causeless suspicion.

After, he rehearsed how the Count grew jealous that PHILOMELA favoured LUTESIO ; and because he had no proof to confirm his mistrust but his own doubting head, he suborned him and a fellow of his to swear that they saw LUTESIO and the Countess even in the very act of adultery, which in them was perjury, and in him lechery, for both the gentleman and their lady was innocent ; and with that, falling down on his knees, and melting into tears, he craved pardon of his life.

The Duke, whose eyes were full of fire, as sparkling revenge and hate, bade him be of good cheer, and pulling his purse out of his pocket, gave it to him for an earnest penny of further friendship, and charged his gentlemen to give the Genoese good entertainment. And with that sent for Seignior LUTESIO out of prison, and sorrowful that he had wronged him so much, told him how one of the Genoese was come, that gave false witness against his daughter, and had revealed all ; which joyed LUTESIO at the very heart ; so that humbly and with watery cheeks, he desired the Duke to revenge his daughter's wrongs ; but as little bootied his intreaty, as spurs to a swift horse.

For, the Duke gathering a mighty army, made as much speed as might be towards Venice, intending to quit the wrong proffered to PHILOMELA by suspicious PHILIPPO, who then lived in all desired content, in that his jealous humour was satisfied : was determining where to make a new choice for favour : when there came this change of fortune, that news was brought into Venice, that not only the Milan Duke was come down to waste and spoil the cities belonging unto the Seigniory of Venice, but also meant to gather all the forces of his friends in Christendom, to revenge the abuse offered to his daughter PHILOMELA.

This news being come unto the ears of PHILIPPO, made him forget his wooing, and begin to wonder, how he should shift off the misfortune ready to light upon him, if any thing were proved of his suborning treachery. He now began to enter into consideration with himself, that if LUTESIO were gotten to Milan, he would not only lay the plot of all mischief against him, but also discover his treason, and incense the Duke to revenge ; and upon this, he thought, grew the occasion of his men in arms. Then did he fear lest the Genoese that was run away from him should come to the Duke's court, and there confirm, by authentical proof, what LUTESIO upon his honour did affirm.

Thus diversely perplexed, he remained in great dumps, while the Duke and consigladiori of Venice, gathering into their senate-house, began to consult what reason the Milanians had to invade their territories. And, therefore, to be fully satisfied in the cause, they sent ambassadors to inquire the reason why he rose in arms against them ? whether it were for the sentence offered against PHILOMELA, or no ? and if it were, that he should herein rest satisfied, that as she was exiled by law, so she was justly condemned for lechery.

The ambassadors having their charge, came to the Duke, lying then not far off from Bergamo, and did their message unto him,

which he answered thus : “ that he was not come as an enemy against them, but as a private foe to PHILIPPO, and therefore required to approve his daughter’s innocency, not by arms, but by witnesses in the senate-house of Venice ; and if she were found guiltless, to have condign punishment enjoined and executed against PHILIPPO.

This, if they did deny, he was come with his own blade, and his soldiers, to plague the Venetians for the partial judgments of their magistrates ; and if they meant to have him come into Venice, he craved for his assurance sufficient hostages.”

The ambassadors returned with this answer to the Duke and the consigliatori, who held his request passing reasonable, and thought it would be dishonour to them and their estate, if they should stand in denial of so equal a demand ; and, therefore, the Duke not only sent him his only son, but six young sons more, all the sons of men of honour, for hostage.

Upon whose arrival, the Duke of Milan, only accompanied with LUTESIO, the Genoese, and ten other noblemen, went to the city, and was magnificently entertained by the Duke and the citizens ; where, feasting that day, the next morning they resolved to meet in the senate-house, to hear what could be alleged against PHILIPPO, whom they cited peremptorily to appear, to answer to such objections as should be laid against him.

The guilty Earl now began to feel remorse of conscience, and to doubt of the issue of his treachery ; and, therefore, getting into his closet, he called the Genoese to him, and there began to persuade him, that although both Seignior LUTESIO and his fellow did bewray the subornation of perjury, yet he should deny it unto the death, and for his reward he bade him take half his treasure and his freedom.

The Genoese made solemn protestation that he would perform

no less than he commanded him; and, thereupon, as an *assumpsit*, took the signet of the Earl for performance of all covenants.

Thus armed, as he thought, in that he rested safely in the secrecy of his slave, the next day he appeared in the senate-house, whither the Dukes of Milan and of Venice came, with all the *consigladiori* and chief citizens of the town, to hear how the matter should be debated.

At last the Duke of Milan arose amongst them all, and began thus to discourse. "I come not, Venetians, to enlarge my territories with the sword, though I have burthened your borders with the weight of armed men: I rise not in arms to seek martial honours, but civil justice; not to claim other men's right, but mine own due, which is revenge upon false PHILIPPO for his treachery against my innocent daughter PHILOMELA. Innocent I term her, though injury hath wronged her; and yet I accuse not your Duke or *consigladiori* of injustice, because their censure past according to the false evidence propounded by perjured PHILIPPO; but I claim justice without partiality against him, which if it be granted, I shall highly praise your Senate, and be ever profest your friend; if it be denied, I am come in arms to defend my daughter's innocence, and with my blood to paint revenge upon the gates of Venice.

"If I speak sharply, blame me not, sith mine honour is touched with such a blemish; the discredit of the daughter is a spot in the parent's brow, and therefore if I seek to excuse her, accuse not me; I do but what honour commands, and nature binds me to.

"For proof that I come not to sanctify sin in my daughter, or shadow her scapes with my countenance, I have brought here not only LUTESIO, but one of their slaves, which was by PHILIPPO induced to give false evidence, to affirm as much as I aver; there-

fore I only crave they may be examined with equity, and I be satisfied only in justice."

Thus, with his face full of wrath, he sat down silent; when the consigliatori, amazed at this brief and sharp speech of the Milanese, began to examine the Genoese, who confessed all the treachery. They hearing this, demanded of PHILIPPO, how he could answer the confession of his slave: he, smiling, made this scornful reply.

"I hope, worthy Duke, and honourable Senate of Venice, you will not be dashed out of countenance with the sight of weapons, nor be driven from justice by the noise of armour; that though I be an Earl, and am not able to equal the Duke of Milan in multitudes, yet I shall have as high favours as he with equity: in hope whereof, I answer, that I think there is none so simple here, but sees how LUTESIO, constrained through envy, and the Duke compelled by nature, have suborned this poor slave, either by gold or promises, to recant what before by solemn oath he here protested: he, to recover his former credit and liberty in his country; this, to salve the blemish of his daughter's honour. But as such slaves' minds are to be wrought, like wax, with every fair word, so, I assure myself, little belief shall be given to such a base and servile person, that cometh to depose against his own conscience: this was partner with him in his evidence (pointing to the other Genoese), and this can affirm what I testify, and therefore I appeal to your equities: for by the verdict of this slave will I be tried."

At this the Duke of Venice called the Genoese forth, and bade him speak his mind.

Then LUTESIO, rising up, charged him, that as he was a Christian, and hoped to be saved by his merits, he should impartially pronounce what he knew.

At this, the Genoese feeling a horror, a second hell in his conscience, trembling as a man amazed, and touched with the sting of God's judgments in his heart, stood awhile mute; but at last



gathering his spirits together, and getting the liberty of his speech, falling down upon his knees, with his eyes full of tears, he confessed and discoursed the whole circumstance of the Earl's villany, intended against **PHILOMELA**; whereat there was a great shout in the senate-house, and clapping of hands amongst the common people, they all for joy crying, "**PHILOMELA! Innocent PHILOMELA!**"

At this the senators sat silent, and the Duke of Milan vexed; and the Count **PHILIPPO** now feeling a dreadful remorse in his conscience, uttered these words with great resolution.

"Now do I prove that true by experience, which erst I held only for a bare proverb, that truth is the daughter of time; and there is nothing so secret, but the date of many days will reveal it: that as oil, though it be moist, quencheth not fire, so time, though never so long, is no sure covert for sin; but as a spark raked up in cinders will at last begin to glow and manifest a flame, so treachery, hidden in silence, will burst forth and cry for revenge.

"Whatsoever villany the heart doth work, in process of time the worm of conscience will bewray. Oh, senators! this may be applied to myself, whose jealous head compassed this treason to **PHILOMELA**, and this treachery to **LUTESIO**; the one a most honest wife, the other a most faithful friend.

"It booteth little by circumstance to discover the sorrow I conceive, or little need I shew my wife's innocence, when these base slaves, whom I suborned to perjure themselves, have proclaimed her chastity and my dishonour; suffice it then that I repent, though too late, and would make amends, but I have sinned beyond satisfaction, for there is no sufficient recompense for unjust slander.

"Therefore, in penalty of my perjury towards **PHILOMELA**, I crave myself justice against myself, that you would enjoin a penance, but no less than the extremity of death."

At these words of **PHILIPPO** the people murmured, and the

Senate sat awhile consulting with themselves what were best to do; at last they referred it to the Duke of Milan to give sentence and censure against PHILIPPO, seeing the wrong was his daughter's, and the dishonour his; who, being a man of a mild nature, and full of royal honour in his thoughts, rising up, with a countenance discovering a kind of satisfaction by the submissive repentance of PHILIPPO, pronounced that the Earl should abide that penalty was enjoined to his daughter, which was, that he should be banished; that both the Genoese should have their liberty, and a thousand ducats a piece; and that LUTESIO should have his judgment reversed, and be restored to his former freedom.

At this censure of the Duke they all gave a general applause, and PHILIPPO there, with tears in his eyes, took leave, protesting to spend his exile contentedly in seeking out of PHILOMELA, and when he had found her, then in her presence to sacrifice his blood as a satisfaction for his lechery.

LUTESIO likewise swore to make a quest for her, and so did the Genoese, and the Duke her father was as forward; and the Senate broke up, and the Duke of Milan forthwith departed home to his own country, where we will leave him going homeward, and PHILIPPO, LUTESIO, and the Genoese, seeking for PHILOMELA.

Once again to the innocent Lady, who being arrived in Palermo, was not only courteously entertained of the master of the ship, but also of his wife; who, noting her modesty, virtue, silence, and other good properties and rare qualities, was so far in love with her, that she would not by any means let her depart out of her house, but with a sympathy of sweet affections, did love like two sisters, insomuch, that PHILOMELA was brought to bed, and had a young son, called INFORTUNATUS, because he was born in the extremity of his mother's misery: the master of the ship and his wife being pledges of his christendom.

Living thus obscure, and yet famous in Palermo for her virtues,

she found that of all music the mean was the merriest; that quiet rested in low thoughts, and the safest content in the poorest cottages; that the highest trees abide the sharpest storms, and the greatest personages the sorest frowns of fortune: therefore, with patience she brooked her homely course of life, and had more quiet sleeps now in the shipmaster's house in Palermo, than she had in her palace in Venice, only her discontent was when she thought on PHILIPPO, that he had proved so unkind; and on LUTESIO, that for her sake he was so deeply injured: yet, as well as she might, she salved these sores, and covered her hard fortunes with the shadow of her innocence.

While thus she lived honourably in Palermo, noted for her excellent behaviour and good quality, it fortuneed that the Duke of Milan and LUTESIO, both disguised like two palmers, had passed through many places to seek PHILOMELA, and to reduce her from banishment, and at last arrived in Palermo, intending to sojourn there for a while, and then to pass up to Samagossa, and so through all Sicily, to have intelligence of the distressed Countess.

While thus they stayed, inquiring diligently of her, and not hearing any news, sith she was seldom seen abroad, and beside that her name changed, and called ABSTEMIA, it chanced that, either by fortune or destiny, there arrived at the same time in Palermo the Count PHILIPPO MEDICI, who having travelled through divers countries to find out his innocent Countess, wearied at last, not so much with travel as with the gnawing worm of a guilty conscience that still tormented him, he began more and more to enter into despair, and to think his life loathsome unto him, wishing daily for death, so it might not come through the guilt of his own hand, and yet resolving rather to be the murderer of himself than thus to linger out his days in despair.

In this perplexed passion he gat himself into a thick grove, there the better to communicate in his melancholy, vowing, if he

heard not of **PHILOMELA** in that city, to make that grove the monument of his grave.

Thus desirous of death, or of the recovery of his wife, it fortune that **ARNOLDO STROZZO**, son and heir to the Duke of Palermo, being in love with a young gentlewoman, whose lodging was distant some three leagues from the city, pricked forward by the extremity of affection, thought to go visit her, although he was not only forbidden by his father, but watched, lest privily he might steal unto her; yet as love can find starting holes, he devised this policy: he carried a slave that remained in his father's house abroad to the grove with him, where **PHILIPPO** lay lurking, and there changing apparel with him, he got him to his desired mistress, and bade the slave return covertly into the city, and meet him the next day at the same place. Parting thus, as he was going homeward he was met by a young Sicilian gentleman, named **PETRO SALINO**, who bearing a mortal grudge to the Duke's son, in that he affected the gentlewoman whom he so tenderly loved, seeing him alone, and thinking him to be **ARNOLDO STROZZO** by his apparel, and deeming he came now from his beloved mistress, set upon him and slew him, and with his rapier so mangled his face that by no means he could be discerned, and thereupon fled.

**ARNOLDO**'s page missing his master, seeking abroad for him in the fields, for that he desired oft-times to be solitary, lit upon the dead body of the slave, and judging it to be his master, because he was in his apparel, cried out, and ran home and carried news thereof to the Duke, his father; who, as a man distraught of his wits, commanded straight search to be made to find out the actor of the tragedy, causing the dead corpse to be conveyed with much grief and many tears.

All the courtiers, gentlemen, and others, sought abroad to seek out the author of this murder; and not far off where the slave was

slain found PHILIPPO walking up and down untrussed, his hat lying by him, and his rapier in his hand.

The courtiers seeing a man thus suspicious, made inquiry what he was. "Why," quoth the Count, "I am the man you look for." "Art thou, then," said the cousin of ARNOLDO, "that bloody traitor that hast slain the Duke's son?"

The Count, glad he had so sweet an occasion to be rid of his life, resolute and briefly said: "I, marry am I; and I will kill his father too, if ever I reach him."

With that they laid hold upon him, and carried him to prison; and as he went by the way they examined him what he was, but by no means he would reveal unto them, only he said he was an Italian, purposely come from Venice to act it.

News straight was carried to the Duke that the murderer was taken, who was highly glad thereof, and resolved the next day, with the States of the country, to sit in judgment.

As fame and report cannot be silent, so it was straight noised abroad through Palermo that the Duke's son was slain by a Venetian, and how he was taken, and should the next day be arraigned and executed.

PHILOMELA, hearing that he was a Venetian that had done the deed, desirous to see him, took the master of the ship's wife with her and went to the prison, and there, by favour of the jailor, saw him through a window. As soon as PHILOMELA had a view of him, she saw it was PHILIPPO MEDICI, her husband, disguised, and having in his face the very signs of despair.

This sight of her husband drove her into a maze; yet to conceal the matter to herself, she said she knew not the man.

As thus she was standing talking with the jailor, there came a Venetian that was resident in Palermo, and desired that he might see the gentleman that had done the murder. But the jailor would

not suffer him; but inquired what countryman he was? He answered, "A Venetian;" "and that is the reason," quoth he, "that I am desirous to have a sight of him."

PHILOMELA hearing that he was a Venetian, asked him what news from Venice.

The sailor, for so he was, discoursed unto her what late had chanced; and amongst the rest, he discovered the fortunes of PHILOMELA, and how she was wrongfully accused by her husband the Earl; how her father came to Venice, and having her accusers, two slaves, examined, they confessed the Earl suborned them to the perjury, whereupon PHILIPPO was banished; and now, as a man in despair, sought about to find out his wife.

PHILOMELA hearing these news, thanking him, took her leave of the sailor and went home, where getting alone into her chamber, she began thus to meditate with herself.

"Now, PHILOMELA, thou mayest see heavens are just and God impartial; that though he defers, he doeth not acquit; that though he suffer the innocent to be wronged, yet at last he persecuteth the malicious with revenge; that time hatcheth truth, and that true honour may be blemished with envy, but never utterly defaced with extremity: now is thy life laid open in Venice, and thy fame revived in spite of fortune; now mayest thou triumph in the fall of thy jealous husband, and write thy chastity in the characters of his blood, so shall he die disgraced, and thou return to Venice as a wonder: now shall thy eyes see his end, that hath sought to ruin thee, and thou live content and satisfied in the just revenge of a perjured husband.

"Oh, PHILOMELA! that word husband is a high term, easily pronounced in the mouth, but never to be banished from the heart. Knowest thou not, that the love of a wife must not end but by death? that the term of marriage is dated in the grave? that wives should so long love and obey as they live and draw breath? that

they should prefer their husband's honour before their own life, and choose rather to die than to see him wronged? Why else did Alceste die for Admetus? Why did Portia eat coals for the love of Brutus, if it were not that wives ought to end their lives with their loves?

"Truth, PHILOMELA; but PHILIPPO is a traitor: he hath emblemished thy fame, sought to ruin thine honour, aimed at thy life, condemned thee both to divorce and banishment, and lastly, hath stained the high honours of thy father's house.

"And what of all this, PHILOMELA? Hath not every man his fault? Is there any offence so great that may not be forgiven? PHILIPPO did not work thee this wrong because he loved some other, but because he overloved thee; 'twas jealousy, not lasciviousness, that forced him to that folly: and suspicion is incident only to such as are kind-hearted lovers.

"Hath not God revenged thy injury, and thy father punished him with the like penalty that thyself doest suffer; and wilt thou now glory in his misery? No, (PHILOMELA) shew thyself virtuous, as e'er thou hast been honourable, and heap coals on his head by shewing him favour in extremity. If he hath slain the Duke's son, it is through despair; and if he had not come hither to seek thee, he had not fallen into this misfortune.

"The palm-tree, the more it is pressed down, the more sprouteth up; the camomile, the more it is trodden, the sweeter smell it yieldeth; even so ought a good wife to be kind to her husband midst his greatest discourtesies, and rather to venture her life than suffer him incur any prejudice, and so will I do by PHILIPPO; for rather than he shall die in the sight of PHILOMELA, I will justify him with mine own death: so shall my end be honourable as my life hath been wonderful."

With this she ceased, and went to her rest, till the next day morning, that the Dukes and the States gathered together to sit in judgment; whither came LUTESIO and the Duke of Milan disguised;

to see what he was, that being a Venetian, committed the murder; and there also was PHILOMELA and the sailor's wife.

At last the Count PHILIPPO was brought forth, whom, when the Duke of Milan saw, jogging LUTESIO with his hand, he whispered and said, "See, LUTESIO, where man favours, yet God doth in extremity revenge; now shall we see the fall of our enemy, yet not touched with his blood:" whispering thus amongst themselves.

At last the Duke of Palermo began to examine him if he were he that slew his son; he answered, that he was the man, and would with his blood answer it. "What moved you," says the Duke, "to do the murder?" "An old grudge," quoth he, "that hath been between him and me ever since he was in Venice; and for that cause revenge was so restless in my mind that I am come from thence purposely to act this tragedy, and am not sorry that I have contented my thoughts with his blood."

At this his manifest confession, the Duke, full of wrath, arose and said, it was bootless further to impanel any jury, and therefore upon his words he would pronounce sentence against him; Then PHILOMELA calling to the Duke, and desiring she might be heard, began thus to plead.

"O, mighty Duke! stay the censure, lest thy verdict wrong the innocent, and thou condemn an Earl through his own despairing evidence. I see, and with trembling I feel, that a guilty conscience is a thousand witnesses: that as it is impossible to cover the light of the sun with a curtain, so the remorse of murder cannot be concealed in the closet of the most secret conspirator.

"For, standing by, and hearing thee ready to pronounce sentence against the innocent, I, even I, that committed the deed, though to the exigent of mine own death, could not but burst forth into these exclamations to save the sackless. Know, therefore, that he which standeth here before the judgment-seat is an Earl, though banished; his name is Count PHILIPPO MEDICI, my husband, and



once famous in Italy, though here he be blemished by fortune." At this all the company looked upon her.

PHILIPPO, as a man amazed, stood staring on her face, the tears trickling down his cheeks, to see the kindness of his wife, whom so deeply he had injured ; and the Duke of Milan her father, with LUTESIO, were in as great a wonder.

Last, she prosecuted her purpose thus : " It were too long, worthy Sicilians, to rehearse the wrongs this PHILIPPO hath used against me, distressed Countess, through his extreme jealousy ; only let this briefly suffice, he suborned his slaves to swear I was seen in the act of adultery ; they were believed, I divorced and banished, and here ever since I have lived in contented patience. But since my exile, time that is the revealer of truth, hath made the slaves bewray the effect of the matter, so that this present Earl is found guilty, my honour saved, he banished, and now extremely distressed.

" Consider then, Sicilians, if this Count, my husband, hath offered me such wrong, what reason had I to plead for his life, were it not the guilt of mine own conscience forceth me to save the innocent, who, in a despairing humour, weary of his life, confesseth himself author of that murder which these hands did execute.

" I am the woman, the infortunate Countess, Sicilians, who, suborned by a Sicilian gentleman, whom by no tortures I will name, first practised by witchcraft ARNOLDO's death ; but seeing that would not prevail, I sought to meet him alone, which I did yesterday by the grove, and there offering him an humble supplication, and he stooping to take it courteously, I stabbed him, and after mangled him in that sort you found him.

" This is truth, this is my conscience, and this I am by God enforced to confess. Then, worthy Duke, save the innocent Earl, and pronounce sentence against me the offender.

" I speak not this in that I love the Count, but that I am forced unto it by the remorse of mine own conscience."

Here she ended, and all they stood amazed; and PHILIPPO began again to reply against her, that she did it to save him: but in vain were his words, for she used such probable reasons against herself, that the Duke was ready to pronounce sentence against her, and the Duke her father at the point to bewray himself, had it not been that ARNOLDO STROZZO, the Duke's son, coming home, and meeting certain plain countrymen, heard this news, how the Duke was sitting in judgment against one that had murdered his son; which news, as it drove him into a wonder, so it made him haste speedily to the place, to know the effect of the matter: and he came thither just at the beginning of PHILOMELA's oration.

Seeing, therefore, two pleading thus for death, he himself being alive, and his father ready to condemn the innocent, he commanded the company to give way, came and shewed himself, and said, "May it please your grace, I am here, whom these confess they have slain."

At this the Duke started up, and all the standers by were in a maze. At last, to drive them out of their dumps, he told them that he thought, that the man that was murdered, and taken for him, was a slave, with whom the day before he had changed apparel.

The Duke, for joy to see his son, was a great while mute: at last he began to examine the matter, why these two did plead themselves guilty? PHILIPPO answered, for despair, as weary of his life. PHILOMELA said, for the safety of her husband, choosing rather to die than he any ways should suffer prejudice,

The Sicilians at this, looking PHILOMELA in the face, shouted at her wondrous virtues, and PHILIPPO, in a swoon between grief and joy, was carried away half dead to his lodging, where he had not lain two hours, but in an extasy he ended his life. The Duke of Milan discovered himself, who by the Duke of Palermo was highly entertained.

But PHILOMELA hearing of the death of her husband, fell into extreme passions; and although ARNOLDO STROZZO desired her in marriage, yet she returned home to Venice, and there lived the desolate widow of PHILIPPO MEDICI all her life; which constant chastity made her so famous, that in her life she was honoured as the paragon of virtue, and after her death solemnly, and with wonderful honour, intombed in Saint Mark's church, and her fame holden canonized until this day in Venice.

FINIS.

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*From the Private Press of*  
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Printed by T. DAVISON, Whitefriars, London.

# **ARCHAICA.**

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## **PART II.**

**CONTAINING**

**GREENE'S ARCADIA.**



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**GREENE'S ARCADIA;**

OR,

**Menaphon:**

**CAMILLA'S ALARUM TO SLUMBER EUPHUES**

IN HIS MELANCHOLY CELL AT SILEXEDRA.

BY

**ROBERT GREENE, A. M.**

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*OMNE TULIT PUNCTUM.*

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**A NEW EDITION.**

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REPRINTED FROM THE EDITION OF 1616.

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**LONDON:**

*From the Private Press*

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PRINTED BY T. DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

**1814.**



TO

**R. P. GILLIES, Esq.**

**OF BALMAKEWAN, IN THE COUNTY OF KINCARDINE,**

**AS A MARK OF RESPECT**

**FOR HIS NUMEROUS ATTAINMENTS,**

**OF ESTEEM**

**FOR THE VIRTUES OF HIS HEART,**

**AND ADMIRATION**

**OF HIS SIMPLE, ELOQUENT, AND COPIOUS GENIUS,**

**THIS REPRINT**

**OF**

**GREENE'S ARCADIA**

**IS DEDICATED,**

**BY**

**HIS SINCERE FRIEND,**

**THE EDITOR.**

**JULY 25, 1814.**





## P R E F A C E.

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GREENE'S *Arcadia* was first published in 1587, and again 1589, 1599, 1605, 1610, 1616, 1634. The name, scene, and something in the style and construction of the fable, were perhaps suggested by Sir PHILIP SYDNEY'S celebrated romance, though that work did not appear in *print* till 1590. Each commences with consulting the oracle at Delphos; whose dark responses are in both fulfilled in an equally improbable manner<sup>1</sup>.

To make SEPHESTIA, under the disguised name and character of SAMELA, at once the object of the amorous attachment of her father, her husband, and her son, each unable to discover the identity of a person so nearly connected with them, is a revolting improbability; which shews the gross and unsettled taste both of the writer and of the age, that could endure, and still more, could even admire, such a fable.

This is far different from the skill and moral feeling displayed in the conduct of the incidents of *Philomela*, where the angelic virtues of a patient, faithful, and beautiful wife, are drawn in conflict with the blood-thirsty cruelties of a husband inflamed by idle jealousies to madness.

<sup>1</sup> See a good analysis of the story of SYDNEY'S *Arcadia*, in DUNLOP'S *History of Fiction*, 3 vols. 8vo. lately published, vol. iii. p. 164.

The style also of this production is, as it seems to me, more liable to that imputation of "a vast excess of allusion," in which GREENE is accused to have followed the fashion set by JOHN LILLY<sup>1</sup>, than the work already given.

HENRY UPCHER, in his *commendatory verses*, seems to think this; though he mentions it to the author's praise.

" Of all the flowers a *Lilly* once I lov'd,  
Whose labouring beauty branch'd itself abroad;  
But now old age his glory hath remov'd,  
And *greener* objects are mine eyes abroad.

The poetry interspersed in this romance is pastoral and pleasing, and far exceeds, both in the character of its ingredients and in the spirit with which they are combined, much of that which obtained the applause and led the fashion of the subsequent reign of king James. GREENE's pieces, however, still continued popular throughout that reign, yet not without having made somewhat of a descent from the court to the country, and from the drawing-room to the servants'-hall; for metaphysical conceits became now the ambition of the palace, and learning was encouraged to exercise her usurped triumph over genius<sup>2</sup>.

It may not be unacceptable to the reader to insert here an abstract of the story of GREENE's *Arcadia*.

[ DEMOCLES, king of Arcadia, sent two of his chief lords to Delphos, to consult the oracle regarding the future fate of his king-

<sup>1</sup> See *Cens. Lit.* vii. 151, 265.

<sup>2</sup> The reader may find a short but well digested Memoir of GREENE in the new edition of the *Biographical Dictionary* by CHALMERS, vol. xvi. p. 241.

dom. The answer was, "more full of doubts to amaze, than fraught with hope to comfort." But the king endeavoured to appease the anxieties of his people, who framed their thoughts by his example.

Meanwhile, MENAPHON, the king's shepherd, walking to the sea-shore to look after his flock, beheld fragments of a ship floating on the waves. Wondering at this sight, he sate still to observe the event, when he perceived a woman holding a child in her arms, and an old man assisting her to climb the mountain, both in an agony of sorrow. Yet as the baby laughed, the mother at moments smiled through her grief; and sung over him the beautiful ditty beginning,

"Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee."

With this lullaby the baby fell asleep, and SEPHESTIA, the mother, covering it with a mantle, gave full vent to her own complaints; while LAMEDON, the old man, endeavoured to comfort her; though "the daughter of a king, exiled by him from the hope of a crown; banished from court, and parted from her lover, MAXIMUS."

MENAPHON, hitherto "an atheist in love," was so struck with her beauty, that he now swore, there was "no god but Cupid." A conversation ensued, by LAMEDON's inquiry about the course of the country. SEPHESTIA now represented herself as SAMELA, a native of Cyprus, of mean birth, and widow of a poor gentleman, thrown on the present shore by shipwreck.

MENAPHON received them in his cottage, where they gratefully accepted his hospitality, which was under the conduct of his

sister CARMELA. They retired to rest; but MENAPHON'S slumbers were disturbed by the deep wound which his heart had received.

The next morning MENAPHON led them abroad to see his flocks; when he endeavoured to interest SAMELA by a display of his pastoral wealth, and by speeches of admiration and love; which she parried with great skill, so as to discourage, without offending, him.

SAMELA now reconciled herself to a rural life, and would often herself lead the flocks to the field; when she attracted the notice of DORON, a neighbour of MENAPHON, who described her to his friend MELICERTUS in the poem beginning

“ Like to Diana in her summer weed<sup>i</sup>.”

Soon afterwards MENAPHON persuaded SAMELA to accompany him and his sister to a shepherd's meeting. She consented, and went under the disguise of a russet dress of CARMELA. There she met PESANA, a herdsman's daughter, who had been an unsuccessful candidate for MENAPHON'S love, and MELICERTUS, who no sooner saw her than he was struck with melancholy at the likeness she bore to a beloved mistress of whom death had deprived him. All the company were delighted with her beauty, and insisted on making her the mistress of their feast.

When at length SAMELA'S eyes glanced on the looks of MELICERTUS, she also perceived such a likeness to her dead lord, that for

some time she could not refrain from gazing upon him. These glances did not escape the notice of MENAPHON, whom they filled with furious jealousy; while MELICERTUS, filled with another sort of curiosity, was resolved to question the fair shepherdess, in whom he felt a mutual interest. A long dialogue follows, in which she displays both her wit and her sense. When they broke up, all departed full of the exquisite perfections of SAMELA. MELICERTUS returned to his cottage and his couch, to ruminate on her charms. "Did ever," said he, "any one so resemble SEPHESTIA?"

SAMELA, meanwhile, employed her fancy in musing on the looks and manner of MELICERTUS. "Can he," said she, "be a shepherd? His brows contain the characters of nobility, and his wit is full of gentry! SAMELA, is it not thy MAXIMUS?—Fond fool; away with these suppositions!"

MELICERTUS now contrived to feed his flocks near those of MENAPHON; and thus one day brought about a long interview and conversation with SAMELA, to whose care the latter had been left on that occasion. This was interrupted by LAMEDON and MENAPHON, when the lovers stole back to their separate occupations.

While these things were passing, SAMELA's child, PLEUSIDIPPUS, "beautiful by nature as noble by birth," expressed presages of his future fortunes. Five years had scarcely passed over his head, when he began to shew himself among the shepherds' children as "lord of the May-game." His mother gloried in these presages.

Thus did PLEUSIDIPPUS continue to pass his infancy, when walking on the shore to gather cockle and pebble stones, a Thessa-

lian pirate, EURILOCHUS, who came thither to forage for a large booty of beasts, which he was driving before him, saw the boy, and struck with his appearance, thirsted to make him his prey. But determining first to use persuasion, he entered into a conversation with him. The boy replied with such spirit, that the pirate resolved to use force; by which he succeeded.

The boy was "arrayed in choice silks and Tyrian purple," and carried as a present by EURILOCHUS to his king, AGENOR, as a peace-offering for his breaches of law. The king was astonished at the perfections of the young captive. "Beauty," said he, "have I beheld in its brightest orb, but never set eye on immortality before this hour!" ERIPHILA, his queen, was in equal extacy. An order was then given that he should be treated in every respect as the child of a prince.

SAMELA, on learning that her boy was lost, broke forth into the most extravagant grief. MENAPHON endeavoured to appease her; and took the opportunity to insinuate his own attachment as a source of comfort. This she resented as an insult, till the contest drew from him a coarse expression of anger, which necessitated her to disclaim his interested hospitality. MENAPHON, when he saw she could exist without him, "became sick for anger, and spent whole eclogues in anguish." Among these complaints is that which begins

"Fair fields, proud Flora's vaunt, why is't you smile'?"

<sup>1</sup> P. 50.

SAMELA's stripling, now grown to the age of sixteen, flourished in honour and arms above all the knights of the court: OLYMPIA, the king's daughter, most exulted in his fame; and to her he dedicated all his adventures.

Fame, meanwhile, having in the hearing of PLEUSIDIPPUS, while at supper with his mistress, vaunted of Arcadia as the country which bred the most beautiful dames, and the picture being exhibited of a most beautiful woman (which in truth was the portrait of SAMELA), PLEUSIDIPPUS exclaimed, "O Arcadia, Arcadia, storehouse of nymphs, and nursery of beauty!" OLYMPIA started up, and stung by jealousy, vented her scorn on her lover. The youth at first doubted whether to answer mildly, or with indignation, but at length his resentment prevailed. "Since you despise my birth," said he, "take back your favours, and I will to Arcadia, to seek out mischance, or a new mistress."

The king blamed his daughter's hastiness, and endeavoured to appease the youth's resentment. An outward reconciliation was effected; but still PLEUSIDIPPUS resolved to visit Arcadia, where he soon arrived on the shore joining the promontory where he, his mother, and LAMEDON, had been wrecked.

DEMOCLES, with whom our history begun, had at that time committed his daughter, with her infant, her husband MAXIMUS, and his uncle LAMEDON, without oar or mariner, to the fury of the merciless waves, leaving the succession of his kingdom to doubtful chance—his daughter's supposed death having soon after brought his queen to the grave. The king then gave himself up to the forgetfulness of a dissolute and sensual life.



After many years of these vain enjoyments, he heard of the beauty of **SAMELA**, and not yet abandoning his youthful desires, stole from the court secretly, in the disguise of a shepherd, to seek her out. During this time she lived more contented with her new flock than if she had been queen of Arcadia, while **MELICERTUS**, pleased with her separation from **MENAPHON**, visited her every day without dread, and courted her in shepherd's terms. She in return promised marriage to her lover, in the presence of all the shepherds, to be solemnized when the prophecy should be fulfilled.

**PLEUSIDIPPUS**, in a shepherd's habit, was now tracing the plains of Arcadia, when he met **DEMOCLES**, whom he mistook for an old shepherd. Of him he enquired for **SAMELA**; and was growing angry at his unsatisfactory answers, when **SAMELA** passed by, to fill her bottle at the spring. Her beauty exceeded his hopes; and he thought that fame had been faint in her praise. She was equally struck with his looks, but rejected his amorous advances. **DEMOCLES**, overhearing this discouragement, could entertain no hope that age would succeed where youth failed. But he suggested to **PLEUSIDIPPUS** the scheme of carrying her off by force to a neighbouring castle which he owned.

This scheme being adopted, and carried into effect, the stripling again pleaded his love in vain. But **DEMOCLES**, trusting in the power of gold and empire, was prodigal in offers, which he hoped might prevail when personal charms were rejected. **SAMELA**, hearing the name of a king, was shocked at finding a lover in a father. She in vain pleaded her fidelity to **MELICERTUS**, and ashamed to hold a parley with her parent, flung away to her

chamber in a dissembled rage, and there bewailed her misfortunes.

DEMOCLES finding his efforts vain, resolved in revenge, either to obtain his love, or satisfy his hate; and stealing down in a shepherd's apparel, among the swains, found them all in an uproar at the loss of their mistress. A contest now ensued between MENAPHON and MELICERTUS as to their respective claims. These were agreed to be determined by two eclogues descriptive of their loves, of which DEMOCLES, as a stranger, was to sit censor. The prize was awarded to MELICERTUS, who, gathering together 200 clowns, marched forward with old DEMOCLES to attack the castle, where PLEUSIDIPPUS had immured SAMELA. The contest continuing some time doubtful, DEMOCLES began to fear that his nymph might be carried off to Thessaly, and therefore sent secret orders to the court, to send 10,000 men to lie in ambush near the castle. The order was obeyed, and DEMOCLES seizing the opportunity when the two combatants were weary with the conflict, gave the watchword, and the men sallying forth, sacked the castle, and carried them and SAMELA to the court, where the lady was allowed her liberty; but MELICERTUS and PLEUSIDIPPUS were cast into a deep dungeon.

DORON in the mean time employed himself in making love to CARMELA.

DEMOCLES, having SAMELA in his power, did not cease still to persecute her with his love, which she not only withstood in fidelity to MELICERTUS, but rejected with horror, as knowing him to be her father. The wretched monarch now turned love into

hate, and laid a plot for accusing her of adultery, of which the complaint was no sooner made than he condemned her and her lover to death. **PLEUSIDIPPUS** was set free, for fear of revenge from the king of Thessaly.

This devoted pair were content to die together; and that they might not be separated they both concealed the discovery of themselves from each other.

They were brought to the place of execution, when **PLEUSIDIPPUS**, sitting on a scaffold with **DEMOCLES**, Nature began strongly to work in his bosom at the sight of **SAMELA** brought forth to death: "not love, but reverence; not fear, but fancy, began to assail him." He appealed to **DEMOCLES**, who replied, that "the anger of a king must be satisfied." The youth wrapped his face in his cloak, and wept; and all the assistants discovered their grief at the sight. But **DEMOCLES** ordered the deathsman to do his duty. **MELICERTUS** was exposed to the fatal stroke, when an old woman, attired like a prophetess, exclaimed, "Villain, hold; thou wrongest the daughter of a king!" An outcry, murmur, and muttering was heard. "Now," said the woman, "the Delphian oracle is performed. **PLEUSIDIPPUS** is thy grandson, and son to fair **SEPHESTIA**, who stands here under the name of **SAMELA**; **MELICERTUS** is **MAXIMUS**, twice betrothed to **SEPHESTIA**, and father to **PLEUSIDIPPUS**. The oracle is fulfilled, and Arcadia shall rest in peace!"—The people gave a shout; the woman vanished; **DEMOCLES** stared on the face of **SEPHESTIA**; **PLEUSIDIPPUS** leaped from his seat, and first covered himself with his mother's robe, and then fell at his father's feet. **MAXIMUS** looking in his wife's face,

beheld the lineaments of SEPHESTIA ; and both of them, hiding their faces on their son's bosom, burst into tears of joy.

DEMOCLES remaining this time in a trance, at last collected his senses, and embracing all of them with tears, craved pardon of MAXIMUS and SEPHESTIA ; and to shew his sincerity, invested PLEUSIDIPPUS with the crown of Arcadia ; while to LAMEDON, for fidelity to his daughter, he gave a dukedom of that kingdom. MENAPHON was now content to marry PESANA, and DORON took his favourite CARMELA.

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Such is the story, in which among many gross improbabilities, and a profusion of those pedantic similes of which JOHN LILLY had set GREENE the example, there are many beautiful passages, an exuberance of pointed and just reflections, an occasional interspersion of pathetic sentiment, and no infrequent instances of skill in the conduct of the fable. The pastoral character of the piece is well preserved ; and the poetry often anticipates the rhythm and construction of a later age.



# GREENE'S ARCADIA;

OR,

*Menaphon* :

CAMILLA'S ALARUM TO SLUMBER EUPHUES

IN HIS MELANCHOLY CELL AT SILEXEDRA.

WHEREIN ARE DECIPHERED

THE VARIABLE EFFECTS OF FORTUNE,  
THE WONDERS OF LOVE, THE TRIUMPHS OF INCONSTANT TIME.

A WORK WORTHY THE YOUNGEST EARS FOR PLEASURE,

OR,

THE GRAVEST CENSURES FOR PRINCIPLES.

---

BY ROBERTUS GREENE,

IN ARTIBUS MAGISTER.

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*OMNE TULIT PUNCTUM.*

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1616.



TO  
THE GENTLEMEN STUDENTS  
OF  
BOTH UNIVERSITIES<sup>1</sup>.

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COURTEOUS and wise, whose judgments (not entangled with envy) enlarge the deserts of the learned by your liberal censures, vouchsafe to welcome your scholar-like shepherd with such university entertainment, as either the nature of your bounty or the custom of your common civility may afford. To you he appeals, that knew him *ab extrema pueritia*, whose *placet* he accounts the *plaudite* of his pains: thinking his day-labour was not altogether lavished *sine linea*, if there be any thing at all in it that doth *olere Atticum* in your estimate. I am not ignorant how eloquent our gowned age is grown of late, so that every mechanical mate abhorreth the English he was born to, and plucks, with a solemn periphrasis, his *ut vales* from the inkhorn; which I impute, not so much to the perfection of arts, as to the servile imitation of vain-glorious tragedians, who contend not so seriously to excel in action, as to embowel the clouds in a speech of comparison; thinking themselves more than initiated in poets' immortality, if they but once get Boreas by the beard, and the heavenly Bull by the dew-lap. But herein I cannot so fully

<sup>1</sup> This Address, written by the celebrated TOM NASH, is singularly curious, as embracing a great deal of the literary gossip and literary prejudices of the day. It abounds with quaintness and pedantry, and is far inferior in style to the compositions of his friend GREENE.



bequeath them to folly as their idiot art-masters, that intrude themselves to our ears as the alchymists of eloquence, who (mounted on the stage of Arrogance) think to out-brave better pens with the swelling bombast of bragging blank verse. Indeed it may be the ingrafted overflow of some kill-cow conceit, that overcloyeth their imagination with a more than drunken resolution, being not extemporal in the invention of any other means to vent their manhood, commits the digestion of their choleric incumbrances to the spacious volubility of a drumming decasillabon. Amongst this kind of men, that repose eternity in the mouth of a player, I can but engross some deep-read schoolmen or grammarians, who having no more learning in their skull than will serve to take up a commodity, nor art in their brain than was nourished in a serving-man's idleness, will take upon them to be the ironical censors of all, when God and Poetry doth know they are the simplest of all. To leave all these to the mercy of their mother tongue, that feed on nought but the crumbs that fall from the translator's trencher, I come, sweet friend, to thy *Arcadian Menaphon*, whose attire (though not so stately, yet comely) doth entitle thee, above all other, to that *temperatum dicendi genus*, which Tully in his *Orator* termeth true eloquence. Let other men (as they please) praise the mountain that in seven years bringeth forth a mouse, or the Italian pen that of a packet of pilfries affords the press a pamphlet or two in an age, and then in disguised array vaunts Ovid's and Plutarch's plumes as their own: but give me the man whose extemporal vein in any humour will excel our greatest art-master's deliberate thoughts, whose inventions, quicker than his eye, will challenge the proudest rhetorician to the contention of like perfection with like expedition.

What is he among students so simple, that cannot bring forth (*tanquam aliquando*) some or other thing singular, sleeping betwixt

every sentence? What is not Maro's twelve years' toil, that so famed his twelve *Æneidos*? Or Peter Ramus' sixteen years' pains, that so praised his petty Logic? How is it then our drooping wits should so wonder at an exquisite line that was his master's day labour? Indeed, I must needs say, the descending years from the philosophers of Athens have not been supplied with such present orators as were able in any English vein to be eloquent of their own, but either they must borrow invention of Ariosto and his countrymen; take up choice of words by exchange in Tully's *Tusculans*, and the Latin historiographers' storehouses; similitudes, nay, whole sheets and tractates, *verbatim*, from the plenty of Plutarch and Pliny; and, to conclude, their whole method of writing, from the liberty of comical fictions that have succeeded to our rhetoricians, by a second imitation: so that well may the adage, *Nil dictum quod non dictum prius*, be the most judicial estimate of our latter writers.

But the hunger of our unsatiate humorists being such as it is, ready to swallow all draff without difference that insinuates itself to their senses under the name of delights, employs oft-times many threadbare wits to empty their invention of their apish devices, and talk most superficially of policy, as those that never were gowned in the university, wherein they revive the old said adage, *Sus Minervam*, and cause the wiser to quip them with *Asinus ad lyram*.

Would gentlemen and riper judgments admit my motion of moderation in a matter of folly, I would persuade them to physic their faculties of seeing and hearing, as the Sabæans do their dulled senses with smelling; who (as Strabo reporteth) overcloyed with such odoriferous savours as the natural increase of their country (balsamum, amomum, with myrrh and frankincense) sends forth, refresh their nostrils with the unsavoury scent of the pitchy slime that Euphrates cast up, and the contagious fumes of goats' beards

burned ; so would I have them, being surfeited unawares with the sweet satiety of eloquence, which the lavish of our copious language may procure, to use the remedy of contraries, and recreate their rebated wits, not as they did, with the scenting of slime or goats' beards burned, but with the overseeing of that *sublime dicendi genus*, which walks abroad for waste paper in each serving-man's pocket, and the otherwhile perusing of our Gothamist's barbarism ; so should the opposite comparison of purity expel the infection of absurdity, and their over-racked rhetoric be the ironical recreation of the reader.

But so far discrepant is the idle usage of our unexperienced and illiterated punies from this prescription, that a tale of Joan of Brainford's will, and the unlucky frumenty, will be as soon entertained into their libraries as the best poem that ever Tasso eternized ; which being the effect of an undiscerning judgment, makes dross as valuable as gold, and loss as welcome as gain : the glow-worm mentioned in Æsop's Fables, namely, the ape's folly, to be mistaken for fire, when, as God wot, poor souls, they have nought but their toil for their heat, their pains for their sweat, and (to bring it to our English proverb) their labour for their travel. Wherein I can but resemble them to the panther, who is so greedy of men's excrements, that if they be hanged up in a vessel higher than his reach, he sooner kills himself with the overstretching of his windless body, than he will cease from his intended enterprize.

Oft have I observed what I now set down : a secular wit that hath lived all days of his life by, *what do you lack !* to be more judicial in matters of conceit, than our quadrant crepundious, that spit *ergo* in the mouth of every one they meet ; yet those and these are affectionate to dogged detracting, as the most poisonous Pasquils, any dirty-mouthed Martin or Momus ever composed, is

gathered up with greediness before it fall to the ground, and bought at the dearest, though they smell of the fripler's lavender half a year after; for I know not how the mind of the meanest is fed with this folly, that they impute singularity to him that slanders privily, and count it a great piece of art in an inkhorn man, in any tapsterly terms whatsoever, to expose his superiors to envy. I will not deny, but in scholar-like matters of controversy, a quicker style may pass as commendable, and that a quip to an ass is as good as a goad to an ox; but when the irregular idiot, that was up to the ears in divinity before ever he met with *probabile* in the university, shall leave *pro et contra* before he can scarcely pronounce it, and come to correct commonweals that never heard of the name of magistrate before he came to Cambridge, it is no marvel if every alehouse vaunt the table of the world turned upside down, since the child beateth his father, and the ass whippeth his master.

But lest I might seem with these night-crows, *Nimis curiosus in aliena republica*, I will turn back to my first text of studies of delight, and talk a little in friendship with a few of our trivial translators. It is a common practice now-a-days, amongst a sort of shifting companions, that run through every art and thrive by none, to leave the trade of *noverint*, whereto they were born, and busy themselves with the endeavours of art, that could scarcely latinise their neck-verse if they should have need: yet English Seneca read by candlelight yields many good sentences, as "Blood is a beggar," and so forth; and if you intreat him fair in a frosty morning, he will afford you whole Hamlets, I should say, handfuls of tragical speeches.

But, O grief! *Tempus edax rerum*, what's that will last always? The sea exhaled by drops will in continuance be dry; and Seneca, let blood line by line, and page by page, at length must needs die to our stage, which makes his famished followers to imitate the kid in Æsop, who, enamoured with the fox's new-fangles, forsook all

hopes of life to leap into a new occupation; and these men, renouncing all possibilities of credit or estimation, to intermeddle with Italian translations, wherein, how poorly they have plodded (as those that are neither puerzal-men, nor are able to distinguish of articles), let all indifferent gentlemen that have travelled in that tongue discern by their two-penny pamphlets. And no marvel though their home-born mediocrity be such in this matter; for what can be hoped of those that thrust Elysium into Hell, and have not learned, so long as they have lived in the spheres, the just measure of the horizon without an hexameter? Sufficeth them to botch up a blank verse with *ifs* and *ands*, and otherwhile for recreation after their candle-stuff, having starched their beards most curiously, to make a peripatetical path into the inner parts of the city, and spend two or three hours in turning over French Dowdie, where they attract more infection in one minute, than they can do eloquence all days of their life, by conversing with any authors of like argument.

But lest in this declamatory vein I should condemn all and commend none, I will propound to your learned imitation those men of import that have laboured with credit in this laudable kind of translation. In the forefront of whom I cannot but place that aged father ERASMUS, that invested most of our Greek writers in the robes of the ancient Romans; in whose traces Philip Melancthon, Sadolet, Plantine, and many other reverend Germans insisting, have re-edified the ruins of our decayed libraries, and marvellously enriched the Latin tongue with the expense of their toil. Not long after, their emulation being transported into England, every private scholar, WILLIAM TURNER, and who not, began to vaunt their smattering of Latin in English impressions.

But amongst others in that age, Sir THOMAS ELIOT's elegance did sever itself from all equals, although Sir THOMAS MORE, with his comical wit, at that instant was not altogether idle: yet was not

knowledge fully confirmed in her monarchy amongst us, till that most famous and fortunate nurse of all learning, Saint John's, in Cambridge, that at that time was as an university within itself, shining so far above all other houses, halls, and hospitals whatsoever, that no college in the town was able to compare with the tithe of her students, having (as I have heard grave men of credit report) more candles lighted in it every winter morning before four of the clock, than the four of the clock bell gave strokes; till she (I say), as a pitying mother, put to her helping hand, and sent from her fruitful womb sufficient scholars both to support her own weal, as also to supply all other inferior foundations' defects, and, namely, that royal erection of Trinity College, which the university orator, in an epistle to the Duke of Somerset, aptly termed *Colonia deducta*, from the suburbs of Saint John's. In which extraordinary conception, *Uno partu in rempublicam prodire*, the exchequer of eloquence, Sir JOHN CHEEKE, a man of men, supernaturally traded in all tongues, Sir JOHN MASON, Doctor WATSON, REDMAN, ASCHAM, GRINDAL, LEVER, PILKINGTON: all which have either by their private readings or public works, repurged the errors of art expelled from their purity, and set before our eyes a more perfect method of study.

But how ill their precepts have prospered with our idle age, that leave the fountains of sciences to follow the rivers of knowledge, their over-fraught studies with trifling compendiaries may testify; for I know not how it cometh to pass, by the doting practice of our divinity dunces, that strive to make their pupils pulpit-men before they are reconciled to Priscian: but those years which should be employed in Aristotle are expired in epitomes, and well too they may have so much catechism vacation to take up a little refuse philosophy.

And here I could enter into a large field of invective against our abject abbreviations of arts, were it not grown to a new fashion

among our nation, to vaunt the pride of contraction in every manuarie action; insomuch that the Pater-noster, which was wont to fill a sheet of paper, is written in the compass of a penny: whereupon one merrily assumed that proverb to be derived, "No penny, no pater-noster." Which their nice curtailing putteth me in mind of the custom of the Scythians, who, if they had been at any time distressed with famine, took in their girdles shorter, and swaddled themselves straiter, to the intent, no *vacuum* being left in their entrails, hunger should not so much tyrannise over their stomachs: even so these men, oppressed with a greater penury of art, do pound their capacity in barren compendiums, and bound their base humours in the beggarly straits of a hungry analysis, lest longing after that *infinitum* which the poverty of their conceit cannot compass, they sooner yield up their youth to destiny, than their heart to understanding.

How is it then such bungling practitioners in principles should ever profit the commonwealth by their negligent pains, who have no more cunning in logic or dialogue Latin than appertains to the literal construction of either; nevertheless, it is daily apparent to our domestical eyes, that there is none so forward to publish their imperfections, either in their trade of glose or translations, as those that are more unlearned than ignorant, and less conceiving than infants: yet dare I not impute absurdity to all of that society, although some of them have set their names to their simplicity.

Whoever my private opinion condemneth as faulty, MASTER GASCOIGNE is not to be abridged of his deserved esteem, who first beat the path to that perfection which our best poets have aspired to since his departure, whereto he did ascend by comparing the Italian with the English, as Tully did *Græca cum Latinis*. Neither was M. TURBERVILLE the worst of his time; though in translating he attributed too much to the necessity of the time. And in this page of

praise I cannot omit aged ARTHUR GOLDING, for his industrious toil in englishing Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, besides many other exquisite editions of divinity, turned by him out of the French tongue into our own. M. PHAER likewise is not to be forgot, in regard of his famous Virgil, whose heavenly verse, had it not been blemished by his haughty thoughts, England might have long insulted his wit, and *corrigat qui potest* have been subscribed to his works. But Fortune, the mistress of change, with a pitying compassion respecting MASTER STANIHURST's praise, would that PHAER should fall that he might rise, whose heroical poetry infired, I should say inspired, with an hexameter fury, recalled to life whatever hissed barbarism hath been buried this hundred year; and revived by his ragged quill such carterly variety, as no Hodge Ploughman in a country but would have held as the extremity of clownery; a pattern whereof I will propound to your judgments as near as I can, being part of one of his descriptions of a tempest, which is thus:

Then did he make heaven's vault to rebound,  
with rounce robbles bobble,  
Of ruffe raffe roaring,  
with thwick thwack thurlerie bouncing.

Which strange language of the firmament, never subject before to our common phrase, make us, that are not used to terminate heavens moving in the accents of any voice, esteem of their triobulare interpreter as of some Thrasonical huff-snuff; for so terrible was his style to all mild ears, as would have affrighted our peaceable poets from intermeddling hereafter with that quarrelling kind of verse, had not sweet MASTER FRANCE, by his excellent translation of MASTER THOMAS WATSON's sugared *Amintas*, animated their dulled spirits to such high-witted endeavours. But I know not how, their over-timorous



cowardice hath stood in awe of envy, that no man since him durst imitate any of the worst of those Roman wonders in English, which makes me think, that either the lovers of mediocrity are very many, or that the number of good poets are very small; and in truth, (MASTER WATSON except, whom I mentioned before) I know not almost any of late days that hath shewed himself singular in any special Latin poem, whose *Amintas*, and translated *Antigone*, may march in equipage of honour with any of your ancient poets.

I will not say but we had a HADDON, whose pen would have challenged the laurel from Homer, together with CAR, that came as near him as Virgil to Theocritus. But THOMAS NEWTON with his *Leiland*, and GABRIEL HARVEY, with two or three other, is almost all the store that is left us at this hour. Epitaphers, and position poets, we have more than a good many, that swarm like crows to a dead carcass, but fly, like swallows in the winter, from any continue subject of wit.

The efficient whereof I imagine to issue from the upstart discipline of our reformatory churchmen, who account wit vanity, and poetry impiety; whose error, although the necessity of philosophy might confute, which lies couched most closely under dark fable's profundity, yet I had rather refer it as a disputative plea by divines, than set it down as a determinate position in my unexperienced opinion. But however their dissensious judgments should decree in their afternoon sessions of *an sit*, the private truth of my discovered creed in this controversy is this, that as that beast was thought scarce worthy to be sacrificed to the Egyptian Epaphus, who had not some or other black spot on his skin; so I deem him far unworthy the name of a scholar, and so consequently to sacrifice his endeavours to art, that is not a poet, either in whole or in part.

And here, peradventure, some desperate quipper will canvass

my purposed comparison *plus ultra*, reconciling the allusion of the black spot to the black pot, which maketh our poets' undermeal Muses too mutinous, as every stanza they pen after dinner is full pointed with a stab. Which their dagger drunkenness, although it might be excused with *tam Marti, quàm Mercurio*, yet will I cover it as well as I may with that proverbial *facundi calices*, that might well have been doorkeeper to the kan of Silenus, when nodding on his ass trapped with ivy, he made his moist nose-cloth the pausing *intermedium* 'twixt every nap. Let frugal scholars, and fine-fingered novices, take their drink by the ounce, and their wine by the half-penny worths ; but it is for a poet to examine the pottle pots, and gage the bottom of whole gallons, *qui bene vult poicin, debet ante pinein*. A pot of blue burning ale, with a fiery flaming toast, is as good as Pallas with the nine Muses on Parnassus top ; without the which, in vain they may cry, " O thou, my Muse, inspire me with some pen !" when they want certain liquid sacrifice to rouse her forth her den.

Pardon me, Gentlemen, though somewhat merrily I glance at their immoderate folly, who affirm, that no man writes with conceit except he take counsel of the cup ; nor would I have you think, that *Theonino dente*, I arm my style against all, since I do know the moderation of many gentlemen of that study to be so far from infamy as their verse from equality ; whose sufficiency, were it as well seen into by those of higher place as it wanders abroad unrewarded in the mouths of ungrateful monsters, no doubt but the remembrance of Mæcenus' liberality extended to Maro, and men of like quality, would have left no memory to that proverb of poverty, *Si nihil attuleris, ibis Homere foras*. Tush, say our English-Italians, the finest wits our climate sends forth are but dry-brained dolts in comparison of other countries ; whom if you interrupt with *redde rationem*, they

will tell you of *Petrarch*, *Tasso*, *Celiano*, with an infinite number of others, to whom if I should oppose CHAUCER, LYDGATE, GOWER, with such like, that lived under the tyranny of ignorance, I do think their best lovers would be much discontented with the collation of contraries, if I should write over all their heads, "Hail fellow, well met." One thing I am sure of, that each of these three have vented their metres with as much admiration in English, as ever the proudest Ariosto did his verse in Italian.

What, should I come to our court, where the otherwhile vacations of our graver nobility are prodigal of more pompous wit, and choice of words, than ever tragic Tasso could attain to? But as for pastoral poems, I will not make the comparison, lest our countrymen's credit should be discountenanced by the contention; who, although they cannot fare with such inferior facility, yet I know, would carry the bucklers full easily from all foreign bravers, if their *subjectum circa quod* should savour of any thing haughty. And should the challenge of deep conceit be intruded by any foreigner, to bring our English wits to the touchstone of art, I would prefer divine MASTER SPENSER, the miracle of wit, to bandy line by line for my life, in the honour of England, against Spain, France, Italy, and all the world. Neither is he the only swallow of our summer, (although Apollo, if his tripos were up again, would pronounce him his Socrates); but he being forborne, there are extant about London many most able men to revive poetry, though it were executed ten thousand times, as in Plato's, so in Puritans' commonwealth; as, namely, for example, MATTHEW ROYDON, THOMAS ACHLOW, and GEORGE PEELE, the first of whom, as he hath shewed himself singular in the immortal epitaph of his beloved *Astrophell*, besides many other most absolute comic inventions (made more public by every man's praise than they can be by my speech); so the second hath

more than once or twice manifested his deep-witted scholarship in places of credit; and for the last, though not the least of them all, I dare commend him unto all that know him, as the chief supporter of pleasance now living, the Atlas of poetry, and *primus verborum Artifex*; whose first increase, the arraignment of Paris, might plead to your opinions his pregnant dexterity of wit, and manifold variety of invention, wherein (*me judice*) he goeth a step beyond all that write. Sundry other sweet gentlemen I do know, that we have vaunted their pens in private devices, and tricked up a company of taffaty fools with their feathers, whose beauty, if our poets had not pecked with the supply of their periwigs, they might have anticked it until this time, up and down the country with the King of Fairies, and dined every day at the pease-porridge ordinary with Delfrigus.

But Tolasso hath forgotten that it was sometime sacked, and beggars that ever they carried their fardels on footback; and, in truth, no marvel, when as the deserved reputation of one Roscius is of force to enrich a rabble of counterfeits. Yet let subjects, for all their insolence, dedicate a *De propundis* every morning to the preservation of their Cæsar, lest their increasing indignities return them ere long their juggling to mediocrity, and they bewail in weeping blanks the wane of their monarchy.

As poetry hath been honoured in those her forenamed professors, so it hath not been any whit disparaged by WILLIAM WARNER'S absolute Albions. And here authority hath made a full point; in whose reverence insisting, I cease to expose to your sport the picture of those pamphleteers and poets, that make a patrimony of *inspeech*, and more than a younger brother's inheritance of their *abcie*. Read favourably, to encourage me in the firstlings of my folly, and persuade yourselves I will persecute those idiots and their heirs unto the third generation, that have made Art bankrupt of her

ornaments, and sent Poetry a begging up and down the country. It may be, my *Anatomy of Absurdities* may acquaint you ere long with my skill in surgery, wherein the diseases of art, more merrily discovered, may make our maimed poets put together their blanks unto the building of an hospital.

If you chance to meet it in Paul's, shaped in a new suit of similitudes, as if, like the eloquent apprentice of Plutarch, it were propped at seven years end in double apparel, think his master hath fulfilled covenants, and only cancelled the indentures of duty. If I please, I will think my ignorance indebted unto you that applaud it; if not, what rests but that I be excluded from your courtesy, like Apocrypha from your Bibles<sup>1</sup>?

However, yours ever,

THOMAS NASH.

<sup>1</sup> This Address has been extracted into the *Censura Literaria*, where a few notes, containing dates, &c. are added to the names of the authors mentioned.

It may be useful to bring into one point of view these names thus recorded.

- |                      |                     |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Erasmus.          | 16. Abraham France. |
| 2. William Turner.   | 17. Thomas Watson.  |
| 3. Sir Thomas Eliot. | 18. Dr. Haddon.     |
| 4. Sir Thomas More.  | 19. Nich. Car.      |
| 5. Sir John Cheeke.  | 20. Tho. Newton.    |
| 6. Sir John Mason.   | 21. Gabriel Harvey. |
| 7. Dr. Watson.       | 22. Chaucer.        |
| 8. Dr. Redman.       | 23. Lydgate.        |
| 9. R. Ascham.        | 24. Gower.          |
| 10. Lever.           | 25. Edm. Spenser.   |
| 11. Pilkington.      | 26. Matthew Roydon. |
| 12. Geo. Gascoigne.  | 27. Tho. Achlow.    |
| 13. Arthur Golding.  | 28. George Peele.   |
| 14. Dr. Phaer.       | 29. Wm. Warner.     |
| 15. Rd. Stanihurst.  |                     |

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DELICIOUS words, the life of wanton wit,  
 That doth inspire our souls with sweet content,  
 Why hath your father Hermes thought it fit,  
 Mine eyes should surfeit by my heart's consent?  
 Full twenty summers have I fading seen,  
 And twenty Floras in their golden guise :  
 Yet never view'd I such a pleasant *Greene*,  
 As this whose garnish'd gleads compar'd, devise.  
 Of all the flowers a *Lilly*<sup>1</sup> once I lov'd,  
 Whose labouring beauty branch'd itself abroad;  
 But now old age his glory hath remov'd,  
 And greener objects are mine eyes abroad.  
 No country to the downs of *Arcadie*,  
 Where Aganippe's ever springing wells  
 Do moist the meads with bubbling melody,  
 And makes me muse what more in Delos dwells.  
 There feeds our *Menaphon*'s celestial Muse,  
 There makes his pipe his pastoral report :  
 Which strained now a note above his use,  
 Foretels he'll ne'er come chaunt of Thøæ's sport.  
 Read, all that list, and read till you mislike,  
 To condemn who can, so Envy be not judge:  
 No, read who can, swell more higher, lest it shriek ;  
*Robin*, thou hast done well, care not who grudge !

HENRY UPCHER<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> JOHN LILLY, a popular, but pedantic writer of that day.

<sup>2</sup> I believe there are no other relics of this writer known.



THE

## REPORTS OF THE SHEPHERDS.

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AFTER that the wrath of mighty Jove had wrapped Arcadia with noisome pestilence, insomuch that the air yielding prejudicial savour seemed to be peremptory in some fatal resolution, DEMOCLES, Sovereign and King of that famous Continent, pitying the sinister accidents of his people, being a man as just in his censures as royal in his possessions, as careful for the weal of his country as the countenance of his diadem; thinking that unpeopled cities were corrosives in princes' consciences, that the strength of his subjects was the sinews of his dominions, and that every crown must contain a care, not only to win honour by foreign conquests, but in maintaining dignity with civil and domestical insights. DEMOCLES grounding his argument upon these premises, coveting to be counted *Pater patriæ*, calling a parliament together, whither all his nobility, incited by summons, made their repair, elected two of his chief lords to pass unto Delphos, at Apollo's oracle to hear the fatal sentence, either of their future misery or present remedy. They having their charge, posting from Arcadia to the Tripos, where Pithia sate, the sacred Nymph that delivered out Apollo's *dylonimas*, offering (as their manner is) their orisons and presents, as well to entreat by devotion as to persuade by bounty, they had returned from Apollo this doom.



When Neptune, riding on the southern seas,  
 Shall from the bosom of his leman yield  
 The Arcadian wonder, men and Gods to please,  
 Plenty in pride shall march amidst the field.  
 Dead men shall war, and unborn babes shall frown,  
 And with their falchions hew their footmen down.

When lambs have lions for their surest guide,  
 And planets rest upon th' Arcadian hills;  
 When swelling seas have neither ebb nor tide;  
 When equal banks the ocean margin fills:  
 Then look, Arcadians, for a happy time,  
 And sweet content within your troubled clime.

No sooner had Pithia delivered this scroll to the lords of Arcadia, but they departed and brought it to DEMOCLES; who causing the oracle to be read amongst the distressed commons, found the Delphian censure more full of doubts to amaze than fraught with hope to comfort; thinking rather that the anger of God sent a peremptory presage of ruin, than a probable ambiguity to applaud any hope of remedy. Yet loth to have his careful subjects fall into the baleful labyrinth of despair, DEMOCLES began to discourse unto them, that the interpreters of Apollo's secrets were not the conceits of human reason, but the success of long-expected events; that comets did portend at the first blaze, but took effect in the dated bosom of the destinies; that oracles were foretold at the Delphian cave, but were shaped out and finished in the counsel-house. With such persuasive arguments DEMOCLES appeased the distressed thoughts of his doubtful countrymen; and commanded, by proclamation, that no man should pry into the quiddities of Apollo's answer, lest sundry censures of his divine secrecy should trouble Arcadia with some sudden mutiny. The king thus smoothing the heat of his cares, rested a melancholy man in his court, hiding un-

der his head the double-faced figure of Janus, as well to clear the skies of other men's conceits with smiles, as to furnish out his own dumps with thoughts. But as other beasts level their looks at the countenance of the lion, and birds make wings as the eagles fly, so *Regis ad arbitrium totus componitur orbis*, the people were measured by the mind of their sovereign; and what storms soever they smothered in private conceit, yet they made hay and cried holiday in outward appearance, insomuch that every man repaired to his own home, and fell either unto pleasures or labours, as their living or content allowed them.

Whiles thus Arcadia rested in a silent quiet, MENAPHON, the King's Shepherd, a man of high account among the swains of Arcadia, loved of the nymphs as the paragon of all their country youngsters, walking solitary down to the shore, to see if any of his ewes and lambs were straggled down to the strond to browse on the sea ivy, whereof they take special delight to feed, he found his flocks grazing upon the promontory mountains hardly; whereon resting himself on a hill that overpeered the great Mediterranean, noting how Phœbus fetched his *lavallos* on the purple plains of Neptunus, as if he had meant to have courted Thetis in the royalty of his robes; the dolphins (the sweet conceiters of music) fetched their careers on the calmed waves, as if Arion had touched the strings of his silver-sounding instrument; the mermaids thrusting their heads from the bosom of Amphitrite, sate on the mounting banks of Neptune, drying their watery tresses in the sunbeams. Æolus forbore to throw abroad his gusts on the slumbering brows of the sea-god, as giving Triton leave to pleasure his queen with desired melody, and Proteus liberty to follow his flocks without disquiet.

MENAPHON looking over the champain of Arcadia, to see if the continent was as full of smiles as the seas were of favours, saw the shrubs, as in a dream, with delightful harmony, and the birds

that chanted on their branches, not disturbed with the least breath of a favourable Zephyrus. Seeing thus the accord of the land and sea, casting a fresh gaze on the water nymphs, he began to consider how Venus was feigned by the poets to spring of the froth of the seas, which drave him straight into a deep conjecture of the inconstancy of love, that, as if Luna were his loadstar, had every minute ebbs and tides, sometime overflowing the banks of Fortune with a gracious look, lightened from the eyes of a favourable lover, other-whiles ebbing to the dangerous shelf of Despair, with the piercing frown of a froward mistress. MENAPHON, in this brown study, calling to mind certain aphorisms that Avarreon had penned down as principles of Love's follies, being as deep an enemy to fancy as Narcissus was to affection, began thus to scoff at Venus' deity.

"MENAPHON, thy mind's favours are greater than thy wealth's fortunes, thy thoughts higher than thy birth, and thy private conceit better than thy public esteem. Thou art a shepherd, MENAPHON, who in feeding of thy flock findest out nature's secrecy, and in preventing thy lambs' prejudice, conceitest the astronomical motions of the heavens; holding thy sheep-walks to yield as great philosophy as the ancients discourse in their learned academies. Thou countest labour as the Indians do their chrysocolla, where-with they try every metal, and thou examine every action. Content sitteth in thy mind as Neptune in his sea-throne, who with his trident mace appeaseth every storm. When thou seest the heavens frown, thou thinkest on thy faults; and a clear sky putteth thee in mind of grace: the summer's glory tells thee of youth's vanity; the winter's parched leaves of age's declining weakness. Thus in a mirror thou measurest thy deeds with equal and considerate motions, and by being a shepherd findest that which kings want in their royalties. Envy overlooketh thee, renting with the winds the pine-trees of Ida, when the Afric shrubs wave not a leaf with the tempest. Thine eyes are veiled with content, that thou canst not

gaze so high as ambition, and for love;" and with that, in naming of love, the shepherd fell into a great laughter. "Love, MENAPHON: why of all follies that ever poets feigned, or men faulted with, this foolish imagination of love is the greatest. Venus, forsooth, for her wanton escapes must be a goddess, and her bastard a deity. Cupid must be young and ever a boy, to prove that love is fond and witless; wings to make him inconstant, and arrows whereby to shew him fearful; blind (or all were not worth a pin), to prove that Cupid's level is both without aim and reason: thus is the god, and such are his votaries. As soon as our shepherds of Arcadia settle themselves to fancy, and wear the characters of Venus stamped in their foreheads, straight their attire must be quaint, their looks full of amours, as their god's quiver is full of arrows; their eyes holding smiles and tears, to leap out at their mistress' favours or her frowns; sighs must fly as figures of their thoughts, and every wrinkle must be tempered with a passion: thus suited in outward proportion, and made excellent in inward constitution, they straight repair to take view of their mistress's beauty. She, as one observant unto Venus' principles, first tyeth love in her tresses, and wraps affection in the trammels of her hair; snaring our swains in her locks, as Mars in the net; holding in her forehead fortune's calendar, either to assign dismal influence, or some favourable aspect. If a wrinkle appear in her brow, then our shepherd must put on his working-day face, and frame nought but doleful madrigals of sorrow; if a dimple grace her cheek; the heavens cannot prove fatal to our kind-hearted lovers; if she seem coy, then poems of death mounted upon deep-drawn sighs, fly from their master to sue for some favour, alleging how death at the least may date his misery: to be brief, as upon the shores of Lapanthe the winds continue never one day in one quarter, so the thoughts of a lover never continue scarce a minute in one passion; but as fortune's globe so is fancy's case, variable and inconstant.

“ If lovers’ sorrows then be like Sisiphus’ turmoils, and their favours like honey bought with gall, let poor MENAPHON then live at labour, and make esteem of Venus as of Mars his concubine ; and as the Cimbrians hold their idols in account but in every tempest, so make Cupid a god but when thou art overpained with passions, and then MENAPHON will never love ; for as long as thou temperest thy hands with labours, thou canst not fetter thy thoughts with loves. And in this satirical humour, smiling at his own conceits, he took his pipe in his hand, and between every report of his instrument sung a stanza to this effect.

#### MENAPHON’S SONG.

“ Some say love,  
 Foolish love,  
 Doth rue and govern all the gods :  
 I say love,  
 Inconstant love,  
     Sets men’s senses far at odds.  
 Some swear love,  
 Smooth’d face love,  
     Is sweetest sweet that men can have :  
 I say love,  
 Sour love,  
     Makes virtues yield as beauty’s slave.  
 A bitter sweet, a folly worst of all,  
 That forceth wisdom to be folly’s thrall.  
 Love is sweet :  
 Wherein sweet ?  
     In fading pleasures that do feign.  
 Beauty sweet :  
 Is that sweet,  
     That yields sorrow for a gain ?

If love's sweet,  
 Herein sweet,  
 That minute's joys are monthly woes ;  
 'Tis not sweet,  
 That is sweet,  
 No where, but where repentance grows.  
 Then love who list ; if beauty be so sour,  
 Labour for me, love rest in Prince's bower."

MENAPHON, having ended his roundelay, rose up, thinking to pass from the mountain down to the valley, casting his eye to the seaside, espied certain fragments of a broken ship floating upon the waves, and sundry persons driven upon the shore like a calm, walking all wet and weary upon the sands : wondering at this strange sight, he stood amazed ; yet desirous to see the event of this accident, he shrouded himself, to rest unespied till he might perceive what would happen : at last he might descry it was a woman holding a child in her arms, and an old man directing her, as it were her guide. These three (as distressed wrecks) preserved by some further fore-pointing fate, coveted to climb the mountains, the better to use the favour of the sun to dry their drenched apparel, at last crawled up where poor MENAPHON lay close, and resting them under a bush, the old man did nothing but send out sighs, and the woman ceased not from streaming forth rivulets of tears, that hung on her cheeks like the drops of pearly dew upon the riches of Flora. The poor babe was the touchstone of his mother's passions ; for when he smiled and lay laughing in her lap, were her heart never so deeply overcharged with her present sorrows, yet, kissing the pretty infant, she lightened out smiles from those cheeks that were furrowed with continual sources of tears ; but if he cried, then sighs as smokes, and sobs as thunder-cracks, foreran those showers that which redoubled distress distilled from her eyes : thus with

pretty inconstant passions trimming up her baby, and at last to lull him asleep, she warbled out of her woeful breast this ditty.

SEPHESTIA'S SONG TO HER CHILD.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee :  
 When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee.  
 Mother's wag, pretty boy,  
 Father's sorrow, father's joy !  
 When thy father first did see  
 Such a boy by him and me,  
 He was glad, I was woe,  
 Fortune changed made him so :  
 When he had left his pretty boy,  
 Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee :  
 When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee.  
 Streaming tears that never stint,  
 Like pearl drops from a flint,  
 Fell by course from his eyes,  
 That one another's place supplies :  
 Thus he griev'd in every part,  
 Tears of blood fell from his heart,  
 When he left his pretty boy,  
 Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee :  
 When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee.  
 The wanton smiled, father wept,  
 Mother cried, baby leapt :  
 More he crowed, more he cried,  
 Nature could not sorrow hide.  
 He must go, he must kiss  
 Child and mother, baby bliss :

For he left his pretty boy,  
 Father's sorrow, father's joy.  
 Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee :  
 When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee.

With this lullaby the baby fell asleep, and SEPHESTIA laying it upon the green grass, covered it with a mantle, and then leaning her head on her hand, and her elbow on her lap, she fell afresh to pour forth abundance of complaints, which LAMEDON, the old man, espying, although in his face appeared the map of discontent, and in every wrinkle was a catalogue of woes, yet to cheer up SEPHESTIA, shrouding his inward sorrow with an outward smile, he began to comfort her in this manner.

“SEPHESTIA, thou seest no physic prevails against the gaze of the basilisk, no charm against the sting of the tarantula, no prevention to divert the decree of the Fates, nor no means to recal back the baleful hurt of Fortune. Incurable sores are without Avicen's aphorisms, and therefore no salve for them but patience. Then, my SEPHESTIA, sith thy fall is high and fortune low, thy sorrows great and thy hope little, seeing me partaker of thy miseries, set all upon this, *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris*. Chance is like Janus, double-faced, as well full of smiles to comfort as of frowns to dismay ; the ocean at the deadeast ebb returns to a full tide ; when the eagle means to soar highest, he raiseth his flight in the lowest dales : so fareth it with Fortune, who in her highest extremes is most unconstant ; when the tempest of her wrath is most fearful, then look for a calm ; when she beats thee with nettles, then think she will strew thee with roses ; when she is most familiar with furies, her intent is to be most prodigal, SEPHESTIA : Thus are the arrows of fortune feathered with the plumes of the bird halcyon, that changeth colour with the moon, which, howsoever she shoots them, pierce not so deep but they may be cured.



But, SEPHESTIA, thou art daughter to a king, exiled by him from the hope of a crown ; banished from the pleasures of the court to the painful fortunes of the country ; parted for love from him thou canst not but love, from MAXIMUS, SEPHESTIA, who for thee hath suffered so many disfavours as either discontent or death can afford. What of all this ; is not Hope the daughter of Time ? Have not stars their favourable aspects, as they have froward opposition ? Is there not a Jupiter as there is a Saturn ? Cannot the influence of smiling Venus stretch as far as the frowning constitution of Mars ? I tell thee, SEPHESTIA, Juno foldeth in her brows the volumes of the destinies ; whom melancholy Saturn deposeth from a crown, she mildly advanceth to a diadem ; then fear not, for if the mother live in misery, yet hath she a sceptre for the son : let the unkindness of thy father be buried in the cinders of obedience, and the want of MAXIMUS be supplied with the presence of his pretty babe, who, being too young for fortune, lies smiling on thy knee and laughs at Fortune. Learn by him, SEPHESTIA, to use patience, which is like the balm in the vale of Jehosaphat, that findeth no wound so deep but it cureth : thou seest already Fortune begins to change her view, for after the great storm that pent our ship, we found a calm that brought us safe to shore ; the mercy of Neptune was more than the envy of Æolus, and the discourtesy of thy father is proportioned with the favour of the gods. Thus, SEPHESTIA, being copartner of thy misery, yet do I seek to allay thy martyrdom ; being sick to myself, yet do I play the physician to thee, wishing thou mayest bear thy sorrows with as much content as I brook my misfortunes with patience." As he was ready to go forward with his persuasive argument, SEPHESTIA, fetching a deep sigh, filling her tender eyes with tears, made this reply.

" Sweet LAMEDON, once partner of my royalties, now partaker of my wants, as constant in his extreme distress, as faithful in higher fortunes ; the turtle percheth not on barren trees, doves delight not

in foul cottages, the lion frequents no putrified haunts, friends follow not after poverty, nor hath sinister chance any drugs from the physicians. *Nullus ad amissas ibit amicus opes* : and yet, LAMEDON, the misfortune of SEPHESTIA abridgeth not our old contracted amity; thou temperest her exile with thy banishment; and she sailing to Styx, thou ferryest over to Phlegethon. Then, LAMEDON, saying as Andromache said to Hector, *Tu Dominus, tu vir, tu mihi frater eris* : Thy aged years shall be the calendar of my fortunes, and thy grey hairs the parallels of mine actions. If LAMEDON persuade SEPHESTIA to content, PORTIA shall not exceed SEPHESTIA in patience; if he will her to keep a low sail, she will vail all her sheet; if to forget her loves, she will quench them with labours; if to accuse Venus as a foe, I will hate Cupid as an enemy; and seeing the destinies have driven thee from a crown, I will rest satisfied with the country, placing all my delights in honouring thee, and nursing up my pretty wanton. I will imagine a small cottage to be a spacious palace, and think as great quiet in a russet coat, as in royal habiliments. SEPHESTIA, LAMEDON, will not scorn with Juno to turn herself into the shape of Semela's nurse, but unknown, rest careless of my fortunes: the hope of time's return shall be the end of my thoughts, the smiles of my son shall be the nourishment of my heart, and the course of his youth shall be the comfort of my years; every laughter that leaps from his looks shall be the holiday of my conceits, and every tear shall furnish out my griefs, and his father's funerals. I have heard them say, LAMEDON, that the lowest shrubs feel the least tempests, and in the vallies of Africa is heard no thunder; that in country rooms is greatest rest, and in little wealth the least disquiet; dignity treadeth upon glass, and honour is like unto the herb sinara, that when it bloometh most gorgeous then it blasteth; *Aulica vita splendida miseria*; courts have golden dreams, but cottages sweet slumbers: then, LAMEDON, will I disguise myself, with my clothes will I change

my thoughts; for being poorly attired, I will be meanly minded; and measure my actions by my present estate, not by former fortunes." In saying this, the babe awaked and cried, and she fell to tears mixed with a lullaby.

All this while MENAPHON sat amongst the shrubs, fixing his eyes on the glorious object of her face: he noted her tresses, which he compared to the coloured hyacinth of Arcadia, her brows to the mountain snows that lie on the hills, her eyes to the grey glisten of Titan's gorgeous mantle, her alabaster neck to the whiteness of his flocks, her tears to pearl, her face to borders of lilies interseamed with roses: to be brief, our shepherd MENAPHON, that heretofore was an atheist to love, and as the Thessalian of Bacchus, so he a contemner of Venus, was now, by the wily shaft of Cupid, so entangled in the perfection and beauteous excellency of SEPHESTIA; as now he swore no benign planet but Venus, no god but Cupid, no exquisite deity but Love. Being thus fettered with the pliant persuasions of fancy, impatient in his new affections, as the horse that never before felt the spur, he could not bridle his new conceived amours, but watching when they should depart, perceiving by the gestures of the old man, and the tears of the gentlewoman, that they were distressed, thought to offer any help that lay within the compass of his ability. As thus he mused in his new passions, LAMEDON and SEPHESTIA rose up, and resolved to take course which way the wind blew: passing so down the mountain to go seek out some town, at last, they passing softly on, LAMEDON espied MENAPHON: desirous, therefore, to know the course of the country, he saluted him thus.

"Shepherd, for so far thy attire warrants me; courteous, for so much thy countenance imports; if distressed persons, whom fortune hath wronged, and the seas have favoured (if we may count it favour to live and want), may without offence crave so far aid as to know some place where to rest our weary and weather-beaten

bones, our charges shall be paid, and you have for recompense such thanks as fortune's outlaws may yield to their favourers." MENAPHON hearing him speak so gravely, but not fitting his ear to his eye, stood staring still on SEPHESTIA's face, which she perceiving, flashed out such a blush from her alabaster cheeks, that they looked like the ruddy gates of the morning. This sweet bashfulness amazing MENAPHON, at last he began thus to answer.

"Strangers, your degree I know not, therefore pardon if I give less title than your estates merit: fortune's frowns are prince's fortunes, and kings are subject to chance and destiny. Mishap is to be salved with pity, not scorn; and we that are fortune's darlings, are bound to relieve them that are distressed; therefore follow me, and you shall have such succour as a shepherd may afford." LAMEDON and SEPHESTIA were passing glad, and MENAPHON led the way, not content only to feed his sight with the beauty of his new mistress, but thought also to infer some occasion of parley, to hear whether her voice were as melodious as her face beautiful: he therefore prosecuted his prattle thus: "Gentlewoman, when first I saw you sitting upon the Arcadian promontory with your baby on your lap, and this old father by, I thought I had seen Venus with Cupid on her knee, courted by Anchises of Troy; the excellence of your looks could discover no less than Mars his paramour, and the beauty of the child as much as the dignity of her wanton: at last perceiving by your tears and your child's shrieks, that ye were passengers distressed, I lent you sighs to partake your sorrows, and lukewarm drops to signify how I pity overcharged persons: in lieu whereof let me crave your name, country, and parentage." SEPHESTIA seeing by the shepherd's passionate looks, that the swain was half in love, replied thus: "Courteous shepherd, if my blubbing cheeks did look like Venus at a blush, it was when the woeful goddess wept for her fair Adonis: my boy is no Cupid, but the son of Care, Fortune's fondling in his youth, to be

(I hope) her darling in his age: in that your looks saw our grief, and your thoughts pitied our woes, our tongues shall give thanks (the bounty of sorrow's tenants), and our hearts pray that the gods may be as friendly to your flocks, as you favourable unto us. My name is SAMELA, my country Cyprus, my parentage mean, the wife of a poor gentleman now deceased: how we arrived here by shipwreck, gentle shepherd, inquire not, lest it be tedious for thee to hear it, and a double grief for me to rehearse it."

The shepherd not daring displease his mistress, as having love's threats hanging on her lips, he conveyed them home to his house; as soon as they were arrived there, he began at the door to entertain them thus: "Fair mistress, the flower of all our nymphs that live here in Arcadia, this is my cottage, wherein I live content, and your lodging, where (please it you) ye may rest quiet. I have no rich clothes of Egypt to cover the walls, nor store of plate to discover any wealth, for shepherds use neither to be proud nor covetous: you shall find here cheese and milk for dainties, and wool for clothing; in every corner of the house Content sitting smiling and tempering every homely thing with a welcome: this if ye can brook and accept of (as gods allow the meanest hospitality), ye shall have such welcome and fare as Philemon and Baucis gave to Jupiter."

SEPHESTIA thanked him heartily, and going into his house found what he promised; after that they had sat a little by the fire and were well warmed, they went to supper, where SEPHESTIA fed well, as one whom the sea had made hungry, and LAMEDON so plied his teeth, that at supper he spake not one word. After they had taken their repast, MENAPHON, seeing they were weary, and that sleep chimed on to the rest, let them see their lodging, and so gave them the good night. LAMEDON on his flock bed, and SEPHESTIA on her country couch, were so weary, that they slept well; but MENAPHON, poor MENAPHON, neither asked his swains for his sheep, nor took his mole-spade on his neck to see his pas-

tures ; but as a man pained with a thousand passions, drenched in distress, and overwhelmed with a multitude of uncouth cares, he sat like the pictures that Perseus turned with his Gorgon's head into stones. His sister CARMELA kept his house, (for so was the country wench called) and she seeing her brother sit so malcontented, stept to her cupboard, and fetched a little beaten spice in an old bladder; she spared no evening milk, but went amongst the cream bowls, and made him a posset. But, alas ! love had so locked up the shepherd's stomach, that none would down with MENAPHON.

CARMELA seeing her brother refuse his spiced drink, thought all was not well, and therefore sat down and wept : to be short, she blubbered and he sighed ; and his men, that came in and saw their master with a kercher on his head, mourned ; so that amongst these swains there was such melody, that MENAPHON took his bow and arrows and went to bed, where casting himself, he thought to have beguiled his passions with some sweet slumbers ; but Love, that smiled at his new entertained champion, sitting on his bed's head, pricked him forward with new desires, charging Morpheus, Phobetur, and Icolon, the gods of sleep, to present unto his closed eyes the singular beauty and rare perfections of SAMELA ; (for so will we now call her) in that the idea of her excellence forced him to breathe out scalding sighs, smothered within the furnace of his thoughts, which grew into this or the like passion.

“ I had thought, MENAPHON, that he which weareth the bay leaf had been free from lightning, and the eagle's pen a preservative against thunder ; that labour had been enemy to love, and the eschewing of idleness an antidote against fancy ; but I see by proof, there is no adamant so hard, but the blood of a goat will make soft ; no fort so well defenced, but strong battery will entry ; nor any heart so pliant to restless labours, but enchantments of love will overcome. Unfortunate MENAPHON, that of late thoughtest Venus a strumpet, and her son a bastard, now must thou offer incense at her shrine,

and swear Cupid no less than a god : thou hast reason, **MENAPHON**; for he that lives without love lives without life, presuming, as **Narcissus**, to hate all, and being, like him, at length despised of all. Can there be a sweeter bliss than beauty, a greater heaven than her heavenly perfections that is mistress of thy thoughts? If the sparkle of her eyes appear in the night, the stars blush at her brightness; if her hair glister in the day, **Phœbus** puts off his wreath of diamonds, as overcome with the shine of her tresses; if she walk in the fields, **Flora**, seeing her face, bids all her glorious flowers close themselves, as being by her beauty disgraced; if her alabaster neck appear, then **Hyems** covereth his snow, as surpassed in whiteness; to be short, **MENAPHON**, if **SAMELA** had appeared in **Ida**, **Juno** for majesty, **Pallas** for wisdom, and **Venus** for beauty, had let my **SAMELA** have the supremacy; why shouldest thou not then love, and think there is no life to love, seeing the end of love is the possession of such a heavenly paragon? But what of this, **MENAPHON**; hast thou any hope to enjoy her person? She is a widow: true; but too high for thy fortunes: she is in distress. Ah, **MENAPHON**! if thou hast any spark of comfort, this must set thy hope on fire; want is the loadstone of affection, distress forceth deeper than fortune's frowns, and such as are poor will rather love than want relief; fortune's frowns are whetstones to fancy, and as the horse starteth at the spur, so love is pricked forward with distress. **SAMELA** is shipwrecked, **MENAPHON** relieves her; she wants, he supplies with wealth; he sues for love, either must she grant, or buy denial with perpetual repentance." In this hope rested the poor shepherd; and with that, **MENAPHON** laid his head down on the pillow and took a sound nap, sleeping out fancy with a good slumber.

As soon as the sun appeared, the shepherd got him up, and fed fat with this hope, went merrily with his men to the folds, and there letting forth his sheep, after that he had appointed where they

should graze, returned home, and looking when his guests should rise, having slept ill the last night, went roundly to his breakfast. By that time he had ended his *desiune*, LAMEDON was gotten up, and so was SAMELA. Against their rising CARMELA had shewn her cookery ; and MENAPHON, 'tired in his russet jacket, his red sleeves of camlet, his blue bonnet, and his round slops of country cloth, bestirred him as every joint had been set to a sundry office.

SAMELA no sooner came out of her chamber, but MENAPHON, as one that claimed pity for his passions, bade her good morrow with a firm lover's look. SAMELA knowing the fowl by the feather, was able to cast his disease without his water, perceived that Cupid had caught the poor shepherd in his net, and unless he fought quickly to break out of the snare, would make him a tame fool : fair looks she gave him, and with a smiling sorrow discovered how she grieved at his misfortune, and yet favoured him.

Well, to breakfast they went ; LAMEDON and SAMELA fed hard, but MENAPHON, like the Argive in the date gardens of Arabia, lived with the contemplation of his mistress's beauty. The salamander lives not without fire, the herring from the water, the mole from the earth, nor the cameleon from the air ; nor could MENAPHON live but in sight of his SAMELA : whose breath was perfumed air, whose eyes were fire wherein he delighted to dally, whose heart the earthly paradise wherein he desired to ingraft the essence of his love and affection. Thus did the poor shepherd bathe in a kind of bliss, while his eye, feeding on his mistress's face, surfeited with the excellency of her perfection. So long he gazed, that at length breakfast was ended ; and he, desirous to do her any service, first put her child to nurse, and then led her forth to see his folds, thinking with the sight of his flocks to inveigle her, whose mind had rather have chosen any misfortune than have deigned her eyes on the face and feature of so low a peasant.

Well, abroad they went ; MENAPHON with his sheephook



fringed with crewel, to signify he was chief of the swains; LAMEDON and SAMELA after. Plodding thus over the green fields, at last they came to the mountains where MENAPHON's flocks grazed, and there he discoursed to SAMELA thus. "I tell thee, fair Nymph, these plains that thou seest stretching southward are pastures belonging to MENAPHON; there grows the cinquefoil, and the hyacinth, the cowslip, the primrose, and the violet, which my flocks shall spare, for flowers to make thee garlands; the milk of my ewes shall be meat for my pretty wanton; the wool of the fat wethers, that seem as fine as the fleece that Jason fetched from Colchos, shall serve to make SAMELA webs withal; the mountain tops shall be thy morning walk, and the shady valleys thy evening's arbour; as much as MENAPHON owes shall be at SAMELA's command, if she like to live with MENAPHON."

This was spoken with such deep affects, that SAMELA could scarce keep her from smiling; yet she covered her conceit with a sorrowful countenance, which MENAPHON espying, to make her merry, and rather for his own advantage, seeing LAMEDON was asleep, took her by the hand and sate down, and pulling forth his pipe, began after some melody to carol out this roundelay.

#### MENAPHON'S ROUNDELAY.

When tender ewes, brought home with evening sun,  
 Wend to their folds;  
 And to their holds,  
 The shepherds trudge when light of day is done,  
 Upon a tree  
 The eagle, Jove's fair bird, did perch:  
 There resteth he:  
 A little fly harbour then did search,  
 And did presume (though others laugh'd thereat)  
 To perch whereas the princely eagle sat.

The eagle frown'd and shook his royal wings,  
 And charg'd the fly  
 From thence to hie.  
 Afraid, in haste the little creature flings;  
 Yet seeks again,  
 Fearful, to perk him by the eagle's side;  
 With moody vein  
 The speedy post of Ganymede replied :  
 Vassal, avaunt ! or with my wings you die;  
 Is 't fit an eagle seat him with a fly ?

The fly crav'd pity; still the eagle frown'd.  
 The silly fly,  
 Ready to die,  
 Disgrac'd, displac'd, fell groveling to the ground.  
 The eagle saw,  
 And with a royal mind said to the fly,  
 " Be not in awe,  
 I scorn by me the meanest creature die;  
 Then seat thee here !" The joyful fly up flings,  
 And sate safe shadow'd with the eagle's wings.

As soon as MENAPHON had ended this roundelay, turning to SAMELA, after a country blush, he began to court her in this homely fashion. " What think you, SAMELA, of the eagle for this royal deed ? " " That he falsified the old proverb, *Aquila non capit muscas.* " " But I mean, SAMELA, are you not in opinion that the eagle gives instance of a princely resolution, in preferring the safety of a fly before the credit of her royal majesty ? " " I think, MENAPHON, that high minds are the shelters of poverty, and kings' seats are coverts for distressed persons ; that the eagle in shrouding the fly did well, but a little forgot her honour. But how think you," said SAMELA, " is this proportion to be observed in love ? I guess no ;

for the fly did it not for love, but for succour. Hath love then respect of circumstance? else it is not love, but lust? for where the parties have no sympathy of estates, there can no firm love be fixed: discord is reputed the mother of division, as in nature this is an unfuted principle, that it faulteth which faileth in uniformity. He that grafts gilliflowers upon the nettle marreth the smell; who covets to tie the lamb and the lion in one tether, makes a brawl; equal fortunes are love's favourites, and therefore should fancy be always limited by geometrical proportion, lest if young matching with old, fire and frost fall at a combat, and if rich with poor, there hap many dangerous and braving objections."

MENAPHON, half nipped in the pate with this reply, yet like a tall soldier stood to his tackling, and made this answer. "Suppose, gentle SAMELA, that a man of mean estate, whom disdainful fortune had abased in tending to make her power prodigal in his misfortunes, being feathered with Cupid's bolt, were snared in the beauty of a queen, should he rather die than discover his amours?" "If queens," quoth she, "were of my mind, I had rather die than perish in baser fortunes." "Venus loved Vulcan," replied MENAPHON. "Truth," quoth SAMELA, "but though he was polt-footed, yet he was a god." "Phao enjoyed Sappho; he a ferryman that lived by his hands' thrift, she a princess that sate invested with a diadem." "The more fortunate," quoth SAMELA, "was he in his honours, and she the less famous in her honesty."

"To leave these instances," replied MENAPHON, (for love had made him hardy) "I, sweet SAMELA, infer these presupposed premises to discover the baseness of my mean birth; and yet the deepness of my affection, who ever since I saw the brightness of your perfection shining upon the mountains of Arcadia, like the glister of the sun upon the topless promontory of Sicilia, was so snared with your beauty, and so inveigled with the excellence of that perfection that exceeds all excellency, that love entering my

desire, hath maintained himself by force ; that unless sweet SAMELA grant me favour of her love, and play the princely eagle, I shall with the poor fly perish in my fortunes." He concluded this period with a deep sigh ; and SAMELA, grieving at this folly of the shepherd, gave him mildly this answer.

" MENAPHON, my distressed haps are the resolution of the destinies, and the wrongs of my youth are the forerunners of my woes in age ; my native home is my worst nursery, and my friends deny that which strangers prejudicially grant. I arrived in Arcadia shipwrecked, and MENAPHON, favouring my sorrows, hath afforded me succours, for which SAMELA rests bound, and will prove thankful. As for love, know that Venus standeth on the tortoise, as shewing that Love creepeth on by degrees, that Affection is like the snail, that steals to the top of the lance by minutes ; the grass hath his increase, yet never any sees it augment ; the sun shadoweth, but the motion is not seen : Love, like those, should enter into the eye, and by long gradations pass into the heart. Cupid hath wings to fly, not that Love should be swift, but that he may soar high, to avoid base thoughts. The topaz being thrown into the fire burns straight, but no sooner out of the flame but it freezeth ; straw is soon kindled, but it is but a blaze ; and love that is caught in a moment, is lost in a minute. Give me leave, MENAPHON, first to sorrow for my fortunes, then to call to mind my husband's late funerals ; then, if the fates have assigned I shall fancy, I will account of thee before any shepherd in Arcadia."

This conclusion of SAMELA drew MENAPHON into such an ecstasy for joy, that he stood as a man metamorphosed ; at last, calling his senses together, he told her he rested satisfied with her answer, and thereupon lent her a kiss, such as blushing Thetis receives from her choicest leman. At this LAMEDON awaked ; otherwise, no doubt, MENAPHON had replied ; but breaking off their talk, they went to view their pastures ; and so passing down to the

place where the sheep grazed, they searched the shepherds' bags, and so emptied their bottles, as SAMELA marvelled at such an uncouth banquet. At last they returned home, MENAPHON glorying in the hope of his success, entertaining SAMELA still with such courtesy, that she, finding such content in the cottage, began to despise the honours of the court.

Resting thus in house with the shepherd, to avoid tedious conceits she framed herself so to country labours, that she oft-times would lead the flocks to the fields herself; and being dressed in homely attire, she seemed like C  none, that was amorous of Paris. As she thus often traced along the plains, she was noted amongst the shepherds of one DORON, next neighbour to MENAPHON, who entered into the consideration of her beauty, and made report of it to all his fellow swains, so that they chatted nought in the fields but of the new shepherdess. One day, amongst the rest, it chanced that DORON, sitting in parley with another country companion of his, amidst other tattle they prattled of the beauty of SAMELA. "Hast thou seen her?" quoth MELICERTUS (for so was his friend called). "Ay," quoth DORON, "and sighed to see her; not that I was in love, but that I grieved she should be in love with such a one as MENAPHON." "What manner of woman is she?" quoth MELICERTUS. "As well as I can," answered DORON, "I will make description of her."

#### DORON'S DESCRIPTION OF SAMELA.

Like to Diana in her summer weed,  
 Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,  
     Goes fair SAMELA.  
 Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,  
 When wash'd by Arethusa faint they lie,  
     Is fair SAMELA.

As fair Aurora in her morning grey,  
 Deck'd with the ruddy glister of her love,  
 Is fair SAMELA.  
 Like lovely Thetis on a calmed day,  
 When as her brightness Neptune's fancy move,  
 Shines fair SAMELA.

Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy streams,  
 Her teeth are pearl, the breasts are ivory  
 Of fair SAMELA.  
 Her cheeks, like rose and lily, yield forth gleams,  
 Her brows' bright arches fram'd of ebony:  
 Thus fair SAMELA.

Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue,  
 And Juno in the shew of majesty,  
 For she's SAMELA.  
 Pallas in wit: all three if you will view,  
 For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity,  
 Yield to SAMELA.

"Thou hast," quoth MELICERTUS, "made such a description, as if Priamus' young boy should paint out the perfection of his Greekish paramour. Methinks the idea of her person represents itself an object to my fancy; and that I see in the discovery of her excellence the rare beauties of ——." And with that he broke off abruptly with such a deep sigh, as it seemed his heart should have broken, sitting as the Lapithes, when they gazed on Medusa. DORON, marvelling at this sudden event, was half afraid, as if some apoplexy had astonished his senses; so that cheering up his friend, he demanded what the cause was of this sudden conceit. MELICERTUS, no niggard in discovery of his fortunes, began thus. "I tell thee, DORON, before I kept sheep in Arcadia, I was a shepherd elsewhere, so famous for my flocks as MENAPHON for his folds;

beloved of the nymphs, as he liked of the country damsels ; coveting in my loves to use Cupid's wings, to soar high in my desires, though myself were born to base fortunes. The hobby catcheth no prey, unless she mount beyond her mark ; the palm-tree beareth most boughs where it groweth highest ; and love is most fortunate where his courage is resolute, and though beyond his compass. Grounding therefore on these principles, I fixed mine eyes on a nymph, whose parentage was great, but her beauty far more excellent ; her birth was by many degrees greater than mine, and my worth by many descents less than hers ; yet knowing Venus loved Adonis, and Luna Endymion, that Cupid had bolts feathered with the plumes of a crow, as well as with the pens of an eagle, I attempted, and courted her. I found her looks lightning disdain, and her forehead to contain favours for others, and frowns for me : when I alledged faith, she crossed me with Æneas ; when loyalty, she told me of Jason ; when I swore constancy, she questioned me of Demophoon ; when I craved a final resolution to my fatal passions, she filled her brows full of wrinkles, and her eyes full of fury, turned her back, and shook me off with a *Non placet*.

Thus in loves I lost loves, and for her love had lost all, had I not, when I near despaired the clemency of some courteous star, or rather the very excellence of some mistress's favours, salved my half-despairing malady ; for she seeing that I held a superstitious opinion of love, in honouring him for a deity, not in counting him a vain conceit of poetry, that I thought it sacrilege to wrong my desires, and the basest fortune to enhance my fortune by falsifying my loves to a woman, she left from being so rammage, and gently came to the first, and granted me those favours she might afford, or my thoughts desire."

With this he ceased, and fell again to his sighs, which DORON noting, answered thus. " If, my good MELICERTUS, thou didst enjoy thy loves, what is the occasion thou beginnest with sighs, and

endest with passions?" "Ah, DORON! there ends my joys; for no sooner had I triumphed in my favours, but the trophies of my fortunes fell like the herbs in Syria, that flourish in the morn and fade before night; or like unto the fly tyryma, that taketh life and leaveth it all in one day. So, my DORON, did it fare with me; for I had no sooner enjoyed my love, but the heavens (envious a shepherd should have the fruition of such a heavenly paragon) sent unrevocable fates to deprive me of her life, and she is dead. Dead, DORON! to her, to myself, to all; but not to my memory, for so deep were the characters stamped in my inward senses, that oblivion can never rase out the form of her excellence." And with that he started up, seeking to fall out of those dumps with music, (for he played on his pipe certain sonnets he had contrived in praise of the country wenches); but plain DORON, as plain as a packstaff, desired him to sound a roundelay, and he would sing a song, which he caroled to this effect.

## DORON'S JIG.

Through the shrubs as I can crack,  
For my lambs pretty ones,  
'Mongst many little ones;  
Nymphs I mean, whose hair was black  
As the crow,  
Like the snow,  
Her face and brows shine I ween;  
I saw a little one,  
A bonny pretty one,  
As bright, buxom, and as sheen,  
As was she  
On her knee

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That lull'd the god, whose arrows warms  
     Such merry little ones,  
     Such fair faced pretty ones,  
 As dally in love's chiefest harms :  
                     Such was mine,  
                     Whose grey eyne  
 Made me love. I 'gan to woo  
     This sweet little one ;  
     This bonny pretty one,  
 I woo'd hard a day or two,  
                     Till she bade,  
                     Be not sad,  
 Woo no more, I am thine own,  
     Thy dearest little one,  
     Thy truest pretty one.  
 Thus was faith and firm love shewn,  
                     As behoves  
                     Shepherds' loves.

"How like you this ditty of mine own devising?" quoth DORON. "As well as my music," replied MELICERTUS; "for if Pan and I strive, Midas being judge, and should hap to give me the garland, I doubt not but his ass's ears should be doubled. But DORON, so long we dispute of love, and forget our labours, that both our flocks shall be unfolded, and to-morrow our merry meeting hindered." "That is true," quoth DORON, "for there will be all the shepherds' daughters and country damsels, and amongst them fear not but MENAPHON will bring his fair shepherdess. There, MELICERTUS, shalt thou see her that will amate all our moods, and amaze thee; and therefore, good MELICERTUS, let us be going."

With this prattle, away they went to their folds, where we leave them, and return to MENAPHON, who triumphing in the hope of

his new loves, caused SAMELA to trick her up in her country attire, and make herself brave against the meeting. She then thought, to be coy were to discover her thoughts, dressed herself up in CARMELA'S russet cassock, and that so quaintly, as if Venus, in a country petticoat, had thought to wanton it with her lovely Adonis. The morrow came, and away they went, but LAMEDON was left behind to keep the house. At the hour appointed, MENAPHON, CARMELA, and SAMELA came, when all the rest were ready to make merry. As soon as word was brought that MENAPHON came with his new mistress, all the company began to murmur, and every man to prepare his eye for so miraculous an object, but PESANA, a herdsman's daughter of the same parish, that long had loved MENAPHON, and he had filled her brows with frowns, her eyes with fury, and her heart with grief; yet coveting in so open an assembly, as well as she could, to hide a pad in the straw, she expected (as others did) the arrival of her new corrival, who at that instant came with MENAPHON into the house.

No sooner was she entered into the parlour, but her eyes gave such a shine, and her face such a brightness, that they stood gazing on this goddess; and she, unacquainted, seeing herself among so many unknown swains, dyed her cheeks with such a vermillion blush, that the country maids themselves fell in love with this fair nymph, and could not blame MENAPHON for being over the shoes with such a beautiful creature. DORON jogged MELICERTUS on the elbow, and so awaked him out of a dream, for he was deeply drowned in the contemplation of her excellency; sending out volleys of sighs in remembrance of his old love, as thus he sat meditating on her favour, how much she resembled her that death had deprived him of. Well, her welcome was great of all the company; and for that she was a stranger, they graced her to make her the mistress of the feast.

MENAPHON, seeing SAMELA thus honoured, conceived no small

content in the advancing of his mistress, being passing jocund and pleasant with the rest of the company, insomuch that every one perceived how the poor swain fed upon the dignities of his mistress's graces. PESANA noting this, began to lower; and CARMELA, winking upon her fellows, answered her frowns with a smile, which doubled her grief; for women's pains are more pinching if they be girded with a frump, than if they be galled with a mischief.

Whiles thus there was bandying of such looks, as every one imported as much as an *impreso*, SAMELA, willing to see the fashion of these country young frows, cast her eyes abroad, and in viewing every face, at last her eyes glanced on the looks of MELICERTUS, whose countenance resembled so unto her dead lord, that as a woman astonied, she stood staring on his face; but ashamed to gaze upon a stranger, she made restraint of her looks, and so taking her eye from her particular object, she sent it abroad to make general survey of their country demeanours.

But amidst all this gazing, he that had seen poor MENAPHON; how, infected with a jealous fury, he stared each man in the face, fearing their eyes should feed or surfeit on his mistress's beauty: if they glanced, he thought straight they would be rivals in his loves; if they flatly looked, then they were deeply snared in affection; if they once smiled on her, they had received some glance from SAMELA that had made them so malapert; if she laughed, she liked, and at that he began to frown. Thus sat poor MENAPHON all dinner while, pained with a thousand jealous passions, keeping his teeth guarders of his stomach, and his eyes watchmen of his loves. But MELICERTUS, half impatient of his new conceived thoughts, determined to try how the damsel was brought up, and whether she was as wise as beautiful: he therefore began to break silence thus.

“The orgies which the Bacchanals kept in Thessalia, the feasts which the melancholy Saturnists founded in Danuby, were never so quailed with silence, but on their festival days they did frolic

amongst themselves with many pleasant parleys: were it not a shame, then, that we of Arcadia, famous for the beauty of our nymphs, and the amorous roundelays of our shepherds, should disgrace Pan's holiday with such melancholy dumps? Courteous country swains, shake off this sobriety; and seeing we have in our company damsels both beautiful and wise, let us entertain them with prattle to try our wits, and tire our time." To this they all agreed with a plaudit. "Then," quoth MELICERTUS, "by your leave, since I was first in motion, I will be first in question, and therefore new-come shepherdess, first to you:" at this SAMELA blushed, and he began thus.

"Fair damsel! when Nereus chatted with Juno he had pardon, in that his prattle came more to pleasure the goddess, than to ratify his own presumption: if I, mistress, be over bold, forgive me; I request not to offend, but to set time free from tediousness. Then, gentle shepherdess, tell me, if you should be transformed, through the anger of the gods, into some shape, what creature would you wish to be in form?" SAMELA, blushing that she was the first that was boarded, yet gathered up her crumbs, and desirous to shew her pregnant wit (as the wisest women be ever tickled with self-love), made him this answer.

"Gentle shepherd, it fits not strangers to be nice, nor maidens too coy, lest the one feel the weight of a scoff, the other the fall of a frump: pithy questions are minds' whetstones, and by discoursing in jest, many doubts are decyphered in earnest; therefore you have forestalled me in craving pardon, when you have no need to feel any grant of pardon. Therefore thus to your question: Daphne, I remember, was turned to a bay tree, Niobe to a flint, Lampetia and her sisters to flowers, and sundry virgins to sundry shapes, according to their merits; but if my wish might serve for a metamorphosis, I would be turned into a sheep." "A sheep; and why so, mistress?" "I reason thus," quoth SAMELA; "my supposition should be simple, my life quiet, my foot the pleasant plains of

Arcadia, and the wealthy riches of Flora; my drink the cool streams that flow from the concave promontory of this continent; my air should be clear, my walks spacious, my thoughts at ease: and can there be (shepherd) any better premises to conclude my reply than these?" "But have you no other allegations to confirm your resolution?" "Yes, sir," quoth she, "and far greater." "Then the law of our first motion," quoth he, "commands you to repeat them."

"Far be it," answered SAMELA, "that I should not do of free-will any thing that this pleasant company commands; therefore thus: were I a sheep, I should be guarded from the folds with jolly swains, such as was Luna's love on the hills of Latmos, their pipes sounding like the melody of Mercury, when he lulled asleep Argus; but more, when the damsels, tracing along the plains, should, with their eyes like sun-bright beams, draw on looks to gaze on such sparkling planets: then, weary with food, should I lie and look on their beauties as on the spotted wealth of the richest firmament; I should listen to their sweet lays, more sweet than the sea-born Syrens: thus feeding on the delicacy of their features, I should, like the Tyrian heifer, fall in love with Agenor's darling."

"Ay, but," quoth MELICERTUS, "those fair-faced damsels oft draw forth the kindest sheep to the shambles." "And what of that, Sir," answered SAMELA, "would not a sheep so long fed with beauty, die for love?" "If she die," quoth PESANA, "there is more kindness in beasts than constancy in men, for they die for love when larks die with leeks." "If they be so wise," quoth MENAPHON, "they shew but their mothers' wits; for what sparks they have of inconstancy they draw from their female fosterers, as the sea doth ebbs and tides from the moon." "So be it, Sir," answered PESANA: "then no doubt your mother was made of a weather-cock, that brought forth such a wavering companion; for you, M. MENAPHON, measure your looks by minutes, and your loves are like lightning, which no sooner flash on the eye but they vanish." "It is, then," quoth MENAPHON, "because mine eye is a foolish

judge, and chooseth too basely, which when my heart censures of, it casts away as refuse." "It were best, then," said PESANA, "to discharge such unjust judges of their seats, and to set your ears hearers of your love pleas." "If they fault," quoth MELICERTUS, "every market town hath a remedy, or else there is never a baker near by seven miles." "Stay, courteous shepherds," quoth SAMELA, "these jests are too broad before, they are cynical, like Diogenes' quips, that had large feathers and sharp heads: it little fits in this company to bandy taunts of love, seeing you are unwedded, and these all maidens addicted to chastity." "You speak well as a patroness of our credit," quoth PESANA, "for indeed we be virgins, and addicted to virginity."

"Now," quoth MENAPHON, "that you have got a virgin in your mouth, you will never leave chaunting the word till you prove yourself either a Vestal or a Sybil." "Suppose she were a Vestal," quoth MELICERTUS, "I had almost said a virgin (but God forbid I had made such a doubtful supposition), she might carry water with Amulia in a sieve; for, amongst all the rest of virgins, we read of none but her that wrought such a miracle."

PESANA hearing how pleasantly MELICERTUS played with her nose, thought to give him a great bone to gnaw upon, which she cast in his teeth thus briefly. "I remember, Sir, that Epicurus measured every man's diet by his own principles: Apradas, the great Macedonian pirate, thought every one had a letter of mart that sails in the ocean: none came to knock at Diogenes' tub, but was supposed a Cynic; and fancy of late hath so tied you to his vanities, that you will think Vesta a flat figured conceit of poetry."

SAMELA, perceiving these blows would grow to deep wounds, broke off their talk with this pretty digression: "Gentlemen, to end this strife, I pray you let us hear the opinion of DORON; for all this while neither he nor CARMELA have uttered one word, but sat as censors at our pleas: 'twere necessary he told us how his heart came

thus on his halfpenny." DORON, hearing SAMELA thus pleasant, made presently this blunt reply: "I was, fair mistress, in solemn doubt with myself, whether in being a sheep you would be a ram or an ewe?" "An ewe, no doubt," quoth SAMELA, "for horns are the heaviest burthen that the head can bear." As DORON was ready to reply, came in suddenly to this parley four or five old shepherds, who broke off their prattle, that from chat they fell to drinking; and so, after some parley of their flocks, every one departed to their own home, where they talked of the exquisite perfection of SAMELA, especially MELICERTUS, who, gotten to his own cottage, and lain down in his couch by himself, began to ruminate on SAMELA's shape,

"Ah, MELICERTUS, what an object fortune this day brought to thy eyes! presenting a strange idea to thy sight, as appeared to Achilles of his dead friend Patroclus; tresses of gold like the tammels of SEPHESTIA's locks, a face fairer than Venus, such was SEPHESTIA: her eye paints her out SEPHESTIA, her voice sounds her out SEPHESTIA, she seemeth none but SEPHESTIA: but seeing she is dead, and there lives not such another SEPHESTIA, sue to her and love her, for that it is either a self-same or another SEPHESTIA."

In this hope MELICERTUS fell to his slumber, but SAMELA was not content, for she began thus to muse with herself: "May this MELICERTUS be a shepherd? or can a country cottage afford such perfection? Doth this coast bring forth such excellency? then happy are the virgins that shall have such suitors, and the wives such pleasing husbands: but his face is not inchaced with any rustic proportion, his brows contain the characters of nobility, and his looks in shepherd's weed are lordly, his voice pleasing, his wit full of gentry: weigh all these equally, and consider, SAMELA, is it not thy MAXIMUS? Fond fool! away with these suppositions: Could the dreaming of Andromache call Hector from his grave? or can the vision of my husband raise him from the seas? Tush, stoop not to such vanities; he is dead, and therefore grieve not thy memory with

the imagination of his new revive, for there hath been but one Hippolitus found to be Virbius, twice a man. To salve SAMELA, then, this suppose: if they court thee with hyacinth, entertain them with roses; if he send thee a lamb, present him an ewe; if he woo, be wooed, and for no other reason but he is like MAXIMUS."

Thus he rested, and thus she slept, all parties being equally content and satisfied with hope except PESANA, who, fettered with the feature of her best beloved MENAPHON, sat cursing Cupid as a partial deity, that would make more day-light in the firmament than one sun, more rainbows in the heaven than one Iris, and more loves in one heart than one settled passion: many prayers she made to Venus for revenge, many vows to Cupid, many orisons to Hymeneus, if she might possess the type of her desires.

Well, poor soul, howsoever she was pained, she smothered all with patience, and thought to brave love with seeming not to love; and thus she daily drove out the time with labour and looking to her herd, hearing every day by DORON, who was her kinsman, what success MENAPHON had in his loves.

Thus fates and fortunes dallying a doleful catastrophe, to make a more pleasing epitasis, it fell out amongst them thus: MELICERTUS going to the fields, as he was wont to do, with his flocks, drove to graze as near the swains of MENAPHON as he might, to have view of his new entertained mistress, who, according to his expectation, came thither every day. MELICERTUS, esteeming her to be some farmer's daughter at the most, could not tell how to court her; yet, at length calling to remembrance her rare wit discovered in their last discourses, finding opportunity to give her both ball and racket, seeing the coast was clear, and that none but SAMELA and he were in the field, he left his flock in the valley, and stept unto her, and saluted her thus.

"Mistress of all eyes that glance but at the excellence of your perfection, Sovereign of all such as Venus hath allowed for lovers, Cœnone's over-match, Arcadia's comet, Beauty's second comfort,



all hail! Seeing you sit like Juno when she first watched her white héifer on the Lincen downs, as bright as silver Phoebe mounted on the high top of the ruddy element, I was, by a strange attractive force, drawn, as the adamant draws the iron, or the jet the straw, to visit your sweet self in the shade, and afford you such company as a poor swain may yield without offence; which if you shall vouch to deign of, I shall be as glad of such accepted service, as Paris was first of his best beloved paramour."

SAMELA, looking upon the shepherd's face, and seeing his utterance full of broken sighs, thought to be pleasant with her shepherd thus: "Arcadia's Apollo, whose brightness draws every eye to turn as the Heliotropion doth after her load; fairest of shepherds; the nymph's sweetest object; women's wrong, in wronging many with one's due, welcome; and so welcome, as we vouchsafe of your service, admit of your company, as of him that is the grace of all companies; and, if we durst upon any light pardon, would venture to request you to shew us a cast of your cunning." SAMELA made this reply, because she heard him so superfine, as if Ephebus had learned him to refine his mother's tongue; wherefore though he had done it of an inkhorn desire to be eloquent, and MELICERTUS thinking SAMELA had learned with Lucilla in Athens to anatomize wit, and speak none but *similes*, imagined she smoothed her talk to be thought like Sappho, Phaon's paramour.

Thus deceived either in other's suppositions, SAMELA followed her suit thus: "I know, Priamus' wanton could not be without flocks of nymphs to follow him in the vale of Ida: Beauty hath legions to attend her excellency: if the shepherd be true; if, like Narcissus, you wrap not your face in the cloud of disdain, you cannot but have some rare paragon to your mistress, whom I would have you in some sonnet describe as Jove's last love, if Jove could get from Juno."

"My pipe shall presume, and I adventure with my voice to set out my mistress's favour, for your excellence to censure of, and

therefore thus:" yet MELICERTUS, for that he had a further reach, would not make any clownish description, chanted it thus cunningly.

MELICERTUS'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS MISTRESS.

Tune on, my pipe, the praises of my Love,  
And midst thy oaten harmony recount,  
How fair she is that makes thy music mount,  
And every string of thy heart's harp to move.

Shall I compare her form unto the sphere,  
Whence sun-bright Venus vaunts her silver shine?  
Ah, more than that by just compare is thine,  
Whose crystal looks the cloudy heavens do clear.

How oft have I descending Titan seen  
His burning locks couch in the sea-queen's lap,  
And beauteous Thetis his red body wrap  
In watry robes, as he her lord had been!

When as my Nymph, impatient of the night,  
Bade bright Atræus with his train give place;  
Whiles she led forth the day with her fair face,  
And lent each star a more than Delian light.

Not Jove or Nature (should they both agree  
To make a woman of the firmament,  
Of his mix'd purity) could not invent  
A sky-born form so beautiful as she!

When MELICERTUS had ended this roundelay in praise of his mistress, SAMELA perceived by his description, that either some better poet than himself had made it, or else that his former phrase was dissembled; wherefore, to try him thoroughly, and to see what snake lay hid under the grass, she followed the chase in this manner.

“**MELICERTUS**, might not a stranger crave your mistress’s name?” At this the shepherd blushed, and made no reply. “How now?” quoth **SAMELA**; “What is she so mean that you shame, or so high that you fear to bewray the sovereign of your thoughts? stand not in doubt, man; for be she base, I read that mighty Tamberlaine, after his wife Xenocrate (the world’s fair eye) passed out of the theatre of this mortal life, he chose stigmatical trulls to please his humorous fancy. Be she a princess, honour hangs in high desires, and it is the token of a high mind to venture for a queen: then, gentle shepherd, tell me thy mistress’s name.”

**MELICERTUS**, hearing his goddess speak so favourably, breathed out this sudden reply: “Too high **SAMELA**, and therefore I fear with the Syrian wolves to bark against the moon; or with them of Scyrum, to shoot against the stars, in the height of my thoughts soaring too high, to fall with woeful repenting Icarus. No sooner did mine eye glance upon her beauty, but as if Love and Fate had sat to forge my fatal disquiet, they trapt me within her looks, and hailing her idea through the passage of my sight, placed it so deeply in the centre of my heart, as maugre all my studious endeavour, it still and ever will keep restless possession. Noting her virtues, her beauties, her perfections, her excellence, and fear of her too high-born parentage, though painfully fettered, yet have I still feared to dare so haughty an attempt to so brave a personage: lest she offensive at my presumption, I perish in the height of my thoughts.”

This conclusion, broken with an abrupt passion, could not so satisfy **SAMELA**, but she would be further inquisitive. At last, after many questions, he answered thus: “Seeing, **SAMELA**, I consume myself and displease you, to hazard for the salve that may cure my malady, and satisfy your question, know it is the beauteous **SAMELA**.” “Be there more of that name in Arcadia beside myself?” quoth she. “I know not,” said **MELICERTUS**; “but were there a million, only you are **MELICERTUS**’s **SAMELA**” “But of a

million," quoth she, "I cannot be MELICERTUS'S SAMELA; for love hath put one arrow of desire in his quiver, but one string to his bow, and in choice but one aim of affection." "Have ye already," said MELICERTUS, "set your rest upon some higher personage?" "No," said SAMELA, "I mean by yourself; for I have heard that your fancy is linked already to a beautiful shepherdess in Arcadia."

At this the poor swain tainted his cheeks with a vermilion die; yet thinking to carry out the matter with a jest, he stood to his tackling thus: "Whosoever, SAMELA, descanted of that love, told you a Canterbury tale; some prophetic full mouth, that, as he were a cobbler's eldest son, would by the last tell where another's shoe wrings; but his sowterly aim was just level, in thinking every look was love, or every fair word a pawn on loyalty."

"Then," said SAMELA, taking him at a rebound, "neither may I think your glances to be fancies, nor your greatest protestation any assurance of deep affection: therefore, ceasing off to court any further at this time, think you have proved yourself too tall a soldier to continue so long at battery, and that I am a favourable foe that have continued so long at parley: but I charge you, by the love you owe your dearest mistress, not to say any more as touching love at this time." "If, SAMELA," said he, "thou hadst enjoined me, as Juno did to Hercules, most dangerous labours, I would have discovered my love by obedience, and my affection by death: yet let me crave this, that as I began with a sonnet, so I may end with a madrigal." "Content, MELICERTUS," quoth she, "for none more than I love music." Upon this reply, the shepherd, proud, followed with this ditty.

#### MELICERTUS'S MADRIGAL.

What are my sheep without their wonted food?  
 What is my life except I gain my love?  
 My sheep consume and faint for want of blood,  
 My life is lost unless I grace approve.

No flower that sapless thrives ;  
 No turtle without phear.  
 The day without the sun doth lour for woe :  
 Then woe mine eyes, unless thy beauty see  
 My sun, SAMELA's eyes, by whom I know  
 Wherein delight consists, where pleasures be.  
 Nought more the heart revives  
 Than to embrace his dear.  
 The stars from earthly humours gain their light ;  
 Our humours by their light possess their power :  
 SAMELA's eyes, fed by my weeping sight,  
 Infudes my pains or joys, by smile or lour.  
 So wends the source of love ;  
 It feeds, it fails, it ends.  
 Kind looks, clear to your joy, behold her eyes,  
 Admire her heart, desire to taste her kisses :  
 In them the heaven of joy and solace lies ;  
 Without them every hope his succour misses.  
 Oh, how I love to prove,  
 Whereto this solace tends.

Scarce had the shepherd ended this madrigal, but SAMELA began to frown, saying he had broken promise. MELICERTUS alledged, if he had uttered any passion, 'twas sung, not said. Thus these lovers, in a humorous descant of their prattle, espied, afar off, old LAMEDON and MENAPHON coming towards them : whereupon, kissing in conceit, and prattling with interchanged glances, MELICERTUS stole to his sheep, and SAMELA sat her down, making of nets to catch birds.

At last LAMEDON and her love came, and after many gracious looks and much good parley, helped her home with her sheep, and put them in the folds : but leaving these amorous shepherds busy in their loves, let us return at length to the pretty baby, SAMELA's child, whom MENAPHON had put to nurse in the country. This infant being by nature beautiful, and by birth noble, even in his

cradle expressed to the eyes of the gazers such glorious presages of his approaching fortunes, as if another Alcides (the arm-strong darling of the doubled night), by wrestling with snakes in his swaddling clouts, should prophesy to the world the approaching wonders of his prowess. So did his fiery looks reflect terror to the weak beholders of his ingrafted nobility, as if some god twice-born, like to the Thracian Bacchus, forsaking his heaven-born deity, should delude our eyes with the alternate form of his infancy.

Five years had full run their monthly revolution, when as this beauteous boy began to shew himself among the shepherd's children, with whom he had no sooner contracted familiar acquaintance but straight he was chosen lord of the May-game, king of their sports, and ringleader to their revels, insomuch that his tender mother beholding him by chance, mounted in his kingly majesty, and imitating honourable justice in his gamesome exercise of discipline, with tears of joy took up these prophetic terms; "Well do I see, where God and Fate hath vowed felicity, no adverse fortune may expel prosperity. PLEUSIDIPPUS, thou art young, thy looks high, and thy thoughts haughty; sovereignty is seated in thine eyes, and honour in thy heart: I fear this fire will have his flame, and then am I undone in thee, my son. My country life (sweet country life), in thy proud soaring hopes, despoiled and disrobed of the disguised array of his rest, must return russet weeds to the folds where I left my fears, and haste to the court of my hell, there to invest me with my wonted cares! How now, SAMELA, wilt thou be a Sybil of mishaps to thyself? 'The angry heavens that have eternized thy exile, have established thy content in Arcadia, my content in Arcadia, that we may be no longer then, my PLEUSIDIPPUS, days in Arcadia, which I have cause to fear; for the whelps of the lion are no longer harmless than when they are whelps, and babes are no longer to be awed than while they are babes. Ay, but nature:" and therewith she paused, being interrupted by a tumult of boys, that by young PLEUSIDIPPUS's com-

mand fell upon one of their fellows and beat him most cruelly, for playing false play at nine-holes; which she espying through the lattice window, could not choose but smile above measure: but when she saw him, in his childish terms, condemn one to death, for despising the authority bequeathed him by the rest of the boys, then she bethought her of the Persian Cyrus that deposed his grandfather Astyages, whose use it was, at like age, to imitate majesty in like manner.

In this distraction of thoughts she had not long time stayed, but LAMEDON and MENAPHON called her away to accompany them to the folds, whiles PLEUSIDIPPUS, hasting to the execution of justice, dismissed off his boyish session till their next meeting: where, how imperiously he behaved himself in punishing misorders amongst his equals, in using more than jesting justice towards his untamed copesmates, I refer it to the annals of the Arcadians, that dilate not a little of this ingenious argument.

In this sort did PLEUSIDIPPUS draw forth his infancy, till, on a time, walking to the shore, where he with his mother were wrecked, to gather cockle and pebble stones, as children are wont, there arrived on the strand a Thessalian pirate named EURILOCHUS, who, after he had foraged in the Arcadian confines, driving before him a large booty of beasts to his ships, espied this pretty infant; when, gazing on his face as wanton Jove gazed on Phrygian Ganymede in the fields of Ida, he exhaled into his eyes such deep impression of his perfection, as that his thought never thirsted so much after any prey as this pretty PLEUSIDIPPUS's possession.

But determining first to assay him by courtesy, before he assailed him with rigour, he began to try his wit after this manner: "My little child, whence art thou, where wert thou born, what is thy name, and wherefore wanderest thou thus all alone on the shore?" "I pray ye, what are ye, Sir," quoth PLEUSIDIPPUS, "that deal thus with me by interrogatories, as if I were some runaway?" "Wilt thou not tell me, then, who was thy father?" said he. "Good Sir,

if ye will needs know, go ask that of my mother." "He hath said well, my Lord," quoth ROMANIO, who was one of his special associates; "for wise are the children in these days that know their own fathers, especially if they be begotten in dog-days, when their mothers are frantic with love, and young men furious for lust. Besides, who knows not that these Arcadians are given to take the benefit of every Hodge, when they will sacrifice their virginity to Venus, though they have but a bush of nettles for their bed? and sure this boy is but some shepherd's bastard at the most, howsoever this wanton face importeth more than appearance."

PLEUSIDIPPUS's eyes at this speech resolved into fire, and his face in purple, with a more than common courage in children of his years and stature, gave him the lie roundly in this reply: "Peasant, the bastard in thy face, for I am a gentleman, wert thou a man in courage, as thou art a cow in proportion, thou wouldest never have so much impaired thy honesty, as to derogate from my honour. Look not in my face, but level at my heart by this that thou seest:" and therewith he let drive at him with such pebble-stones as he had in his hat, insomuch that ROMANIO was driven to his heels, to shun this sudden hailshot, and EURILOCHUS resolved into laughter, and in terms of admiration most highly extolled so exceeding magnanimity in so little a body; which how available it proved to the confirmation of his fancy, that was before inflamed with his features, let them imagine that have noted the imbecility of that age, and the unresisted fury of men at arms.

Sufficeth at this instant to unfold (all other circumstances of praise laid apart) that EURILOCHUS being far in love with his extraordinary lineaments, awaited no farther parley, but willed his men perforce to hoist him a shipboard; intending as soon as ever he arrived in Thessaly, by sending him to the court as a present, to make peace with his lord and master AGENOR, who not long before had proclaimed him as a notorious pirate throughout all his dominions.

Neither swerved he one whit from his purpose; for no sooner



had he cast anchor in the port of Adrianopolis, but he arrayed him in choice silks and Tyrian purple, and so sent him as a prize to the king of that country ; who walking as then in his summer-garden with his queen, the beauteous ERIPHILA, fell to discourse (as one well seen in philosophy) of herbs and flowers, as the savour or colour did occasion ; and having spent some time in disputing their medicinable properties, his lady reaching him a marigold, he began to moralize of it thus merrily. “ I marvel the poets, that were so prodigal in painting the amorous affection of the sun to his hyacinth, did never observe the relation of love ’twixt him and the marigold ; it should seem, either they were loth to incur the displeasure of women by propounding, in the way of comparison, any servile imitation for headstrong wives, that love no precepts less than those pertaining unto duty ; or that the flower, not so usual in their gardens as ours, in her unacquainted name, did obscure the honour of her amours to Apollo, to whose motions reducing the method of her springing, she waketh and sleepeth, openeth and shutteth her golden leaves as he riseth and setteth.”

“ Well did you forestal my exception,” quoth ERIPHILA, “ in terming it a servile imitation ; for were the condition of a wife so slavish as your similitude would infer, I had as lief be your page as your spouse, your dog as your darling.” “ Not so, sweet wife,” answered AGENOR ; “ but the comparison holdeth in this, that as the marigold resembleth the sun both in colour and form, so each man’s wife ought every way to be the image of her husband, framing her countenance to smile, when she sees him disposed to mirth, and contrariwise her eyes to tears, he being surcharged with melancholy. As the marigold displayeth the orient ornaments of her beauty, and to the resplendent view of none but her lover Hyperion, so ought not a woman of modesty lay open the allurements of her face to any but her espoused pheer, in whose absence, like the marigold in the absence of the sun, she ought to shut up her doors, and solemnize continual night, till her husband, her sun, making a happy

return, unsealeth her silence with the joy of his sight." "Believe me, but if all flowers," quoth ERIPHILA, "afford such influence of eloquence to our adverse orators, I'll exempt them all from my smell, for fear they be all planted to poison."

"Oft have I heard," replied AGENOR, "our cunning physicians conclude, that one poison is harmless to another, which if they be so; there is no cause why a thistle should fear to be stung of a nettle." "I can tell you, Sir, you were best beware, lest in wading too far in comparisons of thistles and nettles, you exchange not your rose for a nettle." "If I do," quoth AGENOR, "it is no more, but my gardener shall pluck it up by the roots, and throw it over the wall as a weed." "To end this jest, which else would issue to a jar; what purple flower is this, in form like a hyacinth," quoth ERIPHILA, "so cunningly dropped with blood, as if nature had intermeddled with the herald's art to emblazon a bleeding heart?" "It is the flower into which, poets feign, Venus caused dying Adonis to be turned a fair boy, but passing infortunate." "Was it possible," quoth ERIPHILA, "that ever nature should be so bounteous to a boy, to give him a face in despite of women so fair? Feign would I see such an object, and then would I defy beauty for imparting our excellency to any inferior object."

In saying these words (as if Fortune meant to present her fancy with her desired felicity), ROMANIO, conducted by one of the lords, came with young PLEUSIDIPPUS in his hand into the privy garden, where discoursing unto the king the intent of EURILOCHUS in presenting him with such an inestimable jewel, the manner of his taking, of the strand of Arcadia, with other circumstances of vowed allegiance; all which being gratefully accepted of AGENOR, he sealed their several pardons, and gave them leave to depart. But when he had thoroughly observed every perfection of young PLEUSIDIPPUS; he burst into these terms of passion: "Had sea-born Pontia then an appliable ear in our idleness, that to testify her eternal deity she should send us a second Adonis to delude our senses? whatever

may deserve the name, fair have I seen before, beauty have I beheld in his brightest orb, but never set eye on immortality before this hour." ERIPHILA, likewise, in no less extasy, seeing her eyes to dazzle with the reflex of his beauty, and her cheeks tainted with a blush of disgrace by too much gazing on his face, said, "That either the sun had left his bower to beguile their eyes with a borrowed shape, (which could not keep in his brightness,) or Cupid; dismounted from his mother's lap, left his bow and quiver at random, to outbrave the Thessalonian dames in their beauty."

In this contrariety of thoughts, being all plunged well nigh in a speechless astonishment, the fair child PLEUSIDIPPUS, not used to such hyperbolical spectators, broke off the silence by calling for his victuâls, as one whose empty stomach, since his coming from sea, was not over-cloyed with delicates. Whereat AGENOR, revived from his trance, wherein the present wonder had inwrapped him, demanded such questions of his name and parentage as the pirate's ignorance could not unfold; but he being able to tell no more than this, that his mother was a shepherdess, and his own name PLEUSIDIPPUS, cut off all other interrogatories, by calling, after his childish manner, again for his dinner. Whereupon AGENOR, commanding him to be had in, and used in every respect as the child of a prince, began, in his solitary walk, by his countenance to calculate his nativity, and measure his birth by his beauty; contracting him in thought heir to the kingdom of Thessaly, and husband to his daughter, before he knew whence the child descended, or who was his father.

But leaving young PLEUSIDIPPUS, thus spending his youth in the Thessalian court, protected with the tender affection of such a courteous foster-father as AGENOR, return we where we left, back into Arcadia, and meet his mother, the fair SAMELA, returning from the folds. Who having discoursed by the way as she came home to LAMEDON and MENAPHON, what she late saw and observed in her son, they both conjoined their judgments to their conclusion;

that he was doubtless born to some greater fortunes than sheep-cotes could contain; and therefore it behoved her to further his destinies with some good and liberal education, and not to detain him any longer in that trade of life which his fortune withstood; but by the way, to rebuke him for tyrannizing so lordly over the boys, lest the neighbour shepherds might haply intrude the name of injury on them, being strangers, for his insulting over their children.

With this determination came she home; and calling for PLEUSIDIPPUS, according to their former counsel, he would in no wise be found. Thereupon inquiry was made among all the shepherds, diligent search in every village, but still the most carefullest post returned with *Non est inventus*. Which SAMELA hearing, thinking she had utterly lost him whom fortune had saved, began in this manner to act her unrest. “Dissembling heavens, where is your happiness? Unconstant times, what are your triumphs? Have you, therefore, hitherto fed me with honey, that ye might at last poison me with gall? Have you fattened me so long with Sardinian smiles, that like the wreck of the Sirens, I might perish in your wiles? Curst that I was to affy in your courtesy! Curst that I am to taste of your cruelty! O, PLEUSIDIPPUS! livest thou, or art thou dead? No; thou art dead: dead to the world, dead to thy kinsfolks, dead to Cyprus, dead to Arcadia, dead to thy mother SAMELA; and with thee dies the world’s wonder, thy kinsfolks’ comfort, Cyprus’ soul, Arcadia’s hopes, thy mother’s honours! Was this the prophecy of thy sovereignty, to yield up thy life to death so untimely? Wretched was I, of all women, to bring thee forth to this infancy!

“O, cruel Themis! that didst revolve such inevitable fate: Hard-hearted death! to prosecute me with such hate! Have we therefore escaped the fury of the seas, to perish on the land? Was it not enough that we were exiled from higher prosperity, but we must all of us suddenly be overwhelmed with the overflow of a second adversity? My husband and my father to be swallowed in the fury of

the surge, and now thou to be——” (and therewith her eyes distilled such abundance of tears as stopped the passage of her complaints, and made her seem a more than second Niobe, bewailing her sevenfold sorrow under the form of weeping flint).

MENAPHON, who had overheard her all this while, as one that sought opportunity to plead his unrest, perceiving her in that extremity of agony for her son's supposed loss, stepped to her presently, and cheered her up in these terms. “Fair Shepherdess! might the tears of contrition raise the dead from destruction, then were it wisdom to bewail what weeping might recal; but since such anguish is fruitless, and these plainings bootless, comfort yourself with the hope of the living, and omit the tears for the dead.”

“Why,” quoth SAMELA, “how is it possible a woman should lose him without grief, whom she hath conceived with sorrow? He was, sweet MENAPHON, the divided half of my essence; soul to my joys, and life to my delights; as beauteous in his birth as is our bright bow-bearing god, that played the shepherd awhile for love amidst our pleasant Arcadian downs.”

“Whatever he was in beauty,” quoth MENAPHON, “proceeded from your bounty, who may by marriage make his like when you please; therefore there is no cause why you should so much grieve to see your first work defaced, that of a new mould can form a far better than ever he was.”

“Ah, MENAPHON! never more may his like proceed from my loins. I tell thee, he made the chamber bright with his beauty when he was born, and checked the night with the golden rays that gleamed from his looks: never more may I be the mother of such a son!”

“Yes, SAMELA,” quoth the frolic shepherd, “think not but, if thou wilt list to my loves, I will enrich thee with as fair increase as ever he was.” “Alas, poor swain!” said she, “thou hopest in vain, since another must reap what thou hast sown, and gather into his barns what thou hast scattered in the furrow.”

“Another reap what I have sown?” Therewith he scratched his head where it itched not; and setting his cap he could not tell which way, in a hot fustian fume he uttered these words of fury: “Strumpet of Greece, repayest thou my love with this lavish ingratitude? Have I, therefore, with my plenty supplied thy wants, that thou with thy pride shouldest procure my woe? Did I relieve thee in distress, to wound me in thy welfare with disdain? Deceitful woman—(and therewith he swore a holiday oath, by Pan the god of the shepherds)—either return love for love, or I will turn thee forth of doors to scrape up thy crumbs where thou canst; and make thee pitied for thy poverty, that erst while wert honoured in every man’s eye through the supportance of thy beauty.”

“Belike, then,” quoth SAMELA, “when you entertained me into your house, you did it not in regard of the laws of hospitality, but only with this policy—to quench the flames of your fancy: then, Sir, I have mistook your honesty; and am less indebted to your courtesy.”

“Nay, I thought no less,” said MENAPHON, “when your straggling eye, at our last meeting, would be gadding throughout every corner of our company, that you would prove such a kind kestrel. But if you will needs be starting, I’ll serve you thereafter, I warrant you: then see which of our beardless youngsters will take you in, when I have cast you forth.”

“Those,” said she, “that outcountenance MENAPHON and his pelf, and are better able than yourself! But howsoever I find their favour, I henceforth defy you and your fellowship.” And therewith in great rage she flung away into the next chamber, where her uncle LAMEDON lay sleeping; who complaining of MENAPHON’S discourtesies, he straight invented this remedy: There was a shepherd called MORON, brother to DORON, that not long before died of a surfeit, whose house and flock being set to sale after his decease, he bought them both forthwith for SAMELA, with certain remainder of money he had, and therein enfeoffed her, maugre the fury of

**MENAPHON**; who when he saw she was able to support her state without his purse, became sick for anger, and spent whole eclogues in anguish.

Sometime lying comfortless in his bed, he would complain him to the winds of his woes, in these or such like words: "Forlorn and forsook, since physic doth loth thee, despair be thy death; Love is a god, and despiseth thee a man; Fortune blind, and cannot behold thy deserts: die, die, fond **MENAPHON**! that ungratefully hast abandoned thy mistress!" And therewith stretched himself upon his bed, as thinking to have slept, he was restrained by cares that exiled all rest from his eyes; whereupon taking his pipe in his hand, 'twixt playing and singing he plained him thus.

**MENAPHON'S SONG IN HIS BED.**

You restless Cares, companions of the night,  
That wrapp'd my joys in folds of endless woes,  
Tire on my heart, and wound it with your spight,  
Since love and fortune prove my equal foes!  
Farewel, my hopes; farewel, my happy days;  
Welcome, sweet grief, the subject of my lays!

Mourn heavens, mourn earth; your Shepherd is forlorn;  
Mourn times and hours, since bale invades by bower:  
Curse every tongue, the place where I was born;  
Curse every thought, the life which makes me lour.  
Farewel, my hopes; farewel, my happy days;  
Welcome, sweet grief, the subject of my lays!

Was I not free? was I not Fancy's aim?  
Fram'd not Desire my face to front Disdain?  
I was; she did: but now one silly maim  
Makes me to droop, as he whom love hath slain.  
Farewel, my hopes; farewel, my happy days;  
Welcome, sweet grief, the subject of my lays!

Yet drooping, and yet living to this death,  
 I sigh, I sue for pity at her shrine;  
 Whose fiery eyes exhale my vital breath,  
 And make my flocks with parching heat to pine.  
 Farewel, my hopes; farewel, my happy days;  
 Welcome, sweet grief, the subject of my lays!

Fade they, die I: long may she live to bliss,  
 That feeds a wanton fire with fuel of her form,  
 And makes perpetual summer where she is,  
 Whiles I do cry, o'ertook with Envy's storm.  
 Farewel, my hopes; farewel, my happy days;  
 Welcome, sweet grief, the subject of my lays!

No sooner had MENAPHON ended this ditty, but PESANA, hearing that he was lately fallen sick, and that SAMELA and he were at mortal jars, thinking to make hay while the sun shined, and take opportunity by her forelocks, coming into his chamber, under pretence to visit him, fell into these terms: "Why, how now, MENAPHON; hath your new change driven you to a night-cap? Believe me, this is the strangest effect of love that ever I saw; to freeze so quickly the heart that is set on fire so lately." "Why, may it not be a burning fever as well?" quoth MENAPHON, blushing. "Nay, that cannot be," said PESANA; "since you shake for cold, not sweat for heat." "Why, if it be so, it is long of cold entertainment." "Why," said PESANA, "hath your hot entertainment cooled your courage?" "No; but her undeserved hate quite hindered my conquest." "You know," said PESANA, "where you might have been let in long ere this, without either assault or any such battery."

With this the shepherd was mute, and PESANA ashamed; but at length regathering his spirits, to bewray his martyrdom, and make his old mistress some new music, he strained forth this ditty.



Fair fields, proud Flora's vaunt, why is't you smile,  
When as I languish?  
You golden meads, why strive you to beguile  
My weeping anguish?  
I live to sorrow; you to pleasure spring:  
Why do you spring thus?  
What, will not Boreas' tempests, wrathful king,  
Take some pity on us?  
And send forth winter in a rusty weed,  
To wail my bemoanings;  
Whiles I, distress'd, do tune my country reed  
Unto my groanings.  
But heaven and earth, time, place, and every power,  
Have with her conspired  
To turn my blissful sweet to baleful sour,  
Since I, fond, desired  
The heaven, whereto my thoughts may not aspire,  
Ay me unhappy!  
It was my fault t' embrace my bane, the fire  
That forceth me to die.  
Mine be my pain, but hers the cruel cause  
Of this strange torment:  
Wherefore no time my banning prayers shall pause,  
Till proud she repent.

“Well I perceive,” said PESANA, “for all she hath let you fly like a hawk that hath lost her tyre, yet you mean to follow suit and service, though you get but a handful of smoke to the bargain.” “Not so;” said MENAPHON, “but perhaps I seek to return an ill bargain as dear as I bought it.” “If you do so, you are wiser than this kercher sheweth you,” said PESANA.

Much idle prattle to this end had MENAPHON with PESANA in his sickness ; and long it was not, but that with good diet and warm broths, (and especially by her careful attendance) he began

to gather up his crumbs, and listen by little and little to the love he late scorned.

Leave we them to their equal desires, and surfeiting either of other's society, and let us look back to Thessaly, where SAMELA's stripling (now grown up to the age of sixteen years) flourished in honour and feats of arms above all the knights of the court, inso-much, that the echo of his fame was the only news talked on throughout every town in Greece.

But OLYMPIA, the mistress of his prowess (for so was the king's daughter named) was she that most of all exulted in the far renowned reports of his martial perfections, to whose praise he did consecrate all his endeavours, to whose exquisite form he did dedicate all his adventures. But hell-born Fame, the eldest daughter of Erynnis, envying the felicity of these two famous lovers, dismounted eftsoons from her brass-sounding buildings, and unburdened herself of her secrets in the presence of young PLEUSIDIPPUS, among whose catalogue she had not forgot to discover the incomparable beauty of the Arcadian shepherdess; whereof the young prince no sooner had received an inkling, but he stood upon thorns till he had satisfied his desire with her sight. Therefore, on a time sitting with his mistress at supper, when for table-talk it was debated amongst them, what country bred the most accomplished dames for all things, after strangers and others had delivered up their opinions without partiality, one among them all, who had been in Arcadia, gave up his verdict thus freely :

“ Gentlewoman,” quoth he, “ be it no disgrace for the moon to stoop to the sun ; for the stars to give place when Titan appears ; then I hope neither the Thessalians will be moved, nor the Grecians aggrieved, if I make Apollo's Arcadia beauty's meridian. Neither will I proceed herein as our philosophical poets are wont, that muster every mover in the zodiac, every fixed star in the firmament, every elemental word of art in an almanack, to prove that country

for beauty most canonical where their mistress abideth ; when as (God wot) had they but learned of Apelles, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, they would not have aspired above their birth, or talked beyond their sowterly bringing up. Our Arcadian nymphs are fair and beautiful, though not begotten of the sun's bright rays ; whose eyes vaunt Love's armoury to the view, whose angelical faces are to the obscure earth instead of firmament. View but this counterfeit—(and therewithal he shewed the picture of SAMELA)—and see if it be not of force to draw the sun from his sphere, or the moon from her circle, to gaze as the one did on the beauty of Daphne, or all night contemplate, as the other, on the form of Endymion.”

PLEUSIDIPPUS, who all this while heard his tale with attentive patience, no sooner beheld the radiant glory of this resplendent face, but as a man already installed in eternity, he exclaimed thus abruptly : “ O, Arcadia ! Arcadia ! storehouses of nymphs, and nursery of beauty ! ” At which words OLYMPIA, starting up suddenly, as if she, a second Juno, had taken her Jove in bed with Alcmena, and overcasting the chamber with a frown, that was able to mantle the world with an eternal night, she made passage to her choler in these terms of contempt : “ Beardless upstart, of I know not whence, have the favours of my bounty (not thy desert) entered thee so deeply in overweening presumption, that thou shouldest be the foremost in derogation of our dignity, and blaspheming of my beauty ? I tell thee, miscreant, I scorn thy clownish Arcadia, with his inferior comparisons, as one that prizeth her perfection above any created constitution.”

PLEUSIDIPPUS, upon this speech, stood plunged in a great perplexity, whether he should excuse himself mildly, or take her up roundly ; but the latter being more level to his humour than the former, he began thus to rouse up his fury : “ Disdainful dame ! that upbraidest me with my birth as it were base, and my youth as it were boyish, know that though my parents and progeny are envied

by obscurity, yet the sparks of renown that make my eagle-minded thoughts to mount the heavenly fire imprisoned in the pannicles of my crest, inciting me to more deeds of honour than stout Perseus effected with his falchion in the fields of Hesperia, ascertains my soul I was the son of no coward, but a gentleman : but sith my inequality of parentage is such an eyesore to thy envy, hold, take thy favours— (and therewith he threw her glove)—and immortalize whom thou wilt with thy toys, for I will to Arcadia in spite of thee and thy affinity, there either to seek out mischance, or a new mistress.”

With this, in a great rage he rose from the board, and would have mounted himself to depart in that mood, had not the lords and gentlemen there present dissuaded him from such an unadvised enterprize. Neither was this unkindness kept so secret, but it came to the king's ear as he was new risen from dinner, who, for the love he bare to PLEUSIDIPPUS, whom he had honoured with knight-hood not long before, and for the toward hopes he saw in him, took pains to go to the chamber where they were, and finding his daughter in strange manner perplexed with the thoughts of PLEUSIDIPPUS's departure, her eyes red, and her cheeks all to be blubbered with her jealous tears, he took her up in this manner. “ Daughter, I thought I had chose such a one to be the object of your eye, as ye might have every way loved and honoured as the lord of your life, and not have controlled as the slave of your lust. Did I therefore grace him with my countenance, that you should distain him with your taunts? Peevish girl! I advise thee, on my displeasure, either reconcile thyself betimes, and reform thy un-reverent terms, or I will disclaim the love of a father, and deal by thee no more as a daughter.”

OLYMPIA, who already had sufficiently bitten on the bridle, took these words more unkindly than all her former bitterness, which she digested but sourly ; nevertheless, making necessity the present time's best policy, she humbled herself as she might with

modesty, and desired the best interpretation of what was past: PLEUSIDIPPUS, whose courteous inclination could not withstand this submission, in sign of reconciliation, gave her a *stoccado des labies*; yet was he not so reconciled, but he kept on his purpose of going to Arcadia, whereat OLYMPIA (though she grudged inwardly, yet being loath to offend) held her peace, and determined to bestow upon him a remembrance, whereby he might be brought to think on her in his absence; which was, the device of a bleeding heart floating in the sea waves, curiously stamped in gold, with this motto about it: *portum aut mortem*, alluding, as it seemed, to the device in his shield, wherein (because it was taken up by EURILOCHUS on the shore) was cunningly drawn in a field *argent*, the sea waves with Venus sitting on the top, in token that his affection was already fettered.

“Here, hold this,” said she, “my sweet PLEUSIDIPPUS, and hang it about thy neck, that when thou art in Arcadia, it may be ever in thy eye; so shall these drops of ruth, that paint out a painful truth, withdraw thy fancy from attracting strange beauty:” which said, the tears gushed from her eyes, and AGENOR’s likewise, who gave him nothing so much in charge as to make haste of his return. PLEUSIDIPPUS, though he could have been content to have done the like for company, yet he had such a mind on his journey, that he brake off such ceremonies, and hasted a shipboard; and in a bark bound for Arcadia, having the wind favourable, made a short cut, so as in a day and night’s sailing he arrived on the shore joining on the promontory, where he, his mother, and LAMEDON, were first wrecked.

Leave we him wandering, with some few of his train that came with him, along the sea-side, to seek out some town or village where to refresh themselves, and let us a while to the court of DEMOCLES; where our history began: who, having committed his daughter, with her tender babe, her husband MAXIMUS, and LAMEDON his

uncle, without oar or mariner, to the fury of the merciless waves, determined to leave the succession of his kingdom to uncertain chance; for his queen, with SEPHESTIA's loss (whom she deemed to be dead), took such thought, that within short time after she died. DEMOCLES, as careless of all weathers, spent his time, epicure like, in all kind of pleasures that either art or expence might afford, so as for his dissolute life he seemed another Heliogabalus, deriving his security from that grounded tranquillity which made it proverbial to the world, *No heaven but Arcadia*.

Having spent many years in this variety of vanity, Fame, determining to apply herself to his fancy, sounded in his ear the singular beauty of his daughter SAMELA: he, although he were an old colt, yet had not cast all his wanton teeth, which made him, under the bruit of being sick of a grievous apoplexy, steal from his court secretly, in the disguise of a shepherd, to come and seek out SAMELA, who, not a little proud of her new flock, lived more contented than if she had been queen of ARCADIA; and MELICERTUS, joying not a little that she was parted from MENAPHON, used every day to visit her without dread, and court her in such shepherd's terms as he had, which how they pleased her, I leave to you to imagine, when, as not long after, she vowed marriage to him solemnly, in presence of all the shepherds, but not to be solemnized till the prophecy was fulfilled, mentioned in the beginning of this history.

Although this penance exceeded the limits of his patience, yet, hoping that the oracle was not uttered in vain, and might as well (albeit he knew not which way) be accomplished in him as in any other, was contented to make a virtue of necessity, and await the utmost of his destiny. But PLEUSIDIPPUS, who by this time had perfected his policies, exchanging his garments with one of the herdgrooms of MENAPHON, tracing over the plains in the habit of a shepherd, chanced to meet with DEMOCLES as he was new come into those quarters, whom mistaking for an old shepherd, he began

many impertinent questions belonging to the sheep-cotes ; at last he asked him if he knew SAMELA's sheepfold : who, answering doubtfully to all alike, made him half angry : and had not SAMELA passed by at that instant, to fill her bottle at a spring near the foot of the promontory, he should like enough have had first handsel of our new shepherd's sheep-hook. But the wonder of her beauty so wrought with his wounded fancy, that he thought report a partial spreader of her praises, and fame too base to talk of such forms.

SAMELA, espying this fair shepherd so far overgone in his gazing, stepped to him, and asked him if he knew her, that he so overlooked her. " Pardon me, fair shepherdess," said PLEUSIDIPPUS, " if it be a fault ; for I cannot choose, being eagle-sighted, but gaze on the sun the first time I see it." " And truly I cannot choose but compare you to one of Æsop's apes, that finding a glow-worm in the night, took it for a fire ; and you, seeing a face full of deformities, mistake it for the sun." " Indeed, it may be, mine eyes made opposite to such an object may fail in their office, having their lights rebated by such brightness." " Nay, not unlike," quoth SAMELA ; " for else, out of doubt, you would see your way better." " Why," quoth PLEUSIDIPPUS, " I cannot go out of the way when I meet such glistening goddesses in my way." " How now, Sir Paris, are you out of your arithmetic ? I think you have lost your wits with your eyes, that mistake Arcadia for Ida, and a shepherdess for a goddess." " However it please you," quoth PLEUSIDIPPUS, " to derogate from my prowess by the title of Paris, know that I am not so far out of my arithmetic, but that by multiplication I can make two of one in an hour's warning ; or be as good as a cypher to fill up a place at the worst hand ; for my wit sufficeth, be it never so simple, to prove both *re* and *voce*, that there can be no *vacuum in rerum natura* : and mine eyes, or else they deceive me, will enter so far in art, as, *niger est contrarius albo*, and teach me how to discern twixt black and white."

Much other circumstance of prattle passed between them, which the Arcadian records do not show, nor I remember. Sufficeth, he pleaded love, and was repulsed; which drove him into such a choler, that meeting his supposed shepherd, who, lying under a bush, had all this while overheard them, he entered into such terms of indignation as Jove, shaking his earth-quaking hair, when he sat in consultation of Licaon. Wherefore, DEMOCLES, perceiving PLEUSIDIPPUS repulsed, who was every way graced with the ornaments of nature, began to cast over his bad pennyworths, in whose face age had furrowed her wrinkles, except he should lay his crown down at her feet, and tell her he was king of Arcadia; which in commonwealth's respects, seeming not commodious, he thought to turn a new leaf, and make this young shepherd the means to perfect his purpose. He had, not far from that place, a strong castle, which was inhabited as then by none but tilsmen and herd-grooms; thither did he persuade PLEUSIDIPPUS to carry her perforce, and effect that by constraint that he could not achieve by entreaty; who, listening not a little to this counsel, that was never plotted for his advantage, presently put in practice what he of late gave in precepts, and waiting till the evening that SAMELA should fold her sheep, having given his men the watch-word, maugre all the shepherds adjoining, he mounted her behind him; and being by DEMOCLES directed to the castle, he made such havock among the stubborn herdsmen, that will they, nill they, he was lord of the castle. Yet might not this prevail with SAMELA, who, constant to her old shepherd, would not entertain any new love, which made PLEUSIDIPPUS think all his harvest lost in the reaping, and blemish all his delights with a mournful drooping.

But DEMOCLES, that looked for a mountain of gold in a molehill, finding her alone, began to discourse his love in more ample manner than ever PLEUSIDIPPUS; telling her how he was a king, what his revenues were, what power he had to advance her, with



many other proud vaunts of his wealth, and prodigal terms of his treasure. SAMELA hearing the name of a king, and perceiving him to be her father, stood amazed, like Medusa's metamorphosis, and blushing oft with intermingled sighs, began to think how injurious Fortune was to her, shewn in such an incestuous father: but he, hot-spurred in his purpose, gave her no time to deliberate or consider of the matter, but required either a quick consent, or a present denial. She told him that the shepherd MELICERTUS was already entitled in the interest of her beauty, wherefore it was in vain what he or any other could plead in the way of persuasion.

He thereupon entered into a large field of the baseness of shepherds, and royalties of kings, with many other assembled arguments of delight that would have fetched Venus from her sphere to disport: but SAMELA, whose mouth could digest no other meat save only her sweet MELICERTUS, ashamed so long to hold parley with her father about such a matter, flung away to her withdrawing chamber in a dissembled rage, and there, after her wonted manner, bewailed her misfortunes.

DEMOCLES, plunged thus in a labyrinth of restless passions, seeing MELICERTUS's figure was so deeply printed in the centre of her thoughts, as neither the resolution of his fancy, his metamorphosis from a king to a traveller, crowns, kingdoms, preferments, (batteries that soon overthrow the fortress of women's fantasies); when DEMOCLES, I say, saw that none of these could remove SAMELA, hearing that the Arcadian shepherds were in an uproar for the loss of their beautiful shepherdess, his hot love changing to a bird of coy disdain, he intended by some revenge either to obtain his love, or satisfy his hate: whereupon thoroughly resolved, he stole away secretly in his shepherd's apparel, and got him down to the plains, where he found all the swains in a mutiny about the recovery of their beautiful paragon. DEMOCLES stepping amongst the rout, demanded the cause of their controversy. "Marry, Sir,"

quoth DORON, bluntly, "the flower of all our garland is gone." "How mean you that, Sir?" quoth he. "We had," answered DORON, "an ewe amongst our rams, whose fleece was as white as the hairs that grow on father Boreas' chin, or as the dangling dewlap of the silver bull; her front curled like to the Erimanthian boar, and spangled like to the worsted stockings of Saturn; her face like Mars treading upon the milk-white clouds: believe me, shepherd, her eyes like the fiery torches tilting against the moon. This paragon, this nonesuch, this ewe, this mistress of our flocks, was by a wily fox stolen from our folds, for which these shepherds assemble themselves to recover so wealthy a prize." "What is he," quoth MENAPHON, "that DORON is in such debate with? Fellow, canst thou tell us any news of the fair shepherdess that the knight of Thessaly hath carried away from her fellow nymphs?"

DEMOCLES thinking to take opportunity by the forehead, and seeing time had feathered his bolt, willing to assay as he might to hit the mark, began thus: "Shepherds, you see my profession is your trade, and although my wandering fortunes be not like your home-born favours, yet were I in the groves of Thessalian Tempe, as I am in the plains of Arcadia, the swains would give me as many due honours, as they present you here with submiss reverence. Beauty that drew Apollo from heaven to play the shepherd, that fetched Jove from heaven to bear the shape of a bull for Agenor's daughter, the excellence of such a metaphysical virtue, I mean, shepherds, the fame of your fair SAMELA, hovering in the ears of every man as a miracle of nature, brought me from Thessaly to feed mine eyes with Arcadia's wonder: stepping along the shore to come to some sheepcote, where my weary limbs might have rest, Love, that for my labours thought to lead me to Fancy's pavilion, was my conduct to a castle, where a Thessalian knight lies in hold; the portcullis was let down, the bridge drawn, the court of guard kept: thither I went, and for my tongue I was known to be a Thessalian; I was enter-

tained and lodged. The knight, whose years are young, and valour matchless, holding in his arms a lady more beautiful than Love's queen, all blubbered with tears, asked me many questions, which as I might I replied unto; but while he talked, mine eye surfeiting with such excellence, was detained upon the glorious shew of such a wonderful object. I demanded what she was of the standers by, and they said she was the fair shepherdess, whom the knight had taken from the swains of Arcadia, and would carry with the first wind that served into Thessaly. This, shepherds, I know, and grieve that thus your loves should be overmatched with Fortune, and your affections pulled back by contrariety of destiny."

MELICERTUS hearing this, the fire sparkling out of his eyes, began thus: "I tell thee, shepherd, if Fates with their forepointing pencils did pen down, or Fortune with the deep variety resolve, or Love with his greatest power determine to deprive Arcadia of the beautiful SAMELA, we would with our blood sign down such spells on the plains, that either our gods should summon her to Elysium, or she rest with us quiet and fortunate; thou seest the shepherds are up in arms to revenge, only it rests who shall have the honour and principality of the field." "What needs that question," quoth MENAPHON; "am not I the king's shepherd, and chief of all the bordering swains of Arcadia?" "I grant," quoth MELICERTUS; "but am not I a gentleman, though tired in a shepherd's skin-coat, superior to thee in birth, though equal now in profession?"

Well, from words they had fallen to blows, had not the shepherds parted them; and, for the avoiding of further troubles, it was agreed that they should in two eclogues make description of their loves, and DEMOCLES, for he was a stranger, to sit censor; and who best could decypher his mistress's perfection, should be made general of the rest.

MENAPHON and MELICERTUS condescended to this motion; and DEMOCLES sitting as a judge, the rest of the shepherds standing as witnesses of this combat, MENAPHON began thus.

## MENAPHON'S ECLOGUE.

Too weak the wit, too slender is the brain,  
 That means to mark the power and worth of love :  
 Not one that lives (except he hap to prove)  
 Can tell the sweet, or tell the secret pain.

Yet I that have been 'prentice to the grief,  
 Like to the cunning seaman, from afar,  
 By guess will take the beauty of that star,  
 Whose influence must yield me chief relief.

You censors of the glory of my dear,  
 With reverence, and lowly bend of knee,  
 Attend and mark what her perfections be;  
 For in my words my fancies shall appear.

Her locks are plighted like the fleece of wool,  
 That Jason with his Grecian mates achiev'd :  
 As pure as gold, yet not from gold deriv'd ;  
 As full of sweets, as sweet of sweets is full.

Her brows are pretty tables of conceit,  
 Where love his records of delight doth quote :  
 On them her dallying locks do daily float,  
 As love, full oft, doth feed upon the bait.

Her eyes, fair eyes, like to the purest lights,  
 That animate the sun, or clear the day ;  
 In whom the shining sunbeams brightly play,  
 Whiles fancy doth on them divine delights.

Her cheeks like ripened lilies steep'd in wine,  
 Or fair pomegranate kernels wash'd in milk ;  
 Or snow-white threads, in nets of crimson silk ;  
 Or gorgeous clouds upon the sun's decline.

Her lips like roses overwash'd with dew,  
 Or like the purple of Narcissus' flower :  
 No frost their fair, no wind doth waste their power,  
 But by her breath her beauties do renew.

Her chrystal chin like to the purest mold,  
 Enchac'd with daintiest daisies, soft and white,  
 Where fancy's fair pavilion once is pight,  
 Whereas embrac'd his beauties he doth hold.

Her neck like to an ivory shining tower,  
 Where-through with azure veins sweet nectar runs ;  
 Or like the down of swans where Senesse wonnes,  
 Or like delight, that doth itself devour.

Her paps are like fair apples in the prime ;  
 As round as orient pearls, as soft as down :  
 They never veil their fair through winter's frown,  
 But from their sweets Love suck'd his summer time.

Her body's Beauty's best esteemed bower,  
 Delicious, comely, dainty, without stain ;  
 The thought whereof (not touch'd) hath wrought my pain,  
 Whose fair, all fair and beauties doth devour.

Her maiden wont, the dwelling-house of pleasure,  
 Not like, for why no like surpasseth wonder :  
 O blest is he may bring such beauties under,  
 Or search by suit the secrets of that treasure.

Devour'd in thought, how wanders my device ?  
 What rests behind I must divine upon.  
 Who talks the best, can say but fairer none :  
 Few words, well couch'd, do most content the wise.

All you that hear, let not my silly style  
 Condemn my zeal ; for what my tongue should say,  
 Serves to enforce my thoughts to seek the way,  
 Whereby my woes and cares I do beguile.

Seld speaketh Love, but sighs his secret pains ;  
 Tears are his trucesmen, words do make him tremble :  
 How sweet is love to them that can dissemble,  
 In thoughts and looks, till they have reap'd the gains !

A lonely I am plain, and what I say  
 I think, yet what I think tongue cannot tell :  
 Sweet censors, take my silly worst for well :  
 My faith is firm, though homely be my lay.

After the hapless MENAPHON had in this homely discourse shadowed his heavenly delight, the shepherd MELICERTUS, after some pause, began in this sort.

#### MELICERTUS'S ECLOGUE.

What need compare, where sweet exceeds compare ?  
 Who draws his thoughts of love from senseless things,  
 Their pomp and greatest glory doth impair,  
 And mount love's heaven with over-leaden wings.

Stones, herbs, and flowers, the foolish spoils of earth ;  
 Floods, metals, colours, dalliance of the eye ;  
 These shew conceit is stain'd with too much dearth :  
 Such abstract fond compares make cunning die.

But he that hath the feeling taste of love,  
 Derives his essence from no earthly joy ;  
 A weak conceit his power cannot approve,  
 For earthly thoughts are subject to annoy.

Be whist, be still, be silent, censors, now ;  
 My fellow-swain has told a pretty tale,  
 Which modern poets may perhaps allow ;  
 Yet I condemn the terms, for they are stale.

Apollo, when my mistress first was born,  
 Cut off his locks, and left them on her head,  
 And said, I plant these wires in Nature's scorn,  
 Whose beauty shall appear when Time is dead.

From forth the crystal heaven, when she was made,  
 The purity thereof did taint her brow ;  
 On which the glistening sun, that sought the shade,  
 'Gan set, and there his glories doth avow.

Those eyes, fair eyes, too fair to be describ'd,  
 Were those that erst the chaos did reform ;  
 To whom the heavens their beauties have ascrib'd,  
 That fashion life in man, in beast, in worm.

When first her fair delicious cheeks were wrought,  
 Aurora brought her blush, the Moon her white ;  
 Both so combin'd as passed nature's thought,  
 Compil'd those pretty orbs of sweet delight.

When Love and Nature once were proud with play,  
 From both their lips her lips the coral drew ;  
 On them doth fancy sleep, and every day  
 Doth swallow joy, such sweet delights to view.

Whilome, while Venus' son did seek a bower,  
 To sport with Psyche, his desired dear,  
 He chose her chin, and from that happy stowr  
 He never stints in glory to appear.

Desires and joys that long had served Love,  
 Behold a hold whence pretty eyes might woo them ;  
 Love made her neck, and for their best behove  
 Hath shut them there, whence no man can undo them.

Once Venus dreamt upon two pretty things ;  
 Her thoughts they were affection's chiefest nests :  
 She suck'd and sigh'd, and bath'd her in the springs,  
 And when she wak'd, they were my mistress' breasts.

Once Cupid sought a hold to couch his kisses,  
 And found the body of my best belov'd,  
 Wherein he clos'd the beauty of his blisses,  
 And from that bower can never be remov'd.

The Graces erst, when Alcedelian springs  
 Were waxen dry, perhaps did find her fountain  
 Within the bale of bliss, where Cupid's wings  
 Do shield the nectar fleeting from the mountain.

No more, fond man ! Things infinite, I see,  
 Brook no dimension : Hell ! a foolish speech ;  
 For endless things may never talked be :  
 Then let me live to honour and beseech.

Sweet Nature's pomp, if my deficient phrase  
 Hath stain'd thy glories by too little skill,  
 Yield pardon, though mine eye, that long did gaze,  
 Hath left no better pattern to my quill.

I will no more, no more will I detain  
 Your listening ears with dalliance of my tongue :  
 I speak my joys, but yet conceal my pain ;  
 My pain too old, although my years be young.

As soon as MELICERTUS had ended this eclogue, they expected the doom of DEMOCLES, who, hearing the sweet description wherein MELICERTUS described his mistress, wondered that such rare conceits could be harboured under a shepherd's grey clothing : at last he made this answer. " Arcadian swains, whose wealth is content, whose labours are tempered with sweet loves, whose minds aspire not, whose thoughts brook no envy, only as rivals in affection, you are friendly emulators in honest fancy ; sith fortune (as enemy to your quiet) hath reft you of your fair shepherdess (the world's wonder, and Arcadia's miracle), and one of you as champion must lead the rest to revenge, both desirous to shew your valour as your



forwardness in affection, and yet (as I said) one to be whole chieftain of the train, I award to MELICERTUS that honour (as to him that hath most curiously portrayed out his mistress's excellence) to bear the sole rule and supremacy."

At this MENAPHON grudged, and MELICERTUS was in an ecstasy of joy, so that gathering all his forces together of stout, headstrong clowns, amounting to the number of some 200, he appareled himself in armour, colour sables, as mourning for his mistress; in his shield he had figured the waves of the sea, Venus sitting on them in the height of all her pride. Thus marched MELICERTUS forward with old DEMOCLES, the supposed shepherd, till they came to the castle where PLEUSIDIPPUS and his fair SAMELA were resident. As soon as they came there, MELICERTUS begirt the castle with such a siege as so many sheepish cavaliers could furnish; which when he had done, summoned them in the castle to parley.

The young knight stepped upon the walls, and seeing such a crew of base companions, with jackets and rusty bills on their backs, fell into a great laughter, and began to taunt them thus: "Why, what strange metamorphosis is this? Are the plains of Arcadia, whilome filled with labourers, now overlaid with lances? Are sheep transformed into men, swains into soldiers, and a wandering company of poor shepherds, into a worthy troop of resolute champions? No doubt, either Pan means to play the god of war, or else these be but such men as rose of the teeth of Cadmus. Now I see the beginning of your wars, and the pretended end of your stratagems; the shepherds having a madding humour like the Greeks, to seek for the recovery of Helena, so you for the regaining of your fair SAMELA. Here she is a shepherdess, and I a Priam to defend her with resistance of a ten years' siege: yet, for I were loath to have any castle sacked like Troy, I pray you tell me, which is Agamemnon?"

MELICERTUS hearing the youth speaking thus proudly, having

the sparks of honour fresh under the cinders of poverty, incited with love and valour (two things to animate the most dastard Thersites to enter combat against Hercules), answered thus: "Unknown youngster of Thessaly! if the fear of thy hardy deeds were like the diapason of thy threats, we would think the castle of longer siege than either our ages would permit, or our valour adventure; but where the shelf is most shallow, there the water breaks most high: empty vessels have the highest sounds, hollow rocks the loudest echoes, and prattling gloriosers the smallest performance of courage; for proof whereof, seeing thou hast made a rape of fair SAMELA, one of her vowed shepherds is come for the safety of her sweet self, to challenge thee to single combat: if thou overcome me, thou shalt freely pass with the shepherdess to Thessaly; if I vanquish thee, thou shalt feel the burden of thy rashness, and SAMELA the sweetness of her liberty."

PLEUSIDIPPUS marvelled at the resolution of the shepherd; but when DEMOCLES heard how if he won she should be transported into Thessaly, a world of sorrows tumbled in his discontented brain, that he hammered in his head by many means to stay the fair SAMELA; for when PLEUSIDIPPUS, in a great choler, was ready to throw down his gauntlet, and to accept of the combat, DEMOCLES stepped up, and spake thus. "Worthy mirrors of resolved magnanimity, whose thoughts are above your fortunes, and whose valour more than your revenues, know that bitches, that puppy in haste, bring forth blind whelps; that there is no herb sooner sprung up than the spattarmia, nor sooner fadeth; the fruits too soon ripe are quickly rotten; that deeds done in haste are repented at leisure. Then, brave men, in so weighty a cause, and for the conquest of so excellent a paragon, let not one minute begin and end the quarrel, but, like Fabius of Rome, use delay in such dangerous exploits, when honour sits on wreaths of laurel, to give the victor his garland; defer it some three days, and then in solemn manner end the com-

bat." To this good motion, not only **PLEUSIDIPPUS** and **MELICERTUS** agreed, but all the company were consenting, and upon pledges of truce given, they rested. But **DEMOCLES** seeing in covert he could not conquer, and that in despairing love's secrecy was no salve, he dispatched letters to the nobility of his court, with straight charge that they should be in that place within three days, with 10,000 strong.

This news came no sooner to the general of his forces, but levying so many approved soldiers, he marched secretly by night to the place **DEMOCLES** in his letters had prescribed, and there, joyfully entertained by the king, they were placed in ambush, ready, when the signal should be given, to issue out of the place and perform their sovereign's command. Well, the third day being come, no sooner did **Titan** arise from the watery couch of his leman, but these two champions were ready in the lists, accompanied with the rout of all the Arcadian shepherds, and old **DEMOCLES**, whom they had appointed for one of the judges.

**PLEUSIDIPPUS** seeing **MELICERTUS** advance on his shield the waves of the sea, with a **Venus** sitting upon them, marvelled what the shepherd should be that gave this arms, and **MELICERTUS** was as much amazed to see a strange Thessalian knight vaunt his arms without difference; yet being so fraught with direful revenge, as they scorned to salute each other so much as with threats, they fell toughly to blows. **SAMELA**, standing on top of a turret and viewing the combat, the poor lady grieving that for her cause such a stratagem should arise in Arcadia, her countenance full of sorrow, and floods of tears falling from her eyes, she began to breathe out her passion. "Unfortunate **SAMELA**, born to mishaps, and fore-pointed to sinister fortunes, whose blooms were ripened to mischance, and whose fruit is like to wither with despair, in thy youth sat discontent pruning herself in thy forehead, now in thy age sorrow hides herself amongst the wrinkles of thy face; thus art thou



infortunate in the prime, and crossed with contrary accidents in thy autumn, as hapless as Helena, to have the burden of wars laid on the wings of thy beauty. And who must be the champion? Whose sword must pierce the helmet of thine enemy? Whose blood must purchase the freedom of SAMELA, but MELICERTUS? If he conquer, then SAMELA triumphs, as if she had been chief victor in the Olympiads: if he lose, every drop falling from his wounds into the centre of his thoughts, as his death to him, so shall it be to me, the end of my loves, my life, and my liberty."

As still she was about to go forward in her passion, the trumpet sounded, and they fell to fight in such furious sort, as the Arcadians and DEMOCLES himself wondered to see the courage of the shepherd, that he tied the knight to such a sore task. PLEUSIDIPPUS likewise feeling an extraordinary kind of force, and seeing with what courage the knight of the shepherds fought, began to conjecture diversely of the war, and to fear the event of the combat. On the contrary part, MELICERTUS, half wearied with the heavy blows of PLEUSIDIPPUS, stood in a maze, how so young a wag should be so expert in his weapon.

Thus debating diversely in their several thoughts, at length, being both weary, they stepped back, and leaning on their swords, took breath, gazing each on other. At last, PLEUSIDIPPUS burst into these speeches. "Shepherd in life, though now a gentleman in armour, if thy degree be better, I glory I am not disgraced with the combat: tell me, how darest thou so far wrong me, as to bear mine arms on thy shield?" "Princocks," quoth MELICERTUS, "thou liest, they be mine own; and thou, contrary to the law of arms, bearest my crest without difference, in which quarrel, seeing it concerneth my honour, I will revenge it as far as my loves;" and with that he gave such a charging blow at PLEUSIDIPPUS's helm, that he had almost overturned him. PLEUSIDIPPUS left not the blow unrequited, but doubled his force; insomuch that the hazard

of the battle was doubtful, and both of them were fain to take breath again. DEMOCLES seeing his time, that both of them were so weakened, gave the watchword, and the ambush leaped out, slaughtered many of the shepherds, put the rest to flight, took the two champions prisoners, and sacking the castle, carried them and the fair SAMELA to his court; letting the shepherdess have her liberty, but putting MELICERTUS and PLEUSIDIPPUS into a deep and dark dungeon.

Where leaving these passionate lovers in this catastrophe, again to DORON, the homely blunt shepherd; who having been long enamoured of CARMELA, much good wooing passed betwixt them, and yet little speeding: at last, both of them met hard by the promontory of Arcadia, she leading forth her sheep, and he going to see his new weaned lambs. As soon as they met, breaking a few quarter blows with such country glances as they could, they jeered one at another lovingly. At last, DORON manfully began thus.

“CARMELA, by my troth, good morrow; it is as dainty to see you abroad, as to eat a mess of sweet milk in July. You are proved such a house-dove of late, or rather so good a housewife, that no man may see you under a couple of capons: the churchyard may stand long enough ere you will come to look on it; and the piper may beg for every penny he gets out of your purse: but it is no matter, you are in love with some stout ruffler, and yet poor folks, such as I am, must be content with pottage.” And with that, turning his back, he smiled in his sleeve, to see how kindly he had given her the bob; which CARMELA seeing, she thought to be even with him thus.

“Indeed, DORON, you say well; it is long since we met, and our house is a grange house with you: but we have tied up the great dog, and when you come you shall have green rushes, you are such a stranger: but it is no matter, soon hot, soon cold; he that mingles himself with draff the hogs will eat him; and she that

lays her love on an unkind man, shall find sorrow enough to eat her sops withal." And with that, CARMELA was so full stomached that she wept.

DORON, to shew himself a natural young man, gave her a few kind kisses to comfort her, and swore that she was the woman he loved best in the world; "and for proof," quoth he, "thou shalt hear what I will praise." "And you," quoth she, "what I will perform." And so taking hand in hand, they kindly sate them down, and began to discourse their loves in these eclogues.

#### DORON'S ECLOGUES JOINED WITH CARMELA'S.

Sit down, CARMELA; here are cubs for kings,  
Sloes black as jet, or like my Christmas shoes:  
Sweet cyder, which my leathern bottle brings:  
Sit down, CARMELA, let me kiss thy toes.

#### CARMELA.

Ah, DORON! ah, my heart! thou art as white  
As is my mother's calf, or brinded cow;  
Thine eyes are like the slow-worms in the night;  
Thine hairs resemble thickest of the snow.

The lines within thy face are deep and clear,  
Like to the furrows of my father's wain;  
Thy sweat upon thy face doth oft appear,  
Like to my mother's fat and kitchen gain.

Ah, leave my toe, and kiss my lips, my love!  
My lips are thine, for I have given them thee;  
Within thy cap 'tis thou shalt wear my glove;  
At foot-ball sport thou shalt my champion be.

DORON.

CARMELA, dear, even as the golden ball  
That Venus got, such are thy goodly eyes,  
When cherries' juice is jumbled therewithal;  
Thy breath is like the steam of apple-pies.

Thy lips resemble two cucumbers fair;  
Thy teeth like to the tusks of fattest swine;  
Thy speech is like the thunder in the air:  
Would God thy toes, thy lips, and all were mine!

CARMELA.

DORON, what thing doth move this wishing grief?

DORON.

This love, CARMELA; ah, 'tis cruel love!  
That like a slave, and caitiff villain thief,  
Hath cut my throat of joy for my behave.

CARMELA.

Where was he born?

DORON.

In faith I know not where;  
But I have heard much talking of his dart:  
Ay me, poor man! with many a trickling tear,  
I feel him wound the forehearse of my heart.

What, do I love? O no, I do but talk.

What, shall I die for love? O no, not so.

What, am I dead? O no, my tongue doth walk.

Come kiss, CARMELA; and confound my woe.

CARMELA.

Even with this kiss, as once my father did,  
 I seal the sweet indentures of delight;  
 Before I break my vow, the gods forbid,  
 No, not by day, nor yet by darksome night.

DORON.

Even with this garland, made of hollyhocks,  
 I cross thy brows, from every shepherd's kiss.  
 Heigh ho! how glad am I to touch thy locks;  
 My frolic heart even now a free man is.

CARMELA.

I thank you, DORON; and will think on you :  
 I love you, DORON; and will wink on you :  
 I seal your chapter patent with my thumbs;  
 Come kiss and part, for fear my mother comes !

Thus ended this merry eclogue betwixt DORON and CARMELA; which, Gentlemen, if it be stuffed with pretty similes, and far-fetched metaphors, think the poor country lovers knew no further comparisons than came within compass of their country logic. Well, 'twas a good world, when such simplicity was used, says the old women of our time, when a ring of a rush would tie as much love together as a gimmon of gold. But, Gentlemen, since we have talked of love so long, you shall give me leave to shew my opinion of that foolish fancy, thus :

N



## SONETTO.

What thing is love? It is a power divine,  
 That reigns us; or else a wreakful law,  
 That dooms our minds to beauty to incline.  
 It is a star, whose influence doth draw  
 Our hearts to loud dissembling of his might,  
 Till he be master of our hearts and sight.

Love is a discord, and a strange divorce  
 Betwixt our sense and reason, by whose power  
 As mad with reason we admit that force,  
 Which wit or labour never may devour.  
 It is a will that brooketh no consent :  
 It would refuse, yet never may repent.

Love's a desire, which for to wait a time,  
 Doth lose an age of years, and so doth pass,  
 As doth the shadow, sever'd from his prime,  
 Seeming as though it were, yet never was :  
 Leaving behind nought but repentant thoughts  
 Of days ill spent, for that which profit noughts.

It's now a peace, and then a sudden war,  
 A hope consum'd before it is conceiv'd;  
 At hand it fears, and menaceth afar,  
 And he that gains is most of all deceiv'd.  
 It is a secret, hidden and not known,  
 Which one may better feel than write upon.

Thus, Gentlemen, have you heard my verdict in this sonetto.  
 Now will I return to DORON and CARMELA, who not seeing her

mother come, fell again to a few homely kisses, and thus it was.

After they had thus amorously ended their eclogues, they plighted faith and troth, and CARMELA, very briskly wiping her mouth with a white apron, sealed it with a kiss, which DORON taketh marvellous kindly. After a little playing, loth to depart, they both went about their business.

Leaving them therefore to their business, again to DEMOCLES, who seeing no entreaties would serve to persuade SAMELA to love, neither the hope of the Arcadian crown, nor the title of a queen, lastly assayed with frowns and threats; but all in vain: for SAMELA, first restrained by nature, in that he was her father, and secondly by love, in that MELICERTUS lay imprisoned only for her sake, stood still so stiff to her tackling, that DEMOCLES, changing love into hate, resolved to revenge that with death which no means else might satisfy; so that to colour his frauds withal, he gave SAMELA free liberty to visit MELICERTUS; which she had not long done, but that by the instigation of the old king, the jailor, confederate to his treachery, accuseth her of adultery: whereupon, without further witness, they both were condemned to die.

These two lovers, knowing themselves guiltless in this surmised faction, were joyful to end their loves with their lives, and so to conclude all in a fatal and final content of minds and fashions. But DEMOCLES set free PLEUSIDIPPUS, as afraid lest the king of Thesaly would revenge the wrong of his knight, entertaining him with such sumptuous banquets as befitted so brave and worthy a gentleman.

The day prefixed come wherein these parties should die, SAMELA was so desirous to end her life with her friend, that she would not reveal either unto DEMOCLES or MELICERTUS what she was; and MELICERTUS rather chose to die with his SAMELA, than once to name himself MAXIMUS.

Both, thus resolved, were brought to the place of execution: and PLEUSIDIPPUS, sitting on a scaffold with DEMOCLES, seeing SAMELA come forth like the bush in the morning, felt an uncouth passion in his mind, and nature began to enter combat with his thoughts: not love, but reverence; not fancy, but fear began to assail him; that he turned to the king, and said: "Is it not pity, DEMOCLES, such divine beauty should be wrapped in cinders?" "No," quoth DEMOCLES, "where the anger of a king must be satisfied." At this answer PLEUSIDIPPUS wrapped his face in his cloak and wept, and all the assistants grieved to see so fair a creature subject to the violent rage of Fortune.

Well, DEMOCLES commanded the deathsman to do his devoir, who kneeling down and craving pardon, ready to give MELICERTUS the fatal stroke, there stepped out an old woman attired like a prophetess, who cried out, "Villain, hold thy hand! thou wrongest the daughter of a king!" DEMOCLES hearing the outcry, and seeing that at that word the people began to mutiny and murmur, demanded of the old woman what she meant. "Now," quoth the old woman<sup>1</sup>, "is the Delphian oracle performed, Neptune hath yielded up the world's wonder, and that is young PLEUSIDIPPUS, nephew to thee, and son to fair SEPHESTIA, who here standeth under the name of SAMELA, cast upon the promontory of Arcadia with her young son, where she as a shepherdess hath lived in labours tempered with loves. Her son, playing on the shore, was conveyed by certain pirates into Thessaly, where (when as he was supposed every way to be dead) doing deeds of chivalry, he fulfilled the prophecy. Your highness giving the lion, was guide unto the lambs, in dissembling yourself a shepherd; planets resting upon the hills, was that picture of Venus upon their crests; and the seas that had neither ebb nor tide, was the combat 'twixt the father and the son, that

<sup>1</sup> It is Democles in the original, which is an obvious misprint.

gave the waves of the seas in their shields, not able to vanquish one another, but parting with equal victory : for know, DEMOCLES, this MELICERTUS is MAXIMUS, twice betrothed to SEPHESTIA, and father to young PLEUSIDIPPUS. Now, therefore, the oracle fulfilled, is the happy time wherein Arcadia shall rest in peace."

At this the people gave a great shout, and the old woman vanished. DEMOCLES, as a man ravished with an ecstasy of sudden joy, sate still, and stared on the face of SEPHESTIA. PLEUSIDIPPUS, in all duty, leaped from his seat, and went and covered his mother with his robe, craving pardon for the fondness of his incestuous affection ; and kneeling at his father's feet submiss, in that he had drawn his sword, and sought his life that first in the world gave him life. MAXIMUS first looked on his wife, and seeing by the lineaments of her face that it was SEPHESTIA, fell about her neck, and both of them weeping in the bosom of her son, shed tears for joy to see him so brave a gentleman.

DEMOCLES, all this while sitting in a trance, at last calling his senses together, seeing his daughter revived, whom so cruelly, for the love of MAXIMUS, he had banished out of his confines, MAXIMUS in safety, and the child a matchless paragon of approved chivalry, he leaped from his seat, and embraced them all with tears, craving pardon of MAXIMUS and SEPHESTIA : and to shew that the outward object of his watery eyes had a sympathy with the inward passion of his heart, he impaled the head of his young nephew PLEUSIDIPPUS with the crown and diadem of Arcadia ; for that his brother LAMEDON had in all distress not left his daughter SEPHESTIA, he took the matter so kindly, that he reconciled himself unto him, and made him duke in Arcadia.

The success of this fore-rehearsed catastrophe growing so comical, they all concluded, after the festival solemnizing of the coronation (which was made famous with the excellent deeds of many worthy cavaliers) to pass into Thessaly, to contract the

marriage betwixt PLEUSIDIPPUS and the daughter of the Thessalian king. Which news spread through Arcadia as a wonder; that at last it came to MENAPHON's ears, who hearing the high parentage of his supposed SAMELA, seeing his passions were too aspiring, and that with the Syrian wolves he barked against the moon, he left such lettuce as were too fine for his lips, and courted his old love PESANA, to whom shortly after he was married. And lest there should be left any thing unperfect in this pastoral accident, DORON smudged himself up, and jumped a marriage with his old friend CARMELA.

FINIS.

# **A R C H A I C A.**

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## **PART III.**

**CONTAINING**

## **THE TRIUMPHS OVER DEATH.**

**BY ROBERT SOUTHWELL.**



THE  
**TRIUMPHS OVER DEATH;**

OR,

**A consolatory Epistle for afflicted Minds,**

IN THE

**AFFECTS OF DYING FRIENDS.**

BY

**ROBERT SOUTHWELL,**

THE AUTHOR OF S. PETER'S COMPLAINT, AND MCEONIE, OR HYMNS.

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REPRINTED FROM THE EDITION OF 1596.

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LONDON:

*From the Private Press*

OF

LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN.

PRINTED BY T. DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

1814.





## Advertisement.

FOR memorials of ROBERT SOUTHWELL, the eloquent author of *The Triumphs over Death*, now reprinted, it is better to refer to Mr. Park's communication in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1798), vol. lxxviii. p. 933, drawn up with habits and powers of research, which so distinguish his investigations into the poetical bibliography of England, or to the still fuller Notices which Mr. Haslewood, working on that foundation, has drawn up for *Censura Literaria*, vol. vi. p. 285, with all the indefatigable care and never-relaxing curiosity, which are so well known to belong to him, than to repeat that, to which the Editor can add neither novelty nor ornament.

Robert Southwell sprung from an ancient family in Suffolk and Norfolk, since ennobled in two of its branches. He was born about 1560, educated at the university of Douay, and at the age of sixteen, received into the society of Jesuits at Rome. In 1584 he came as a missionary to England, and was domesticated with Anne Countess of Arundel, who died in the Tower.

In 1592 he was himself committed prisoner to the Tower, on a charge of secret conspiracies against the government. After suffering a strict incarceration for three years, during which he was put to the torture not less than ten times, he was brought to trial at the bar of the King's Bench, Feb. 20, 1595; and being there condemned to death, was executed the next day at Tyburn.

He was a man of great parts. Dod, in his *Church History*, 1738,

## ADVERTISEMENT.

speaks of him as happy in a peculiar talent of expressing himself in the English language, both in prose and verse. Edmund Bolton, in his *Hypercritica*, written about 1616 (though not published till 1722), says, "Never must be forgotten *St. Peter's Complaint*, and those other serious poems, said to be Father Southwell's; the English whereof as it is most proper, so the sharpness and light of wit is very rare in them."

His *St. Peter's Complaint, with other Poems*, was first printed in 1595, 4to.; again 1597, 1599; again by H. L. for W. Leake, n. d.; again 1615, 1620, augmented by *St. Mary Magdalen's Funeral Tears*<sup>1</sup>; again 1630, 1634.

His *Mæonia, certain excellent Poems, and spiritual Hymns*, appeared 1595, 1596, &c.

The first edition of *The Triumphs over Death* was printed by Valentine Simmes, for John Busbie, 1596, 4to.

This *Epistle* was composed on the death of Lady Margaret, wife of the Hon. Robert Sackville, son and heir apparent of Thomas, then *Lord Buckhurst*, whom he succeeded as *second Earl of Dorset* in 1608. She was daughter of Thomas Howard Duke of Norfolk, by Margaret, his second wife, daughter of Thomas Lord Audley of Walden, sister to Thomas, afterwards first Earl of Suffolk.

"In what a beautiful strain of panegyric," says Mr. Haslewood<sup>2</sup>, "are these *Triumphs*! the pen of the master and the gifts of the Muse flow in unison to delineate the character of the deceased Margaret; and little has the mould of age affected it!"

<sup>1</sup> There seems to have been a separate edition of this in 1609.

<sup>2</sup> *Cens. Lit.* ut supr.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

In the two former parts of the *ARCHAICA* have been exhibited the compositions of one who dealt with the vanities of the world, and placed his reputation on the power to feed the earthly passions of the multitude: the pen of Father Southwell flows in a far different strain. A deep moral pathos, illuminated by fervent piety, marked every thing he wrote, whether in prose or verse. There is something singularly simple, chaste, eloquent, and fluent in his diction on all occasions.

Perhaps it may be here not ill placed to give a specimen of his poetry, on a topic congenial to the subject of the present reprint.

### UPON THE IMAGE OF DEATH.

*(From Southwell's *Mænoniæ*, 1595.)*

BEFORE my face the picture hangs,  
That daily should put me in mind  
Of those cold names and bitter pangs,  
That shortly I am like to find:  
But yet, alas, full little I  
Do think hereon that I must die.

I often look upon a face  
Most ugly, grisly, bare, and thin;  
I often view the hollow place,  
Where eyes and nose have sometime been.  
I see the bones, across that lie,  
Yet little think that I must die.

I read the label underneath,  
That telleth me whereto I must;  
I see the sentence eke that saith,  
"Remember man that thou art dust:"  
But yet, alas, but seldom I  
Do think indeed that I must die.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Continually at my bed's head  
A hearse doth hang, which doth me tell,  
That I ere morning may be dead,  
Though now I feel myself full well :  
But now, alas, for all this I  
Have little mind that I must die.

The gown, which I do use to wear,  
The knife, wherewith I cut my meat,  
And eke that old and ancient chair,  
Which is my only usual seat ;  
All those do tell me I must die,  
And yet my life amend not I.

My ancestors are turn'd to clay,  
And many of my mates are gone ;  
My youngers daily drop away,  
And can I think to 'scape alone ?  
No, no ; I know that I must die,  
And yet my life amend not I.

Not Solomon for all his wits,  
Nor Sampson, though he were so strong,  
No king nor ever person yet  
Could 'scape, but death laid him along :  
Wherefore I know that I must die,  
And yet my life amend not I.

Though all the east did quake to hear  
Of Alexander's dreadful name ;  
And all the west did likewise fear  
To hear of Julius Cæsar's fame :  
Yet both by death in dust now lie :  
Who then can 'scape, but he must die ?

If none can 'scape death's dreadful dart,  
If rich and poor his beck obey,  
If strong, if wise, if all do smart,  
Then I to 'scape shall have no way.  
O grant me grace, O God, that I  
My life may mend, sith I must die.

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THE  
**TRIUMPHS OVER DEATH;**

OR,

**A consolatory Epistle for afflicted Minds,**

IN THE

**AFFECTS OF DYING FRIENDS.**

FIRST WRITTEN FOR THE CONSOLATION OF ONE,

BUT

NOW PUBLISHED FOR THE GENERAL GOOD OF ALL,

BY R. S.

THE AUTHOR OF S. PETER'S COMPLAINT, AND MCEONIE HIS OTHER HYMNS.

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LONDON:

PRINTED BY VALENTINE SIMMES, FOR JOHN BUSBIE;  
AND ARE TO BE SOLD AT NICHOLAS LING'S SHOP, AT THE WEST END OF PAUL'S CHURCH.

1596.



TO THE  
WORSHIPFUL M. RICHARD SACKVILE,  
EDWARD SACKVILE, CICILIA SACKVILE, AND ANNE SACKVILE,

*The hopeful Issues of the Hon. Gentleman, Master Robert Sackvile, Esq.*

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*Most lines do not the best conceit contain ;  
Few words, well couch'd, may comprehend much matter :  
Then, as to use the first is counted vain,  
So is't praise-worthy to conceit the latter ;  
The gravest wits that most grave works expect,  
The quality, not quantity respect.*

*The smallest spark will cast a burning heat ;  
Base cottages may harbour things of worth :  
Then though this volume be, nor gay, nor great,  
Which under your protection I set forth,  
Do not with coy disdainful oversight  
Deny to read this well-meant orphan's mite.*

*And since his father in his infancy  
Provided patrons to protect his heir ;  
But now by Death's none-sparing cruelty  
Is turn'd an orphan to the open air ;*



*I, his unworthy foster-sire, have dar'd  
To make you patronizer of this ward.*

*You glorying issues of that glorious dame,  
Whose life is made the subject of death's will,  
To you succeeding hopes of mother's fame,  
I dedicate this fruit of Southwell's quill:  
He, for your uncle's comfort, first it writ,  
I, for your consolation, print and send you it.*

*Then deign in kindness to accept the work,  
Which he in kindness writ, I send to you,  
The which till now clouded, obscure did lurk:  
But now opposed to each reader's view,  
May yield commodious fruit to every wight,  
That feels his conscience prick'd by Parcæ's spight.*

*But if in aught I have presumptuous been,  
My pardon-craving pen implores your favour;  
If any fault in print be past unseen,  
To let it pass the printer is the craver:  
So shall he thank you; and I, by duty bound,  
Pray that in you may all good gifts abound.*

*Your worships' humbly devoted,*

**JOHN TRUSSELL.**

---

R READ with regard, what here with due regard,  
O Our second Ciceronian Southwell sent ;  
B By whose persuasive pithy argument,  
E Each well-disposed eye may be prepar'd,  
R Respectively their grief for friends' decease  
T To moderate without all vain excess.

S Sith then the work is worthy of your view,  
O Obtract not him which for your good it penn'd:  
U Unkind you are if you it reprehend,  
T That for your profit it presented you :  
H He penn'd, I publish this to pleasure all ;  
E Esteem of both, then, as we merit shall.

W Weigh his work's worth, accept of my good will,  
E Else is his labour lost, mine crost, both to no end :  
L Lest then you ill deserve what both intend,  
L Let my goodwill and small defects fulfil.  
He here his talent trebled doth present,  
I, my poor mite, yet both with good intent:  
Then take them kindly both, as we them meant.

JOHN TRUSSELL.

## TO THE READER.

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CHANCING to find with Æsop's cock a stone,  
 Whose worth was more than I knew how to prize;  
 And knowing if it should be kept unknown,  
 'Twould many scathe, and pleasure few or none;  
 I thought it best, the same in public wise  
 I print to publish, that impartial eyes  
 Might reading judge, and judging praise the wight,  
 The which this Triumph over Death did write.

And though the same he did at first compose  
 For one's peculiar consolation;  
 Yet will it be commodious unto those,  
 Which for some friend's loss prove their own self-foes;  
 And by extremity of exclamation,  
 And their continue lamentation,  
 Seem to forget that they at length must tread  
 The self-same path which they did that are dead.

But those as yet whom no friend's death doth cross,  
 May by example guide their actions so,  
 That when a tempest comes their bark to toss,  
 Their passions shall not superate their loss;

And eke this treatise doth the reader show,  
 That we our breath to death by duty owe,  
 And thereby proves, much tears are spent in vain,  
 When tears can not recal the dead again.

Yet if perhaps our late sprung sectaries,  
 Or, for a fashion, Bible-bearing hypocrites,  
 Whose hollow hearts do seem most holy wise,  
 Do, for the author's sake, the work despise,  
 I wish them weigh the work, and not who writes :  
 But they that leave what most the soul delights,  
 Because the preachers, no Precisian, sure,  
 To read what Southwell writ will not endure.

But leaving them, since no persuades suffice  
 To cause them read, except the spirit move,  
 I wish all other read, but not despise  
 This little treatise : but if Momus' eyes  
 Espy Death's Triumph, it doth him behove  
 This writer, work, or me for to reprove :  
 But let this pitch-speech'd mouth defile but one,  
 Let that be me, let t'other two alone ;  
 For if offence in either merit blame,  
 The fault is mine, and let me reap the shame.

JOHN TRUSSELL.

THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.

---

*If the Athenians erected an altar to an unknown god, supposing he would be pleased with their devotion, though they were ignorant of his name, better may I presume that my labour may be grateful, being devoted to such men whose names I know, and whose fame I have heard, though unacquainted with their persons. I intended this comfort to him whom a lamenting sort hath left most comfortless, by him to his friends, who have equal portions in this sorrow. But I think the philosopher's rule will be here verified, that it shall be last in execution which was first designed; and he shall last enjoy the effect which was first owner of the cause: thus let Chance be our rule since Choice may not, and into which of your hands it shall fortune, much honour and happiness may it carry with it, and leave in their hearts as much joy as it found sorrow. Where I borrow the person of a history, as well touching the dead as the yet surviving, I build upon report of such authors, whose hoary heads challenge credit, and whose eyes and ears were witnesses of their words. To crave pardon for my pain were to slander a friendly office, and to wrong their courtesies, whom nobility never taught to answer affection with anger, or to wage duty with dislike; and therefore I humbly present unto them, with as many good wishes as goodwill can measure from the best meaning mind, that hath a willingness rather to afford, than to offer due service, were not the mean as worthless as the mind is willing.*

R. S.

THE  
**TRIUMPHS OVER DEATH;**  
OR,  
**A CONSOLATORY EPISTLE FOR TROUBLED MINDS,**  
**IN THE AFFECTS OF DYING FRIENDS.**

---

If it be a blessing of the virtuous to mourn, it is the reward of this, to be comforted; and he that pronounced the one, promised the other: I doubt not, but that Spirit whose nature is love, and whose name Comforter, as he knows the cause of our grief, so hath he salved it with supplies of grace, pouring into your wound no less oil of mercy than wine of justice; yet, sith courtesy oweth compassion as a duty to the afflicted, and nature hath ingrafted a desire to find it, I thought good to shew you by proof, that you carry not your cares alone. Though the load that lieth on others can little lighten your burthen, her decease cannot but sit nearer your heart, whom you had taken so deep into a most tender affection.

That which dieth to our love being always alive to our sorrow, you would have been kind to a less loving sister: yet finding in her so many worths to be loved, your love wrought more earnestly upon so sweet a subject, which now being taken from you, I presume your grief is no less than your love was, the one of these being ever the measure of the other. The scripture moveth us to bring forth our tears on the dead, a thing not offending grace, and a right to reason, For to be without remorse in the death of friends, is neither incident nor convenient to the nature of man, having too much affinity

to a savage temper, and overthrowing the ground of all piety, which is a mutual sympathy in each of others miseries : but as not to feel sorrow in sorrowful chances, is to want sense, so, not to bear it with moderation, is to want understanding ; the one brutish, the other effeminate, and he hath cast his account best that hath brought his sum to the mean.

It is no less fault to exceed in sorrow, than to pass the limits of competent mirth, sith excess in either is a disorder in passion, though that sorrow of courtesy be less blamed of men, because if it be a fault, it is also a punishment, at once causing and tasting torments. It is no good sign in the sick to be senseless in his pains ; as bad it is to be unusually sensitive, being both either harbingers or attendants of death. Let sadness, sith it is a due to the dead, testify a feeling of pity, not any pang of passion ; and bewray rather a tender than a dejected mind. Mourn, as that your friends may find you a living brother, all men a discreet mourner ; making sorrow a signal, not a superior of reason.

Some are so obstinate in their own will, that even time, the natural remedy of the most violent agonies, cannot by any delays assuage their grief ; they entertain their sorrow with solitary muses, and feed their sighs and tears ; they pine their bodies, and draw all pensive consideration to their minds, nursing their heaviness with a melancholy humour, as though they had vowed themselves to sadness, unwilling it should end till it had ended them, wherein their folly sometimes findeth a ready effect ; that being true which Solomon observed<sup>1</sup>, that as a moth the garment, and a worm the wood, so doth sadness persuade the heart. But this impotent softness fitteth not sober minds. We must not make a life's profession of a seven nights' duty, nor under colour of kindness be unnatural to ourselves : if some in their passion joined their thoughts into such labyrinths, that neither wit knoweth, nor will careth how long, or how far they

<sup>1</sup> Proverbs 25.

wander in them, it discovereth their weakness, but discerneth our meditation. It is (for the most) the fault, not of all, but of the seeliest women, who, next to the funeral of their friends, deem it a second widowhood to force their tears, and make it their happiness to seem most unhappy, as though they had only been left alive to be a perpetual map of dead folks' misfortunes : but this is to arm an enemy against ourselves, and to yield reason prisoner to passion, putting the sword in the rebel's hand, when we are least able to withstand his treason.

Sorrow once settled, is not lightly removed ; easily winning, but not so easily surrendering possession ; and where it is not excluded in time, it challengeth a place by prescription. The Scripture warneth us, not to give our hearts to sadness, yea, rather to reject it as a thing not beneficial to the dead, yea prejudicial to ourselves. Ecclesiasticus<sup>1</sup> alloweth but seven days to mourning, judging moderation in plaint to be a sufficient testimony in good will, and a needful office of wisdom. Much sorrow for the dead, is either the child of self-love or of rash judgment : if we should shed our tears for others' death, as a mean to our contentment, we shew but our own wound, perfect lovers of ourselves ; if we lament their decease as their hard destiny, we attach them of evil deserving with too peremptory a censure, as though their life had been an arise, and their death a leap into final perdition ; for otherwise a good departure craveth small condoling, being but a harbour from storms, and an entrance unto felicity.

But you know your sister too well to incur any blame in these respects ; and experience of her life hath stored your thoughts with notice of so rare virtues, as might sooner make her memory an enforcement to joy than any inducement to sorrow, and move you to esteem her last duties rather the triumph of her victory than the farewells of her decease. She was by birth second to none, but unto the first in the realm, yet she measured only greatness by

<sup>1</sup> Ecclesiasticus 38.



goodness, making nobility but the mirror of virtue, as able to shew things worthy to be seen, as apt to draw many eyes to behold it; she suited her behaviour to her birth, and ennobled her birth with her piety, leaving her house more beholden to her for having honoured it with the glory of her virtues than she was to it for the titles of her degree; she was high minded in nothing but in aspiring to perfection and in the disdain of vice; in other things covering her greatness with humility among her inferiors, and shewing it with courtesy amongst her peers.

Of the carriage of herself, and her sober government may be a sufficient testimony that envy herself was dumb in her dispraise, finding in her much to repine at, but nought to reprove: the clearness of her honour I need not to mention, she having always armed it with such modesty as taught the most untemperate tongues to be silent in her presence, and answered their eyes with scorn and contempt that did but seem to make her an aim to passion; yea, and in this behalf, as almost in all others, she hath the most honourable and known ladies of the land, so common and known witnesses, that those that least loved her religion, were in love with her demeanour, delivering their opinions in open praises. How mildly she accepted the check of fortune, fallen upon her without desert, experience hath been a most manifest proof, the temper of her mind being so easy that she found little difficulty in taking down her thoughts to a mean degree, which true honour, not pride, hath raised to the former height. Her faithfulness and love, where she found true friendship, is written with tears in many eyes, and will be longer registered in grateful memories of divers that have tried her in that kind, avowing her for secrecy, wisdom, and constancy, to be a miracle in that sex: yea, when she found least kindness in others, she never lost it in herself, more willingly suffering than offering wrong, and often-weeping for their mishaps, whom though less loving her, she could not but affect.

Of the innocency of her life this general all can aver, that as

she was grateful many ways, and memorable for virtues, so was she free from all blemish of any vice, using, to her power, the best means to keep continually an undefiled conscience. Her attire was ever such as might both satisfy a curious eye, and yet bear witness of a sober mind; neither singular nor vain, but such as her peers of least report used. Her tongue was very little acquainted with oaths, unless either duty or distrust did enforce them; and surely they were needless to those that knew her, to whom the truth of her words could not justly be suspected: much less was she noted of any unfitting talk, which, as it was ever hateful to her ears, so did it never defile her breath. Of feeding, she was very measurable, rather too sparing than too liberal a diet: so religious for observing of fasts, that never in her sickness she could hardly be won to break them; and if our souls be possessed in our patience, surely her soul was truly her own, whose rock, though often stricken with the rod of adversity, never yielded any more than to give issue of eye streams; and though these, through the tenderness of her nature and aptness of her sex, were the customary tributes that her love paid more to her friends than her own misfortunes, yet were they not accompanied with distempered words or ill seeming actions; reason never forgetting decency, though remembering pity.

Her devotions she daily observed, offering the daily sacrifice of an innocent heart, and stinting herself to her times of prayer, which she performed with so religious a care as well shewed that she knew how high a Majesty she served. I need not write how dutifully she discharged all the behoofs of a most loving wife, since that was the commonest theme of her praise; yet this may be said without improof to any, that whosoever in this behalf may be counted her equal, none can justly be thought her superior: where she owed, she payed duty; where she found, she turned courtesy; where-soever she was known, she deserved amity; desirous of the best, yet disdaining none but evil company, she was readier to requite benefits than revenge wrongs; more grieved than angry with unkind-

ness of friends, when either mistaking or misreport occasioned any breaches ; for if their words carry credit, it entered deepest into her thoughts, they have acquitted her from all spice of malice, not only against her friends, whose dislikes were but a retire to slip further into friendship, but even her greatest enemies, to whom if she had been a judge as she was a suppliant, I assuredly think she would have redressed, but not revenged her wrongs. In sum, she was an honour to her predecessors, a light to her age, and a pattern to her posterity ; neither was her conclusion different from her premises, or her death from her life ; she shewed no dismay, being warned of her danger, carrying in her conscience the safe conduct of innocence. But having sent her desires to heaven before with a mild countenance, and a most calm mind, in more hope than fear, she expected her own passage, she commended both her duty and goodwill to all her friends, and cleared her heart from all grudge towards her enemies, wishing true happiness to them both, as best became so soft and gentle a mind, in which anger never stayed but as an unwelcome stranger.

She made open profession that she did die true to her religion, true to her husband, true to God and the world ; she enjoyed her judgment as long as she breathed, her body earnestly offering her last devotions, supplying in thought what faintness suffered not her tongue to utter : in the end, when her glass was run out, and death began to challenge his interest, some labouring with too late remedies to hinder the delivery of her sweet soul, she desired them eftsoons to let her go to God ; and her hopes calling her to eternal kingdoms, as one rather falling asleep than dying, she most happily took her leave of all mortal miseries.

Such was the life, such was the death of your dearest sister, both so full of true comfort, that this surely of her virtues may be a sufficient lenitive to your bitterest griefs. For you are not (I hope) in the number of those that reckon it a part of their pain to hear of their best remedies, thinking the rehearsal of your dead

friends' praises an upbraiding of their loss : but sith the oblivion of her virtues were injurious to her, let not the mention of her person be offensive unto you, and be not you grieved with her death, with which she is best pleased. So blessed a death is rather to be wished of us, than pitied in her, whose soul triumpheth with God, whose virtues still breatheth in the mouths of infinite praises, and liveth in the memories of all to whom either experience made her known, or fame was not envious to conceal her deserts : she was a jewel, that both God and you desired to enjoy ; he to her assured benefit without self-interest, you for allowable respects, yet employing her restraint among certain hazards and most uncertain hopes.

Be then umpire in your own cause, whether your wishes or God's will importeth more love, the one the adornment of her exile, the other her return into a most blessed country ; and sith it pleased God in this love to be your rival, let your discretion decide the doubt, whom in due should carry the suit, the prerogative being but a right to the one ; for nature and grace being the motives of both your loves, she had the best title in them, that was author of them ; and she, if worthy to be beloved of either, as she was of both, could not but prefer him to the dearest portion of her deepest affection ; let him with good leave gather the grape of his own vine, and pluck the fruit of his own planting, and think so curious works ever safest in the artificer's hand, who is likeliest to love them, and best able to preserve them ; she did therefore her duty in dying willingly : and if you will do yours, you must be willing with her death, sith to repine at her liking is discourtesy at God's, an impiety both unfitting for your approved virtue. She being in place where no grief can annoy her, she hath little need, or less joy of your sorrow ; neither can she allow in her friends that she would loathe in herself, love never affecting likeness : if she had been evil she had not deserved our tears ; being good, she cannot desire them, nothing being less to the likeness of goodness, than to see itself any cause

of unjust disquiet or trouble to the innocent. Would Saul have thought it friendship to have wept for his fortune, in having found a kingdom by seeking of cattle? or David account it a courtesy to have sorrowed at his success, that from following sheep came to foil a giant, and to receive in fine a royal crown for his victory<sup>1</sup>? Why then should her lot be lamented, whom higher favour hath raised from the dust to sit with princes of God's people? If security had been given that a longer life should still have been guided by virtue, and followed with good fortune, you might pretend some cause to complain of her decease. But if different effects should have crossed your hopes (process of time being the parent of strange alterations), then had death been friendlier than yourself; and sith it hung in suspense which of the two would have happened, let us allow God so much discretion as to think him the fittest arbitrator in decision of the doubt<sup>2</sup>: her foundations of happiness were in the holy hills, and God saw it fittest for her building to be but low in the vale of tears; and better it was it should be soon taken down, than by rising too high to have oppressed her soul with the ruins.

Think it no injury that she is now taken from you, but a favour that she was lent you so long; and shew no unwillingness to restore God his own, sith hitherto you have paid no usury for it. Consider not how much longer you might have enjoyed her, but how much sooner you might have lost her; and sith she was held upon courtesy, not by any covenant, take our sovereign right for a sufficient reason of her death: our life is but lent, a good to make thereof during the loan our best commodity. It is due debt to a more certain owner than ourselves, and therefore so long as we have it we receive a benefit; when we are deprived of it we have no wrong, we are tenants at will of this clay farm, not for term of years; when we are warned out we must be ready to remove, having no other title but the owner's pleasure: it is but an inn, not a home<sup>3</sup>; we came but to

<sup>1</sup> 1 Kings 17. Psalm 112.    <sup>2</sup> Psalm 86.    <sup>3</sup> Ecclesiasticus 10.

bait, not to dwell, and the condition of our entrance was in fine to depart. If this departure be grievous, it is also common ; this to-day to me, to-morrow to thee, and the case equally afflicting all, leaves none any cause to complain of injurious usage.

Nature's debt is sooner exacted of some than of other, yet is there no fault in the creditor that exacteth but his own, but in the greediness of our eager hopes, either repining that their wishes fail, or willingly forgetting their mortality, whom they are unwilling by experience to see mortal : yet the general tide washeth all passengers to the same shore, some sooner, some later, but all at the last ; and we must settle our minds to take our course as it cometh, never fearing a thing so necessary, yet ever expecting a thing so uncertain. It seemeth that God purposely concealed the time of our death, leaving us resolved between fear and hope of longer continuance ; cut off unripe cares, lest with the notice and pensiveness of our divorce from the world we should lose the comfort of needful contentments, and before our dying day languish away with expectation of death. Some are taken in their first step into this life, receiving in one their welcome and farewell, as though they had been born only to be buried, and to take their passport in this hourly middle of their course ; the good, to prevent change ; the bad, to shorten their impiety. Some live till they be weary of life, to give proof of their good hap that had a kindlier passage ; yet though the date be divers, the debt is all one, equally to be answered of all as their time expieth : for who is the man shall live and not see death<sup>1</sup> ? sith we all die, and like water slide upon the earth<sup>2</sup>.

In paradise we received the sentence of death, and here, as prisoners, we are kept in ward, tarrying but our times till the gaoler call us to our execution. Whom hath any virtue eternized, or desert commended to posterity, that hath not mourned in life,

<sup>1</sup> Psalm 88.

<sup>2</sup> 2 Kings 14. Gen. 5.

and been mourned after death, no assurance of joy being sealed without some tears? Even our blessed Lady, the mother of God, was thrown down as deep in temporal miseries as she was advanced high in spiritual honours, none amongst all mortal creatures finding in life more proof than she of her mortality : for, having the noblest son that ever woman was mother of, not only above the condition of men, but above the glory of angels, being her son only, without temporal father, and thereby the love of both parents doubled in her breast, being her only son without other issue, and so her love of all children finished in him ; yea, he being God, and she the nearest creature to God's perfections, yet no prerogative either quitted her from mourning, or him from dying ; and though they surmounted the highest angels in all other pre-eminences, yet were they equal with the meanest men in the sentence of death. And howbeit our lady being the pattern of Christian mourners, so tempered her anguish, that there was neither any thing undone that might be exacted of a mother, nor any thing done that might be misliked in so perfect a matron ; yet by this we may guess with what courtesies death is likely to befriend us, that durst cause so bloody funerals in so heavenly a stock, not exempting him from the law of dying that was the author of life, and soon after to honour his triumphs with ruins and spoil of death.

Seeing therefore that death spareth none, let us spare our tears for better uses, being but an idle sacrifice to this deaf and implacable executioner. And for this, not long to be continued, where they can never profit, Nature did promise us a weeping life, exacting tears for custom as our first entrance, and for suiting our whole course in this doleful beginning : therefore they must be used with measure that must be used so often, and so many causes of weeping lying yet in the debt, sith we cannot end our tears, let us at the least reserve them if sorrow cannot be shunned. Let it be taken in time of need, sith otherwise being both troublesome

and fruitless, it is a double misery, or an open folly. We moisten not the ground with precious waters; they were 'stilled to nobler ends, either by their fruits to delight our senses, or by their operation to preserve our healths. Our tears are water of too high a price to be prodigally poured in the dust of any graves: if they be tears of love, they perfume our prayers, making them odour of sweetness, fit to be offered on the altar before the throne of God; if tears of contrition, they are water of life to the dying and corrupting souls<sup>1</sup>; they may purchase favour, and repeal the sentence till it be executed, as the example of Ezechias<sup>2</sup> doth testify, but when the punishment is past, and the verdict performed in effect, their pleading is in vain, as David<sup>3</sup> taught us when his child was dead; saying, that he was likelier to go to it, than it, by his weeping, to return to him: learn, therefore, to give sorrow no long dominion over you.

Wherefore the wise should rather mark than expect an end; meet it not when it cometh; do not invite it when it is absent; when you feel it do not force it, sith the brute creatures, which (nature seldom erring in her course, guideth in the mean) have but a short though vehement sense of their losses, you should bury the sharpness of your grief with the corpse, and rest contented with a kind, yet a mild compassion, neither less than decent for you, nor more than agreeable to your nature and judgment; your much heaviness would renew a multitude of griefs, and your eyes would be springs to many streams, adding to the memory of the dead a new occasion of plaint by your own discomfort; the motion of your heart measureth the beating of many pulses, which in any distemper of your quiet, with the like stroke, will soon bewray themselves sick of your disease: your fortune, though hard, yet is it notorious, and though moved in mishap, and set in an unworthy lanthorn, yet your own light shineth far, and maketh you markable: all will bend attentive eye upon you, observing how you

<sup>1</sup> Apoc. 8.    <sup>2</sup> 3 Kings 26.    <sup>3</sup> 2 Kings 11.



ward this blow of temptation, and whether your patience be a shield of proof, or easily entered with these violent strokes. It is commonly expected that so high thoughts, which have already climbed over the hardest dangers, should not now stoop to any vulgar or female complaints: great personages, whose estate draweth upon them many eyes, as they cannot but be themselves, so may not they use the liberty of meaner estates; the laws of nobility not allowing them to direct their deeds by their desires, but to limit their desires to that which is decent.

Nobility is an aim for lower degrees to level at marks of higher perfection, and like stately windows in the north-east rooms of politic and civil buildings, to let in such light, and lie open to such prospects, as may afford their inferiors both to find means and motions to heroical virtues. If you should determine to dwell ever in sorrow, it were a wrong to your wisdom, and countermanded by your quality; if ever you mind to surcease it, no time fitter than the present, sith the same reasons that hereafter might move you are now as much in force. Yield to wisdom that you must yield to time; be beholden to yourself, not to time, for the victory; make it a voluntary work of discretion, that will otherwise be a necessary work of delay. We think it not enough to have our own measure brimful with evil, unless we make it run over with others' miseries, taking their misfortunes as our punishments, and executing foreign penalties upon ourselves. Yea, disquiet minds being ever bellows to their own flames, mistake oftentimes others good for ill, their folly making it a true scourge to them, that howsoever it seemed 'twas to others a benefit. Jacob out of Joseph's absence sucked such surmises as he made his heart a prey to his agonies; whereas that that buried him in his own melancholies raised Joseph to his highest happiness. If Mary Magdalen said, and supposed she could have sunk no deeper in grief than she had already plunged herself, and yet that which she imagined the uttermost of evils proved in conclusion the very bliss of her wishes; the like may be your error, if you cumber

your mind with thinking upon her death, which would never be discharged from cares till death set his hand to her acquittance; nor receive the charter of an eternal being till her soul were presented at the sealing. I loathe to rub the scar of a deeper wound, for fear of renewing a dead discomfort; yet if you will favour your own remedies, the mastery over that grief that springs from the root may learn you to qualify this that buddeth from the branch; let not her losses move you that are acquainted with greater of your own; and taught, by experience, to know how uncertain this change is, for whom unconstant fortune throweth the dice, if she want the wonted titles.

Her part is now indeed, and they were due but upon the stage, her loss therein is but a wrack of wounds, in which she is but even with the height of princes, surpassing both herself in them and the new honours of heavenly style. If she have left her children, it was her wish they should repay her absence with usury; yet had she sent her first-fruits before her as pledges of her own coming. And now may we say that the sparrow hath found a home, and the turtle-dove a nest, where she may lay her younglings, enjoying some and expecting the rest. If she be taken from her friends, she is also delivered from her enemies, in hope hereafter to enjoy the first, out of fear of ever being troubled with the latter. If she be cut off in her youth, no age is unripe for a good death; and having ended her task, though never so short, yet she hath lived out of her full time.

Old age is venerable, not long, to be measured by increase of virtues, not by number of years; for heaviness consisteth in wisdom<sup>1</sup>, and an unspotted life is the ripeness of the perfectest age. If she were in possibility of preferment, she could hardly have wanted higher than from whence she was thrown: having been bruised with the first, she had little will to climb for a second fall. We might hitherto truly have said, this is that *Naomi*<sup>2</sup>, she being

<sup>1</sup> Sap. 4.    <sup>2</sup> Ruth 1.

to her end enriched with many outward, and more inward graces. But whether hereafter she would have bid us not to call her *Naomi*, that is, *fair*, but *Mara*, that signifieth *bitter*, it is uncertain, sith she might have fallen into the widow's felicity, that so changed her name to the likeness of her lot. Insomuch that she is freed from more miseries than she suffered losses, and more fortunate by not desiring than she would be by enjoying Fortune's favour, which if it be not counted a folly to love, yet it is a true happiness not to need; we may rather think that death was provided against her imminent harms, than envious of any future prosperities: the times being great with so many broils, that when they once fall in labour we shall think their condition securest, whom absence hath exempted both from feeling the bitter throes, and beholding the monstrous issue that they are likely to bring forth. The more you tender her, the more temperate should be your grief, sith seeing you upon going, she did but step before you into the next world, to which she thought you to belong more than to this, which hath already given you the most ungrateful congee.

They that are upon removing send their furniture before them; and you, still standing upon your departure, what ornament could you rather wish in your future abode than this that did ever please you? God thither sendeth your adamants, whither he would draw your heart, and casteth your anchors where your thoughts should lie at road, that seeing your love taken out of the world, and your hopes disanchored from the stormy shore, you might settle your desire where God seemeth to require them. If you would have wished her life for an example to your house, assure yourself she hath left her friends so inherited with her virtues, and so perfect patterns of her best part, that who knoweth the survivors may see the deceased, and shall find little difference but in the number, which before was greater, but not better, unless it were in one repetition of the same goodness; wherefore set yourself at rest in the ordinance of God, whose works are perfect, and whose wisdom

is infinite. The terms of our life are like the seasons of the year, some for sowing, some for growing, and some for reaping; in this only different, that as the heavens keep their prescribed periods, so the succession of times have their appointed changes. But in the seasons of our life, which are not the law of necessary causes, some are reaped in the seed, some in the blade, some in the unripe ears, all in the end; this harvest depending upon the reaper's will.

Death is too ordinary a thing to seem any novelty, being a familiar guest in every house; and sith his coming is expected, and his errand unknown, neither his presence should be feared, nor his effects lamented. What wonder is it to see fuel burned, spice pounded, or snow melted? and as little fear it is to see those dead that were born upon condition once to die: she was such a compound as was once to be resolved unto her simples, which is now performed: her soul being given to God, and her body resorted into her first elements, it could not dislike you to see your friend removed out of a ruinous house, and the house itself destroyed and pulled down, if you knew it were to build it in a statelier form, and to turn the inhabitant with more joy into a fairer lodging. Let then your sister's soul depart without grief, let her body also be altered into dust.

Withdraw your eyes from the ruin of this cottage, and cast them upon the majesty of the second building, which St. Paul saith shall be incorruptible, glorious, strange, spiritual, and immortal. Night and sleep are perpetual mirrors, figuring in their darkness, silence, shutting up of senses, the final end of our mortal bodies; and for this some have intitled sleep the eldest brother of death: but with no less convenience it might be called one of death's tenants, near unto him in affinity of condition, yea, far inferior in right, being but tenant for a time, of that death is the inheritance; for, by virtue of the conveyance made unto him in paradise, that dust we were, and to dust we must return, he hath hitherto shewed his seigniory over all,

exacting of us, not only the yearly, but hourly reverence of time, which ever by minutes we defray unto him ; so that our very life is not only a memory, but a part of our death, sith the longer we have lived, the less we have to live. What is the daily lessening of our life, but a continual dying? and therefore none is more grieved with the running out of the last sand in an hour-glass, than with all the rest, so should not the end of the last hour trouble us any more of so many that went before, sith that did but finish course, that all the rest were still ending, not the quantity, but the quality commendeth our life. The ordinary gain of long livers being only a great burden of sin ; for, as in tears, so in life, the value is not esteemed by the length, but by the fruit and goodness, which often is more in the least than in the longest. What your sister wanted in continuance she supplied in speed ; and as with her needle she wrought more in a day than many ladies in a year, having both excellent skill, and no less delight in working ; so with her diligence doubling her endeavours, she won more virtue in half, than others in a whole life.

Her death to time was her birth to eternity, the loss of this world an exchange of a better ; one endowment that she had being impaired, but many far greater added to her store. Mardocheus's house was too obscure a dwelling for so gracious an Hester, shrowding royal parts in the mantle of a mean estate, and shadowing immortal benefits under earthly veils. It was fitter that she, being a sum of so rare perfections, and so well worthy a spouse of our heavenly Ahashuerus, should be carried to his court from her former abode, there to be invested in glory, and to enjoy both place and pre-eminence answerable to her worthiness ; her love would have been less able to have borne her death, than your constancy to brook hers, and therefore God mercifully closed her eyes before they were punished with so grievous a sight, taking out to you but a new lesson of patience out of your old book, in which long study hath made you perfect. Though your hearts were equally balanced

with a mutual and most entire affection, and the doubt insoluble, which of you loved most, yet Death finding her weaker, though not the weaker vessel, laid his weight in her balance, to bring her soonest to her rest : let your mind therefore consent to that which your tongue daily craveth, that God's will may be done, as well here in earth of her mortal body, and in that little heaven of her purest soul, sith his will is the best measure of all events.

There is in this world continual interchange of pleasing and greeting accident, still keeping their succession of times, and overtaking each other in their several courses ; no picture can be all drawn of the brightest colours, nor a harmony consorted only of trebles ; shadows are needful in expressing of proportions, and the bass is a principal part in perfect music ; the condition of our exile here alloweth no unmeddled joy, our whole life is temperate between sweet and sour, and we must all look for a mixture of both : the wise so wish : better that they still think of worse, accepting the one if it come with liking, and bearing the other without impatience, being so much masters of each other's fortunes, that neither shall work them to excess. The dwarf groweth not on the highest hill, nor the tall man loseth not his height in the lowest valley ; and as a base mind, though most at ease, will be dejected, so a resolute virtue in the deepest distress is most impregnable.

They evermore most perfectly enjoy their comforts, that least fear their contraries ; for a desire to enjoy carrieth with it a fear to lose, and both desire and fear are enemies to quiet possession, making men rather owners of God's benefits than tenants at his will : the cause of our troubles are, that our misfortunes hap either to unwitting or unwilling minds ; foresight preventeth the one, necessity the other : for he taketh away the smart of present evils that attendeth their coming, and is not amated with any cross that is armed against all ; where necessity worketh without our consent, the effect should never greatly afflict us, grief being bootless where it cannot

help, needless where there was no fault. God casteth the dice, and giveth us our chance; the most we can do is, to take the point that the cast will afford us, not grudging so much that it is no better, as comforting ourselves it is no worse. If men should lay all their evils together, to be afterwards by equal portions divided among them, most men would rather take that they brought, than stand to the division; yet such is the partial judgment of self-love, that every man judgeth his self-misery too great, fearing if he can find some circumstance to increase it, and making it intolerable by thought to induce it.

When Moses threw his rod from him, it became a serpent, ready to sting, and affrighted him, insomuch as it made him to flee; but being quietly taken up, it was a rod again, serviceable for his use, no way hurtful. The cross of Christ, and rod of every tribulation, seeming to threaten stinging and terror to those that shun and eschew it, but they that mildly take it up and embrace it with patience, may say with David<sup>1</sup>, thy rod and thy staff have been my comfort. In this, affliction resembleth the crocodile; fly, it pursueth and frights; followed, it flieth and feareth: a shame to the constant, a tyrant to the timorous. Soft minds, that think only upon delights, admit no other consideration; but in soothing things become so effeminate as that they are apt to bleed with every sharp impression. But he that useth his thoughts with expectation of troubles, making their travel through all hazards, and opposing his resolution against the sharpest encounters, findeth in the proof facility of patience, and easeth the load of most heavy cumbers.

We must have temporal things in use, but eternal in wish, that in the one neither delight exceed (in that we have no desire in that we want); and in the other our most delight is here in desire, and our whole desire is hereafter to enjoy. They straiten too much their joys, that draw them into the reach and compass of their

<sup>1</sup> Psalm 12.

senses, as if it were no facility where no sense is witness ; whereas, if we exclude our passed and future contentments, pleasant pleasures have so fickle assurance, that either as forestalled before their arrival, or interrupted before their end, or ended before they are well begun. The repetition of former comforts, and the expectation of after hopes, is ever a relief unto a virtuous mind ; whereas others, not suffering their life to continue in the conveniences of that which was and shall be divided, this day from yesterday and to-morrow, and by forgetting all, and forecasting nothing, abridge their whole life into the moment of present time.

Enjoy your sister in your former virtues, enjoy her also in her future meeting, being both titles of more certain delights than her casual life could ever have warranted. If we will think of her death, let it be as a warning to provide us, sith that that happeneth to one may happen to another ; yea, none can escape that is common to all. It may be, that blow that hit her was meant to some of us ; and this missing was but a proof to take better aim in the next stroke. If we were diligent in thinking of our own, we should have little leisure to bewail others' death. When the soldier in skirmish seeth his next fellow slain, he thinketh more time to look to himself, than to stand mourning a hapless mischance, knowing the hand which sped so near a neighbour cannot be far from his own head. But we in this behalf are much like the silly birds, that seeing one stick in the lime-bush, striving to get away, with a kind of native pity are drawn to go to it, and to rush themselves into the same misfortune ; even so many of their friends decease, by musing on their lot, wittingly surfeit of too much sorrow, that sometimes they make mourning their last decease : but slip not you into this toil, that hath taken none but weak affections ; hold not your eyes always upon your hardest haps, neither be you still occupied in counting your losses.

There are fairer parts in your body than scars, better eye-marks in your fortune than a sister's loss ; you might happily find more comfort left than you would willingly lose. But that you have already



resigned the solaces of life, and shunned all comforts into the hopes of heaven, yet sith there is some difference between a purpose and proof, intending and performing, a subdued enemy being ever ready to rebel when he findeth mighty helps to make a party, it is good to strengthen reason against the violence of nature, that in this and like cases will renew her assaults. It was a forcible remedy that he used to withstand the conceit of a most lamentable occurrent, who having in one ship lost his children and substance, and hardly escaped himself from drowning, went presently into an hospital of lazars, where finding in a little room many examples of great miseries, he made the smart of others' sores a lenitive to his own wound; for besides that, as lowness and poverty was common to them, they had also many cumbers private to themselves, some wanting their senses, some their wits, other their limbs, but all their health: in which consideration he eased his mind, that Fortune had not given him the greatest fall.

If God had put you to Abraham's trial, commanding you to sacrifice the hope of your posterities, and to be to your only son an author of death, as you were to him of life; if you had been tied in the straits of Jephtha's bitter devotions, imbruing his sword in his own daughter's blood, and ending the triumphs over his enemies with the voluntary funerals of his only offspring: yet, sith both their lives and their labours had been God's undeebable debt, your virtues ought to have obeyed, maugre all encounters of carnal affection. And how much more in this case should you incline your love to God's liking, in which he hath received a less part of his own, and that by the usual easiest course of nature's laws.

Let God strip you to the skin, yea, to the soul, so he stay with you himself; let this reproach be your honour, his poverty your riches, and he in lieu of all other friends: think him enough for this world, that must be all your possession for a whole eternity. Let others ease their carefulness with borrowed pleasures, not bred out of the true root, but begged of external helps: they shall still carry

unquiet minds, easily altered with every accident, sith they labour not any change in their inward distempers, but by forgetting them for a time by outward pastimes. Innocency is the only mother of true mirth; and a soul that is owner of God will quietly bear with all other wants, nothing being able to impoverish it but voluntary losses. Bear not therefore with her losses, for she is won for ever, but with the momentary absence of your most happy sister; yea, it cannot justly be called an absence, many thoughts being daily in parley with her: only men's eyes and ears, unworthy to enjoy so sweet an object, have resigned their interest, and interested this treasure in their hearts, being the fittest shrines for so pure a saint, whom, as none did know but did love, so none can now remember with devotion.

Men may behold her with shame of their former life, seeing one of the weaker sex honour her weakness with such a train of perfections: ladies may admire her as a glory to their degree, in whom honour was portrayed in her full likeness, grace having perfected nature's first draught with all the due colours of an absolute virtue: all women accept her as a pattern, to imitate her gifts; and her good parts having been so manifested, that even they that can teach the finest stitches may themselves take new works out of this sampler. Who then could drink any sorrow out of so clear a fountain, or bewail the estate of so happy a creature, to whom, as to be herself, was her praise; so, to be as she is, was her highest bliss? You still float in a troublesome sea, and you find it by experience a sea of dangers: how then can it pity you to see your sister on shore, and so safely landed in so blissful an harbour? Sith your Judith<sup>1</sup> hath wrought the glorious exploit against her ghostly enemies, for the accomplishing whereof she came into the dangerous camp and warfare of this life, you may well give her leave to look home to her Bethulia, to solemnize her triumph with the spoils of her victory; yea, you should rather have wished to have been porter to let her in, than mourn to see her safe returned. For so apparent hazards, she car-

<sup>1</sup> Judith 15.

ried a heavenly treasure in an earthly vessel<sup>1</sup>, which was too weak a treasury for so high riches, sin creeping in at the window of our senses, and often picking the locks of the strongest hearts. And for this it was laid up in a surer, to the which the heavens are walls, and the angels keepers.

She was a pure fish, but yet swimming in muddy streams; it was now time to draw her to shore, and to employ the inwards of her virtues to medicinable uses, that laid on the coals of due consideration, they may draw from our thoughts the devil's suggestions; and applied to their eyes<sup>2</sup>, which are blinded with the dung of flying vanities, the slime of their former vanities may fall off, and leave them able to behold the clear light. The base shell of a mortal body was unfit for so precious a margarite; and the jeweller that came into this world to seek good pearls<sup>3</sup>, and gave, not only all he had, but himself also, to buy them, thought now high time to bring her unto his bargain, finding her grown to a margarite's full perfection.

She stood upon too low a ground to take view of her Saviour's most desired countenance; and forsaking the earth with Zaccheus<sup>4</sup>, she climbed up into the tree of life, there to give her soul a full repast of her beauties. She departed with Jephtha's daughter from her father's house, but to pass some months in wandering about the mountains of this troublesome world, which being now expired, she was, after her pilgrimage, by covenant to return to be offered unto God in a grateful sacrifice, and to ascend out of this desart like a stem of perfume out of burned spices. Let not therefore the crown of her virtue be the foil of her constancy, nor the end of her cumbers a renewing of yours. But sith God was well pleased to call her, she not displeased to go, and you the third twist to make a triple cord, saying, Our Lord gave, and our Lord took away<sup>5</sup>; as it hath pleased our Lord, so hath it fallen out: the name of our Lord be blessed.

<sup>1</sup> 2 Cor. 4.

<sup>2</sup> Tob. 6.

<sup>3</sup> Matt. 13.

<sup>4</sup> Luke 19.

<sup>5</sup> Job 1.

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*Clara Ducum soboles, superis nova sedibus hospes,  
 Clausit in offenso tramite pura diem;  
 Dotibus ornavit, superavit moribus ortum,  
 Omnibus una prior, par fuit una sibi:  
 Lux genus ingenio generi lux inclita virtus,  
 Virtutisque fuit mens generosa decus.  
 Mors muta at properata dies orbemque relinquit,  
 Prolem matre verum conjuge flore genus,  
 Occidit a se alium tulit hic occasus in ortum,  
 Vivat, ad occiduas non reditura vices.*

OF Howard's stem a glorious branch is dead,  
 Sweet lights eclipsed were at her decease :  
 In Buckhurst line she gracious issue spread,  
 She heaven with two, with four did earth increase :  
 Fame, honour, grace, gave air unto her breath;  
 Rest, glory, joys, were sequels of her death.

Death aim'd too high, he hit too choice a wight,  
 Renown'd for birth, for life, for lively parts;  
 He kill'd her cares, he brought her worths to light;  
 He robb'd our eyes, but hath enrich'd our hearts :  
 Lot let out of her ark a Noah's dove;  
 But many hearts were arks unto her love.

Grace, Nature, Fortune did in her conspire,  
 To shew a proof of their united skill;  
 Sly Fortune, ever false, did soon retire,  
 But double grace supplied false Fortune's ill :  
 And though she raught not to Fortune's pitch,  
 In grace and virtue few were found so rich.

Heaven of this heavenly pearl is now possest,  
In whose lustre was the blaze of honour's light :  
Whose substance pure, of every good the best,  
Whose price the crown of highest right,  
Whose praise to be herself, whose greatest bliss  
To live to love, to be where now she is.

FINIS.

---

*From the Private Press of*  
LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN.  
Printed by T. DAVISON, Whitefriars, London.

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# **ARCHAICA.**

---

**PART V.**

**CONTAINING**

**TWO TRACTS**

**BY**

**NICHOLAS BRETON.**

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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1911

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**CHARACTERS**  
UPON  
**ESSAYS, MORAL AND DIVINE.**

BY NICHOLAS BRETON.

FROM THE EDITION OF 1615.

AND

**THE GOOD AND THE BAD.**

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

FROM THE EDITION OF 1616.



LONDON:

*From the Private Press*

OF

LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN.

PRINTED BY T. DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

1815.





## Advertisement.

NICHOLAS BRETON was a prolific writer of small pieces of poetry and prose in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James I. Very little is known of this ingenious author: the few notices, that have been collected of him, may be found in Percy's Ballads, Ellis's Specimens, the new edition of Phillips's Theatrum Poetarum, and the reprint of England's Helicon. One of his poems was last year reprinted at the Lee Priory press; and another, *The Melancholike Humours*, is announced from that press.

The two prose tracts here reprinted, are not perhaps of any peculiar intrinsic interest; but they form part of a series of specimens of the popular literature of the period when they first appeared, and on that account have been selected as valuable matter towards filling up the design which the *ARCHAICA* proposes to complete.

The pedantry and quaintness of these epigrammatic delineations are, it must be confessed, little suited to the Editor's taste.

*February 23, 1815.*



# CHARACTERS

UPON

ESSAYS, MORAL AND DIVINE,

WRITTEN FOR

**Those good Spirits**

THAT

WILL TAKE THEM IN GOOD PART,

AND

MAKE USE OF THEM TO GOOD PURPOSE.



LONDON:

PRINTED BY EDW. GRIFFIN, FOR JOHN GWILLIM; AND ARE TO BE SOLD  
AT HIS SHOP IN BRITAINES-BURSE.

1615.



TO  
THE HONOURABLE AND MY MUCH WORTHY, HONOURED, TRULY LEARNED, AND  
JUDICIOUS KNIGHT,

**SIR FRANCIS BACON,**

*HIS MAJESTY'S ATTORNEY-GENERAL,*

INCREASE OF HONOUR, HEALTH, AND ETERNAL HAPPINESS.

---



WORTHY Knight, I have read of many Essays, and a kind of Charactering of them, by such, as when I looked into the form or nature of their writing, I have been of the conceit, that they were but imitators of your breaking the ice to their inventions; which, how short they fall of your worth, I had rather think than speak, though Truth need not blush at her blame. Now, for myself, unworthy to touch near the rock of those diamonds, or to speak in their praise, who so far exceed the power of my capacity, vouchsafe me leave yet, I beseech you, among those apes that would counterfeit the actions of men, to play the like part with learning; and as a monkey, that would make a face

like a man, and cannot, so to write like a scholar, and am not : and thus not daring to adventure the print under your patronage, without your favourable allowance, in the devoted service of my bounden duty, I leave these poor travels of my spirit to the perusing of your pleasing leisure, with the further fruits of my humble affection, to the happy employment of your honourable pleasure.

At your service,

In all humbleness,

NICH. BRETON.

## TO THE READER.

---



**READ** what you list, and understand what you can :  
*Characters are not every man's construction, though  
 they be writ in our mother tongue; and what I  
 have written being of no other nature, if they fit  
 not your humour, they may please a better. I make  
 no comparison, because I know you not; but if you will vouchsafe to  
 look into them, it may be you may find something in them: their  
 natures are diverse, as you may see, if your eyes be open; and if you  
 can make use of them to good purpose, your wits may prove the better.  
 In brief, fearing the fool will be put upon me, for being too busy with  
 matters too far above my understanding, I will leave my imperfection  
 to pardon, or correction, and my labour to their liking, that will not  
 think ill of a well meaning, and so rest,*

*Your well-willing friend,*

**N. B**



# COMMENDATORY POEMS.

---

Who reads this book with a judicious eye,  
 Will in true judgment true discretion try;  
 Where words and matter, close and sweetly couch'd,  
 Do shew how truth, wit, art, and nature touch'd.  
 What need more words these Characters to praise?  
 They are the true charactering of Essays.

I. R.

---

In words of worth to speak of these Essays,  
 Let this suffice, the work itself will praise.

C. N.

---

SOME have an humour, that to discommend  
 They know themselves, they know not how to mend:  
 Other correct what they do think amiss,  
 While in their own conceit the error is.  
 But true judicious wits, and honest minds,  
 Will give their censure in some better kinds:  
 And say but truth, that cannot be mistook,  
 Wit hath well labour'd learning in this book.

R. B.

---

*Ad Authorem.*

HE that shall read thy characters, Nic. Breton,  
 And weigh them well, must say they are well written.  
 They taste the lamp : much reading, observation,  
 Art, matter, wit, all worthy commendation.  
 Some weave their lines of such a slender thread,  
 They will not last so long as to be read ;  
 Thou hast so spun, so weav'd thy words, thy lines,  
 They please us most, being viewed a hundred times.

W. D.

---

*In laudem operis.*

WORDS are the pencils, whereby drawn we find  
 The picture of the inward man, the mind :  
 Such thoughts, such words ; such words, such is the man.  
 Say, is this spirit a Plebeian,  
 That, like the singing lark, doth mount so high,  
 We cannot reach them with an earthly eye ?

W. P.

WHILE I essay to character this book,  
 And these characterized Essays o'erlook,  
 I herein find few words great worth involve,  
 A Lipsian style, terse phrase ; and so resolve,  
 That as a stone's best valued, and best prized,  
 When best 'tis known, so this, when best revised.

I. B.

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## CHARACTERS.

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### Wisdom.



**WISDOM** is a working grace in the souls of the Elect; by whom the spirit is made capable of those secrets, that neither nature nor reason is able to comprehend: who, by a powerful virtue she hath from the divine essence, worketh in all things according to the will of the Almighty; and, being before beginning, shall exceed time in an eternal proceeding. She is a light in the intellectual part, by which Reason is led to direct the senses in their due course; and Nature is preserved from subjecting herself to imperfection. In the creation, she was of counsel with the Trinity, in the pleasing of the Deity; in the redemption, the inventor of mercy, for the preservation of the Elect; and in the glorification, the treasurer of life, for the reward of the faithful; who having committed to her care the carriage of the whole motion, finding the disposition of earth in all the children of her womb, by such a measure, as she finds fitting their quality, she gives them either the grace of nature, or the glory of reason: while being the Mother of the Graces, she gives them that holy instruction, that, in the knowledge of the highest love, through the paths of virtue, makes a passage to heaven. Learning hath from

her that knowledge, without the which all knowledge is mere ignorance; while, only in the grace of Truth, is seen the glory of understanding. Knowledge hath from her that learning, whereby she is taught the direction of her love in the way of life: Understanding hath from her that knowledge that keeps conceit always in the spirits' comfort: and Judgment, from understanding that rule of justice, that by the even weight of impartiality shews the hand of heaven in the heart of humanity. In the heavens she keeps the angels in their orders, teacheth them the natures of their offices, and employs them in the service of their Creator: in the firmament she walks among the stars, sets and keeps them in their places, courses, and operations; at her pleasure she eclipseth the light, and in a moment leaves not a cloud in the sky: in her thunders and lightnings she shews the terror of the Highest's wrath, and in her temperate calms the patience of his mercy: in her frosty winters she shews the weakness of Nature, and in her sunny springs the recovery of her health: in the lovers of this world lives no part of her pureness, but with her beloved she makes a heaven upon earth. In the king she shews her grace, in his counsel her care, and in his state her strength. In the soldier she shews virtue, the truest valour; in the lawyer truth, the honour of his plea; in the merchant conscience, the wealth of his soul; and in the churchman charity, the true fruit of his devotion. She lives in the world, but not the world's love, for the world's unworthiness is not capable of her worth: she receiveth mammon, as a gift from his Maker, and makes him serve her use to his glory: she gives honour grace in bounty, and manageth wit by the care of discretion: she shews the necessity of difference, and wherein is the happiness of unity: she puts her labour to Providence, her hope to patience, her life to her love, and her love to her Lord, with whom, as chief secretary of his secrets, she writes his will to the world, and as high steward of his courts, she keeps account of all his tenants. In sum, so great is her

grace in the heavens, as gives her glory above the earth, and so infinite are her excellencies in all the course of her action, and so glorious are the notes of her incomprehensible nature, that I will thus only conclude, far short of her commendation,—she is God's love, and his angels' light, his servants' grace, and his beloved's glory.

### Learning.

LEARNING is the life of Reason, and the light of Nature, where Time, Order, and Measure, square out the true course of knowledge; where Discretion, in the temper of passion, brings experience to the best fruit of affection, while both the theoric, and the practic, labour in the life of judgment, till the perfection of art shew the honour of understanding. She is the key of knowledge, that unlocketh the cabinet of conceit, wherein are laid up the labours of virtue for the use of the scholars of wisdom; where every gracious spirit may find matter enough worthy of the record of the best memory. She is the nurse of nature, with that milk of reason that would make a child of grace never lie from the dug: she is the schoolmistress of wit, and the gentle governor of will, when the delight of understanding gives the comfort of study. She is unpleasing to none that knows her, and unprofitable to none that loves her: she fears not to wet her feet to wade through the waters of comfort, but comes not near the seas of iniquity, where folly drowns affection in the delight of vanity. She opens her treasures to the travellers in virtue, but keeps them close from the eyes of idleness: she makes the king gracious, and his council judicious, his clergy devout, and his kingdom prosperous: she gives honour to virtue, grace to honour, reward to labour, and love to truth. She is messenger of wisdom to the minds of the virtuous, and the way to honour in the spirits of the gracious: she is the storehouse of

understanding, where the affection of grace cannot want instruction of goodness, while in the rules of her directions reason is never out of square. She is the exercise of wit in the application of knowledge, and the preserver of the understanding in the practice of memory : in brief, she makes age honourable, and youth admirable, the virtuous wise, and the wise gracious ; her libraries are infinite, her lessons without number, her instruction without comparison, and her scholars without equality. In brief, finding it a labyrinth to go through the grounds of her praise, let this suffice, that in all ages she hath been, and ever will be, the darling of wisdom, the delight of wit, the study of virtue, and the stay of knowledge.

### Knowledge.

KNOWLEDGE is a collection of understanding, gathered in the grounds of learning by the instruction of wisdom. She is the exercise of memory in the actions of the mind, and the employer of the senses in the will of the spirit : she is the notary of time, and the trier of truth, and the labour of the spirit in the love of virtue : she is the pleasure of wit, and the paradise of reason, where conceit gathereth the sweet of understanding. She is the king's counsellor, and the council's grace, youth's guard, and age's glory. It is free from doubts, and fears no danger, while the care of Providence cuts off the cause of repentance : she is the enemy of idleness, and the maintainer of labour in the care of credit and pleasure of profit : she needs no advice in the resolution of action, while experience in observation finds perfection infallible. It clears errors, and cannot be deceived ; corrects impurity, and will not be corrupted. She hath a wide ear and a close mouth ; a pure eye and a perfect heart : it is begotten by grace, bred by virtue, brought up by learning, and maintained by love : she converseth with the

best capacities, and communicates with the soundest judgments; dwells with the divinest natures, and loves the most patient dispositions. Her hope is a kind of assurance, her faith a continual expectation, her love an apprehension of joy, and her life the light of eternity: her labours are infinite, her ways are unsearchable, her graces incomparable, and her excellencies inexplicable. And therefore, being so little acquainted with her worth, as makes me blush at my unworthiness to speak in the least of her praise, I will only leave her advancement to virtue, her honour to wisdom, her grace to truth, and to eternity her glory.

### Practice.

PRACTICE is the motion of the spirit, where the senses are all set to work in their natures; where, in the fittest employment of time, reason maketh the best use of understanding. She is the continuance of knowledge in the ease of memory, and the honour of resolution in the effect of judgment. She plants the spring, and reaps the harvest, makes labour sweet, and patience comfortable: she hath a foot on the earth, but an eye at heaven, where the prayer of faith finds the felicity of the soul: in the fruit of charity she shews the nature of devotion, and in the mercy of justice the glory of government. She gives time honour in the fruit of action, and reason grace in the application of knowledge: she takes the height of the sun, walks about the world, sounds the depth of the sea, and makes her passage through the waters. She is ready for all occasions, attendeth all persons, works with all instruments, and finisheth all actions: she takes invention for her teacher, makes time her servant, method her direction, and place her habitation: she hath a wakeful eye, and a working brain, which fits the members of the body to the service of the spirit. She is the physician's



agent, and the apothecary's benefactor, the chirurgion's wealth, and the patient's patience: she brings time to labour, and care to contentment, learning to knowledge, and virtue to honour: in idleness she hath no pleasure, nor acquaintance with ignorance, but in industry is her delight, and in understanding her grace. She hath a passage through all the predicaments, she hath a hand in all the arts, a property in all professions, and a quality in all conditions. In brief, so many are the varieties of the manners of her proceedings, as makes me fearful to follow her too far in observation, lest, being never able to come near the height of her commendation, I be enforced, as I am, to leave her wholly to admiration.

### Patience.

PATIENCE is a kind of heavenly tenure, whereby the soul is held in possession, and a sweet temper in the spirit, which restraineth nature from exceeding reason in passion. Her hand keeps time in his right course, and her eye pierceth into the depth of understanding: she attendeth wisdom in all her works, and proportioneth time to the necessity of matter: she is the poison of sorrow in the hope of comfort, and the paradise of conceit in the joy of peace: her tongue speaks seldom, but to purpose, and her foot goeth slowly, but surely. She is the imitator of the Incomprehensible in his passage to perfection, and a servant of his will in the map of his workmanship: in confusion she hath no operation, while she only carrieth her conceit with the consideration of experience: she travels far and is never weary, and gives over no work but to better a beginning: she makes the king merciful, and the subject loyal, honour gracious, and wisdom glorious: she pacifieth wrath, and puts off revenge, and, in the humility of charity, shews the nature of grace. She is beloved of the Highest, and embraced

of the wisest, honoured with the worthiest, and graced with the best: she makes imprisonment liberty, when the mind goeth through the world; and in sickness finds health, where death is the way to life: she is an enemy to passion, and knows no purgatory; thinks fortune a fiction, and builds only upon Providence: she is the sick man's salve, and the whole man's preserver; the wise man's staff, and the good man's guide. In sum, not to wade too far in her worthiness, lest I be drowned in the depth of wonder, I will thus end in her endless honour,—she is the grace of Christ, and the virtue of Christianity, the praise of goodness, and the preserver of the world.

### Love.

LOVE is the life of nature, and the joy of reason, in the spirit of grace, where virtue, drawing affection, the concord of sense, makes an union unseparable in the divine apprehension of the joy of Election: it is a ravishment of the soul in the delight of the spirit, which, being carried above itself into inexplicable comfort, feels that heavenly sickness that is better than the world's health, when the wisest of men, in the swooning delight of his sacred inspiration, could thus utter the sweetness of his passion, *My soul is sick of love*. It is a healthful sickness in the soul, a pleasing passion in the heart, a contentive labour in the mind, and a peaceful trouble of the senses: it alters natures in contrarieties, when difficulty is made easy, pain made a pleasure, poverty riches, and imprisonment liberty; for the content of conceit, which regards not to be an abject, in being subject, but to an object: it rejoiceth in truth, and knows no inconstancy: it is free from jealousy, and feareth no fortune: it breaks the rule of arithmetic by confounding of number, where the conjunction of thoughts make one mind in two bodies,

where neither figure nor cipher can make division of union: it sympathies with life, and participates with light, when the eye of the mind sees the joy of the heart: it is a predominant power, which endures no equality, and yet communicates with reason in the rules of concord: it breeds safety in a king, and peace in a kingdom, nation's unity, and nature's gladness: it sings in labour in the joy of hope, and makes a paradise in reward of desert: it pleads but mercy in the justice of the Almighty, and but mutual amity in the nature of humanity. In sum, having no eagle's eye to look upon the sun, and fearing to look too high for fear of a chip in mine eye, I will in these few words speak in praise of this peerless virtue,—Love is the grace of nature, and the glory of reason, the blessing of God, and the comfort of the world.

### Peace.

PEACE is a balm in conceit, where the senses take pleasure in the rest of the spirit. It is nature's holiday after reason's labour, and wisdom's music in the concords of the mind: it is a blessing of grace, a bounty of mercy, a proof of love, and a preserver of life: it holds no arguments, knows no quarrels, is an enemy to sedition, and a continuance of amity: it is the root of plenty, the tree of pleasure, the fruit of love, and the sweetness of life: it is like the still night, where all things are at rest, and the quiet sleep, where dreams are not troublesome; or the resolved point, in the perfection of knowledge, where no cares nor doubts make controversies in opinion: it needs no watch where is no fear of enemy, nor Solicitor of causes where agreements are concluded: it is the intent of law, and the fruit of justice; the end of war, and the beginning of wealth: it is a grace in a court, and a glory in a kingdom; a blessing in a family, and a happiness in a commonwealth: it fills the

rich man's coffers, and feeds the poor man's labour; it is the wise man's study, and the good man's joy: who love it are gracious, who make it are blessed, who keep it are happy, and who break it are miserable: it hath no dwelling with idolatry, nor friendship with falshood; for her life is in truth, and in her, all is amen. But lest in the justice of peace I may rather be reprov'd for my ignorance of her worth, than thought worthy to speak in her praise, with this only conclusion in the commendation of peace, I will draw to an end, and hold my peace:—it was a message of joy at the birth of Christ, a song of joy at the embracement of Christ, an assurance of joy at the death of Christ, and shall be the fulness of joy at the coming of Christ.

### **War.**

WAR is a scourge of the wrath of God, which, by famine, fire, or sword, humbleth the spirits of the repentant, trieth the patience of the faithful, and hardeneth the hearts of the ungodly; it is the misery of Time, and the terror of Nature; the dispeopling of the earth, and the ruin of her beauty: her life is action, her food blood, her honour valour, and her joy conquest. She is valour's exercise, and honour's adventure; reason's trouble, and peace's enemy: she is the stout man's love, and the weak man's fear; the poor man's toil, and the rich man's plague: she is the armourer's benefactor, and the chirurgeon's agent; the coward's ague, and the desperate's overthrow. She is the wish of envy, the plague of them that wish her, the shipwreck of life, and the agent of death. The best of her is, that she is the seasoner of the body, and the manager of the mind, for the enduring of labour, in the resolution of action: she thunders in the air, rips up the earth, cuts through the seas, and consumes with the fire: she is indeed the invention of malice, the work of mischief, the music of hell, and the dance of the devil: she

makes the end of youth untimely, and of age wretched, the city's sack, and the country's beggary : she is the captain's pride, and the captive's sorrow ; the throat of blood, and the grave of flesh : she is the woe of the world, the punishment of sin, the passage of danger, and the messenger of destruction : she is the wise man's warning, and the fool's payment ; the godly man's grief, and the wicked man's game. In sum ; so many are her wounds, so mortal her cures, so dangerous her course, and so devilish her devices, that I will wade no further in her rivers of blood, but only thus conclude in her description :—she is God's curse, and man's misery ; hell's practice, and earth's hell.

### Valour.

VALOUR is a virtue in the spirit which keeps the flesh in subjection, resolves without fear, and travails without fainting : she vows no villainy, nor breaks her fidelity ; she is patient in captivity, and pitiful in conquest : her gain is honour, and desert her mean ; fortune her scorn, and folly her hate : wisdom is her guide, and conquest her grace ; clemency her praise, and humility her glory : she is youth's ornament, and age's honour ; nature's blessing, and virtue's love : her life is resolution, and her love victory ; her triumph truth, and her fame virtue : her arms are from antiquity, and her coat full of honour, where the title of grace hath her heraldry from heaven : she makes a walk of war, and a sport of danger ; an ease of labour, and a jest of death : she makes famine but abstinence, want but a patience, sickness but a purge, and death a puff : she is the maintainer of war, the general of an army, the terror of an enemy, and the glory of a camp : she is the nobleness of the mind, and the strength of the body ; the life of hope, and the death of fear : with a handful of men she overthrows a

multitude, and with a sudden amazement she discomfits a camp: she is the revenge of wrong, and the defence of right; religion's champion, and virtue's choice. In brief, let this suffice in her commendation:—she strengthened David, and conquered Goliah; she overthrows her enemies, and conquers herself.

### **Resolution.**

RESOLUTION is the honour of valour in the quarrel of virtue, for the defence of right and redress of wrong: she beats the march, pitcheth the battle, plants the ordnance, and maintains the fight: her ear is stopt from dissuasions, her eye aims only at honour, her hand takes the sword of valour, and her heart thinks of nothing but victory: she gives the charge, makes the stand, assaults the fort, and enters the breach: she breaks the pikes, faceth the shot, damps the soldier, and defeats the army: she loseth no time, slips no occasion, dreads no danger, and cares for no force: she is valour's life, and virtue's love; justice, honour, and mercy's glory: she beats down castles, fires ships, wades through the sea, and walks through the world: she makes wisdom her guide, and will her servant; reason her companion, and honour her mistress: she is a blessing in nature, and a beauty in reason; a grace in invention, and a glory in action: she studies no plots when her platform is set down, and defers no time when her hour is prefixed: she stands upon no helps when she knows her own force; and in the execution of her will she is a rock irremovable: she is the king's will without contradiction, and the judge's doom without exception; the scholar's profession without alteration, and the soldier's honour without comparison: in sum, so many are the grounds of her grace, and the just causes of her commendation, that, leaving her worth to the description of better wits, I will in these few words

conclude my conceit of her:—she is the stoutness of the heart, and the strength of the mind; a gift of God, and the glory of the world.

### Honour.

HONOUR is a title of grace, given by the spirit of virtue to the desert of valour, in the defence of truth: it is wronged in baseness, and abused in unworthiness; endangered in wantonness, and lost in wickedness: it nourisheth art, and crowneth wit; graceth learning, and glorifieth wisdom: in the heraldry of heaven it hath the richest coat, being in nature allied unto all the houses of grace, which, in the heaven of heavens, attend the King of kings: her escutcheon is a heart, in which, in the shield of faith, she bears on the anchor of hope the helmet of salvation: she quarters with wisdom in the resolution of valour, and in the line of charity she is of the house of justice: her supporters are time and patience, her mantle truth, and her crest Christ treading upon the globe of the world; her impress, *Corona mea, Christus*. In brief, finding her state so high that I am not able to climb unto the praise of her perfection, I will leave her royalty to the register of most princely spirits, and in my humble heart thus only deliver my opinion of her:—she is virtue's due, and grace's gift; valour's wealth, and reason's joy.

### Truth.

TRUTH is the glory of time, and the daughter of eternity; a title of the highest grace, and a note of divine nature: she is the life of religion, the light of love, the grace of wit, and the crown of wisdom; she is the beauty of valour, the brightness of honour, the blessing of reason, and the joy of faith: her truth is pure gold, her

time is right precious, her word is most gracious, and her will is most glorious: her essence is in God, and her dwelling with his servants; her will in his wisdom, and her work to his glory; she is honoured in love, and graced in constancy; in patience admired, and in charity beloved: she is the angel's worship, the virgin's fame; the saint's bliss, and the martyr's crown: she is the king's greatness, and his council's goodness; his subjects' peace, and his kingdom's praise: she is the life of learning, and the light of the law; the honour of trade, and the grace of labour: she hath a pure eye, a plain hand, a piercing wit, and a perfect heart: she is wisdom's walk in the way of holiness, and takes up her rest but in the resolution of goodness: her tongue never trips, her heart never faints, her hand never fails, and her faith never fears: her church is without schism, her city without fraud, her court without vanity, and her kingdom without villainy. In sum, so infinite is her excellence in the construction of all sense, that I will thus only conclude in the wonder of her worth:—she is the nature of perfection in the perfection of nature, where God in Christ shews the glory of Christianity.

### Time.

TIME is a continual motion which from the highest Mover hath his operation in all the subjects of nature, according to their quality or disposition: he is in proportion like a circle, wherein he walketh with an even passage to the point of his prefixed place; he attendeth none, and yet is a servant to all; he is the best employed by wisdom, and most abused by folly: he carrieth both the sword and the sceptre for the use both of justice and mercy: he is present in all invention, and cannot be spared from action: he is the treasury of graces in the memory of the wise, and brings them forth to the world upon necessity of their use: he openeth the



windows of heaven to give light unto the earth, and spreads the cloak of the night to cover the rest of labour: he closeth the eye of nature, and waketh the spirit of reason; he travelleth through the mind, and is visible but to the eye of understanding: he is swifter than the wind, and yet as still as a stone; precious in his right use, but perilous in the contrary: he is soon found of the careful soul, and quickly missed in the want of his comfort; he is soon lost in the lack of employment, and not to be recovered without a world of endeavour: he is the true man's peace, and the thief's perdition; the good man's blessing, and the wicked man's curse: he is known to be, but his being unknown: but only in his being, in a being above knowledge: he is a riddle not to be read but in the circumstance of description; his name better known than his nature; and he that maketh best use of him, hath the best understanding for him: he is like the study of the philosopher's stone, where a man may see wonders, and yet short of his expectation: he is at the invention of war, arms the soldier, maintains the quarrel, and makes the peace: he is the courtier's playfellow, and the soldier's schoolmaster; the lawyer's gain, and the merchant's hope: his life is motion, and his love action; his honour patience, and his glory perfection: he masketh modesty, and blusheth virginity; honoureth humility, and graceth charity. In sum, finding it a world to walk through the wonder of his worth, I will thus briefly deliver what I find truly of him:—he is the agent of the living, and the register of the dead; the direction of God, and a great work-master in the world.

### Death.

DEATH is the ordinance of God for the subjecting of the world, which is limited his time for the correction of pride; in his

substance he is nothing, being but only a deprivation, and in his true description a name without a nature: he is seen but in a picture, heard but in a tale, feared but in a passion, and felt but in a pinch: he is a terror but to the wicked, and a scarecrow but to the foolish; but to the wise a way of comfort, and to the godly the gate to life: he is the ease of pain, and the end of sorrow; the liberty of the imprisoned, and the joy of the faithful: it is both the wound of sin, and the wages of sin; the sinner's fear, and the sinner's doom. He is the sexton's agent, and the hangman's revenue; the rich man's dirge, and the mourner's merry day. He is a course of time, but uncertain till he come, and welcome but to such as are weary of their lives: it is a message from the physician when the patient is past cure; and if the writ be well made, it is a *supra<sup>1</sup> sedeas* for all diseases: it is the heaven's stroke, and the earth's steward; the follower of sickness, and the forerunner to hell. In sum, having no pleasure to ponder too much of the power of it, I will thus conclude my opinion of it:—it is a sting of sin, and the terror of the wicked; the crown of the godly, the stair of vengeance, and a stratagem of the devil.

### Faith.

FAITH is the hand of the soul, which layeth hold of the promises of Christ in the mercy of the Almighty: she hath a bright eye, and a holy ear; a clear heart, and a sure foot: she is the strength of hope, the trust of truth, the honour of amity, and the joy of love: she is rare among the sons of men, and hardly found among the daughters of women; but among the sons of God she is a conveyance of their inheritance, and among the daughters of grace she is the assurance of their portions: her dwelling is in

<sup>1</sup> Sic in Orig.

the church of God, her conversation with the saints of God, her delight with the beloved of God, and her life is in the love of God: she knows no falsehood, distrusts no truth, breaks no promise, and coins no excuse; but as bright as the sun, as swift as the wind, as sure as the rock, and as pure as the gold, she looks towards heaven, but lives in the world, in the souls of the elect; to the glory of election: she was wounded in Paradise by a dart of the devil, and healed of her hurt by the death of Christ Jesus: she is the poor man's credit, and the rich man's praise; the wise man's care, and the good man's cognizance. In sum, finding her worth in words hardly to be expressed, I will in these few words only deliver my opinion of her:—she is God's blessing, and man's bliss; reason's comfort, and virtue's glory.

### **Fear.**

FEAR is a fruit of sin, which drove the first father of our flesh from the presence of God, and hath read an imperfection in a number of the worse part of his posterity: it is the disgrace of nature, the foil of reason, the maim of wit, and the slur of understanding: it is the palsy of the spirit, where the soul wanteth faith, and the badge of a coward that cannot abide the sight of a sword: it is weakness in nature, and a wound in patience; the death of hope, and the entrance into despair: it is children's awe, and fool's amazement; a worm in conscience, and a curse to wickedness. In brief, it makes the coward stagger, the liar stammer, the thief stumble, and the traitor start: it is a blot in arms, a blur in honour, the shame of a soldier, and the defeat of an army.

FINIS.

# THE GOOD AND THE BAD;

OR,

## DESCRIPTIONS

OF THE

### Worthies and Unworthies of this Age:

WHERE

THE BEST MAY SEE THEIR GRACES, AND THE WORST DISCERN  
THEIR BASENESS.

*By Nicholas Breton.*

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1616.



TO  
THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL AND WORTHY  
**SIR GILBERT HOUGHTON,**  
OF HOUGHTON, KNIGHT;

THE NOBLE FAVOURER OF ALL VIRTUOUS SPIRITS; HIGHEST POWER OF HEAVEN GRANT THE  
BLESSING OF ALL HAPPINESS TO HIS WORTHY HEART'S DESIRE.

---

WORTHY KNIGHT,



HE worthiness of this subject, in which is set down the difference of light and darkness, in the nature of honour and disgrace, to the deservers of either, hath made me (upon the note of the nobleness of your spirit) like the eagle, still looking towards the sun, to present to your patience the patronage of this little Treatise of the Worthies and Unworthies of this Age:

wherein, I hope, you will find some things to your content, nothing to the contrary; which leaving to the acceptance of your good favour, with my further service to your command, I humbly rest,

Your Worship's devoted,

to be commanded,

NICHOLAS BRETON.

## TO THE READER.

---



*AM sure that if you read through this book, you will find your description in one place or other: if among the Worthies, hold you where you are, and change not your card for a worse: if among the other, mend that is amiss, and all will be well. I name you not, for I know you not; but I will wish the best, because the worst is too bad: I hope there will nobody be angry, except it be with himself, for somewhat that he finds out of order; if it be so, the hope is the greater, the bad will be no worse: yet the world being at such a pass, that living creatures are scarcely known from pictures till they move, nor wise men from fools till they speak, nor artists from bunglers till they work, I will only wish the worthy their worth, and the contrary what may mend their condition; and for myself but pardon for my presumption, writing upon the natures of more worth than I am worthy to write of, and favourable acceptance of no worthy intention of reprehension, by the least thought of malicious disposition. So leaving my book to your best like, with my better labours to the like effect, in hope to find you among the Worthies, I rest,*

*At your command, if worthy,*

N. B.





# THE GOOD AND THE BAD ;

OR,

DESCRIPTION OF THE WORTHIES AND UNWORTHIES OF THIS AGE.

---

## A WORTHY KING.



A WORTHY king is a figure of God, in the nature of government : he is the chief of men, and the church's champion, nature's honour, and earth's majesty : is the director of law, and the strength of the same, the sword of justice and the sceptre of mercy, the glass of grace, and the eye of honour, the terror of treason, and the life of loyalty. His command is general, and his power absolute, his frown a death, and his favour a life, his charge is his subjects, his care their safety, his pleasure their peace, and his joy their love ; he is not to be paralleled, because he is without equality, and the prerogative of his crown must not be contradicted : he is the Lord's anointed, and therefore must not be touched ; and the head of a public body, and therefore must be preserved. He is a scourge of sin, and a blessing of grace ; God's viceroy over his people, and under him supreme

governor: his safety must be his council's care, his health his subjects' prayer, his pleasure his peers' comfort, and his content his kingdom's gladness: his presence must be revered, his person attended, his court adorned, and his state maintained; his bosom must not be searched, his will not disobeyed, his wants not unsupplied, nor his place unregarded. In sum, he is more than a man, though not a God, and next under God to be honoured above man.

#### AN UNWORTHY KING.

AN unworthy king is the usurper of power, where tyranny in authority loseth the glory of majesty, while the fear of terror frighteth love from obedience: for when the lion plays the wolf, the lamb dies with the ewe. He is a messenger of woe to be the scourge of sin, or the trial of patience, in the hearts of the religious: he is a warrant of woe, in the execution of his fury, and in his best temper, a doubt of grace; he is a dispeopler of his kingdom, and a prey to his enemies, an undelightful friend, and a tormentor of himself: he knows no God, but makes an idol of nature, and useth reason but to the ruin of sense: his care is but his will, his pleasure but his ease, his exercise but sin, and his delight but inhuman; his heaven is his pleasure, and his gold is his God: his presence is terrible, his countenance horrible, his words uncomfortable, and his actions intolerable. In sum, he is the foil of a crown, the disgrace of a court, the trouble of a council, and the plague of a kingdom.

#### A WORTHY QUEEN.

A WORTHY queen is the figure of a king: his grace, hath a great power over his people.

women, the beauty of her court, and the grace of her sex in the royalty of her spirit. She is like the moon, that giveth light among the stars, and but unto the sun, gives none place in her brightness. She is the pure diamond upon the king's finger, and the orient pearl unprizable in his eyes, the joy of the court in the comfort of the king, and the wealth of the kingdom in the fruit of her love: she is reason's honour, in nature's grace, and wisdom's love, in virtue's beauty. In sum, she is the handmaid of God, and the king's second self, and in his grace, the beauty of a kingdom.

#### A WORTHY PRINCE.

A WORTHY prince is the hope of a kingdom, the richest jewel in a king's crown, and the fairest flower in the queen's garden: he is the joy of nature in the hope of honour, and the love of wisdom in the life of worthiness: in the secret carriage of his heart's intention, till his designs come to action, he is a dumb shew to the world's imagination: in his wisdom he startles the spirits of expectation; in his valour, he subjects the hearts of ambition; in his virtue, he wins the love of the noblest; and in his bounty binds the service of the most sufficient: he is the crystal glass, where nature may see her comfort, and the book of reason, where virtue may read her honour: he is the morning star, that hath light from the sun, and the blessed fruit of the tree of earth's paradise: he is the study of the wise in the state of honour, and, in the subject of learning, the history of admiration. In sum, he is, in the note of wisdom, the aim of honour, and in the honour of virtue the hope of a kingdom.

#### AN UNWORTHY PRINCE.

AN unworthy prince is the fear of a kingdom, when will and power carry pride in impatience, in the close carriage of ambitious

intention, he is like a fearful dream to a troubled spirit: in his passionate humours he frighteth the hearts of the prudent, in the delight of vanities he loseth the love of the wise, and in the misery of avarice is served only with the needy: he is like a little mist before the rising of the sun, which, the more it grows, the less good it doth: he is the king's grief, and the queen's sorrow, the court's trouble, and the kingdom's curse. In sum, he is the seed of unhappiness, the fruit of ungodliness, the taste of bitterness, and the digestion of heaviness.

#### A WORTHY PRIVY COUNSELLOR.

A WORTHY privy counsellor is the pillar of a realm, in whose wisdom and care, under God and the king, stands the safety of a kingdom: he is the watch-tower to give warning of the enemy, and a hand of provision for the preservation of the state: he is an oracle in the king's ear, and a sword in the king's hand, an even weight in the balance of justice, and a light of grace in the love of truth: he is an eye of care in the course of law, a heart of love in his service of his sovereign, a mind of honour in the order of his service, and a brain of invention for the good of the commonwealth: his place is powerful, while his service is faithful, and his honour due in the desert of his employment. In sum, he is a fixed planet among the stars of the firmament, which, through the clouds in the air, shews the nature of his light.

#### AN UNWORTHY COUNSELLOR.

AN unworthy counsellor is the hurt of a king and the danger of a state, when the weakness of judgment may commit an error,

or the lack of care may give way to unhappiness: he is a wicked charm in the king's ear, a sword of terror in the advice of tyranny: his power is perilous in the partiality of will, and his heart full of hollowness in the protestation of love: hypocrisy cover of his counterfeit religion, and traitorous invention is the agent of his ambition: he is the cloud of darkness, that threateneth foul weather; and if it grow to a storm, it is fearful where it falls: he is an enemy to God in the hate of grace, and worthy of death in disloyalty to his sovereign. In sum, he is an unfit person for the place of a counsellor, and an unworthy subject to look a king in the face.

#### A NOBLE MAN.

A NOBLE man is a mark of honour, where the eye of wisdom in the observation of desert sees the fruit of grace: he is the orient pearl that reason polisheth for the beauty of nature, and the diamond spark where divine grace gives virtue honour: he is the notebook of moral discipline, where the conceit of care may find the true courtier: he is the nurse of hospitality, the relief of necessity, the love of charity, and the life of bounty: he is learning's grace, and valour's fame, wisdom's fruit, and kindness' love: he is the true falcon that feeds on no carrion, the true horse that will be no hackney, the true dolphin that fears not the whale, and the true man of God, that fears not the devil. In sum, he is the darling of nature, in reason's philosophy; the loadstar of light in love's astronomy, the ravishing sweet in the music of honour, and the golden number in grace's arithmetic.

#### AN UNNOBLE MAN.

AN unnable man is the grief of reason, when the title of honour is put upon the subject of disgrace: when either the imperfection

of wit, or the folly of will, shews an unfitness in nature for the virtue of advancement: he is the eye of baseness, and spirit of grossness, and in the demeanour of rudeness the scorn of nobleness: he is a suspicion of a right generation in the nature of his disposition, and a miserable plague to a feminine patience: wisdom knows him not, and honour fits him not: prodigality or avarice are the notes of his inclination, and folly or mischief are the fruits of his invention. In sum, he is the shame of his name, the disgrace of his place, the blot of his title, and the ruin of his house.

#### A WORTHY BISHOP.

A WORTHY bishop is an ambassador from God unto man, in the midst of war to make a treaty of peace; who with a general pardon upon confession of sin, upon the fruits of repentance gives assurance of comfort: he brings tidings from heaven of happiness to the world, where the patience of mercy calls nature to grace: he is the silver trumpet in the music of love, where faith hath a life that never fails the beloved: he is the director of life in the laws of God, and the surgeon of the soul, in lancing the sores of sin, the terror of the reprobate, in pronouncing their damnation, and the joy of the faithful, in the assurance of their salvation. In sum, he is the nature of grace, worthy of honour, and in the message of life, worthy of love: a continual agent betwixt God and man, in the preaching of his word, and prayer for his people.

#### AN UNWORTHY BISHOP.

AN unworthy bishop is the disgrace of learning, when the want of reading, or the abuse of understanding, in the speech of error

may beget idolatry. He is God's enemy, in the hurt of his people, and his own woe, in abuse of the word of God: he is the shadow of a candle, that gives no light; or, if it be any, it is but to lead unto darkness: the sheep are unhappy that live in his fold, when they shall either starve, or feed on ill ground: he breeds a war in the wits of his audience, when his life is contrary to the nature of his instruction: he lives in a room, where he troubles a world, and in the shadow of a saint, is little better than a devil: he makes religion a cloak of sin, and with counterfeit humility, covereth incomparable pride: he robs the rich to relieve the poor, and makes fools of the wise with the imagination of his worth: he is all for the church, but nothing for God, and for the ease of nature, loseth the joy of reason. In sum, he is the picture of hypocrisy, the spirit of heresy, a wound in the church, and a woe in the world.

#### A WORTHY JUDGE.

A JUDGE is a doom, whose breath is mortal upon the breach of law, where criminal offences must be cut off from a commonwealth: he is a sword of justice in the hand of a king, and an eye of wisdom in the walk of a kingdom: his study is a square for the keeping of proportion betwixt command and obedience, that the king may keep his crown on his head, and the subject his head on his shoulders: he is feared but of the foolish, and cursed but of the wicked; but, of the wise honoured, and of the gracious beloved: he is a surveyor of rights, and revenger of wrongs, and in the judgment of truth, the honour of justice. In sum, his word is law, his power grace, his labour peace, and his desert honour.

#### AN UNWORTHY JUDGE.

AN unworthy judge is the grief of justice in the error of judgment, when, through ignorance, or will, the death of innocency lies



upon the breath of opinion : he is the disgrace of law, in the desert of knowledge, and the plague of power, in the misery of oppression : he is more moral, than divine, in the nature of policy, and more judicious, than just, in the carriage of his conceit : his charity is cold, when partiality is resolved, when the doom of life lies on the verdict of a jury ; with a stern look he frighteth an offender, and gives little comfort to a poor man's cause. The golden weight overweighs his grace, when angels play the devils in the hearts of his people. In sum, where Christ is preached he hath no place in the church, and in this kingdom, out of doubt, God will not suffer any such devil to bear sway.

#### A WORTHY KNIGHT.

A WORTHY knight is a spirit of proof, in the advancement of virtue, by the desert of honour, in the eye of majesty : in the field he gives courage to his soldiers, in the court grace to his followers, in the city reputation to his person, and in the country honour to his house. His sword and his horse make his way to his house, and his armour of best proof is an undaunted spirit : the music of his delight is the trumpet and the drum, and the paradise of his eye is an army defeated : the relief of the oppressed makes his conquest honourable, and the pardon of the submissive makes him famous in mercy : he is in nature mild, and in spirit stout, in reason judicious, and in all honourable. In sum, he is a yeoman's commander, and a gentleman's superior, a nobleman's companion, and a prince's worthy favourite.

#### AN UNWORTHY KNIGHT.

AN unworthy knight is the defect of nature in the title of honour, when to maintain valour, his spurs have no rowels, nor his

sword a point: his apparel is of proof, that may wear like his armour, or like an old ensign, that hath his honour in rags. It may be he is the tailor's trouble in fitting an ill shape, or a mercer's wonder in wearing of silk: in the court he stands for a cipher, and among ladies like an owl among birds: he is worshipped only for his wealth, and if he be of the first head, he shall be valued by his wit, when if his pride go beyond his purse, his title will be a trouble to him. In sum, he is the child of folly, and the man of Gotham, the blind man of pride, and the fool of imagination; but in the court of honour are no such apes, and I hope that this kingdom will breed no such asses.

#### A WORTHY GENTLEMAN.

A WORTHY gentleman is a branch of the tree of honour, whose fruits are the actions of virtue, as pleasing to the eye of judgment as tasteful to the spirit of understanding: whatsoever he doth it is not forced, except it be evil, which either through ignorance unwittingly, or through compulsion unwillingly, he falls upon: he is in nature kind, in demeanour courteous, in allegiance loyal, and in religion zealous, in service faithful, and in reward bountiful: he is made of no baggage stuff, nor for the wearing of base people; but is woven by the spirit of wisdom to adorn the court of honour: his apparel is more comely than costly, and his diet more wholesome than excessive, his exercise more healthful than painful, and his study more for knowledge than pride: his love not wanton, nor common, his gifts not niggardly, nor prodigal, and his carriage neither apish, nor sullen. In sum, he is an approver of his pedigree, by the nobleness of his passage, and, in the course of his life, an example to his posterity.

## AN UNWORTHY GENTLEMAN.

AN unworthy gentleman is the scoff of wit and the scorn of honour, where more wealth than wit is worshipped of simplicity ; who spends more in idleness, than would maintain thrift, or hides more in misery, than might purchase honour ; whose delights are vanities, and whose pleasures fopperies, whose studies fables, and whose exercise worse than follies : his conversation is base, and his conference ridiculous, his affections ungracious, and his actions ignominious : his apparel out of fashion, and his diet out of order, his carriage out of square, and his company out of request. In sum, he is like a mongrel dog with a velvet collar, a cart-horse with a golden saddle, a buzzard-kite with a falcon's bells, or a baboon with a pied jerkin.

## A WORTHY LAWYER.

A WORTHY lawyer is the student of knowledge, how to bring controversies into a conclusion of peace, and out of ignorance to gain understanding : he divides time into uses, and cases into constructions : he lays open obscurities, and is praised for the speech of truth, and in the court of conscience pleads much in *forma pauperis* for small fees : he is a mean for the preservation of titles, and the holding of possessions, and a great instrument of peace in the judgment of impartiality : he is the client's hope in his case's pleading, and his heart's comfort in a happy issue : he is the finder out of tricks in the craft of ill conscience, and the joy of the distressed in the relief of justice. In sum, he is a maker of peace among the spirits of contention, and a continuer of quiet in the execution of the law.

## AN UNWORTHY LAWYER.

AN unlearned and unworthily called a lawyer, is the figure of a foot post, who carries letters, but knows not what is in them, only can read the superscriptions to direct them to their right owners. So trudgeth this simple clerk, that can scarce read a case when it is written, with his hand full of papers, from one court to another and from one counsellor's chambers to another, when by his good payment, for his pains, he will be so saucy as to call himself a solicitor; but what a taking are poor clients in, when this too much trusted cunning companion, better read in *Pierce Plowman* than in *Ployden*, and in the play of *Richard* the Third than in the pleas of *Edward* the Fourth, persuades them all is sure, when he is sure of all; and in what a misery are the poor men, when, upon a *Nihil dicit*, because indeed, this poor fellow, *Nihil potest dicere*, they are in danger of an execution before they know wherefore they are condemned: but I wish all such more wicked than witty, unlearned in the law and abusers of the same, to look a little better into their consciences, and to leave their crafty courses, lest when the law indeed lays them open, instead of carrying papers in their hands, they wear not papers on their heads, and instead of giving ear to their clients causes, or rather eyes into their purses, they have never an ear left to hear withal, nor good eye to see withal, or at least honest face to look out withal; but as the grasshoppers of Egypt be counted the caterpillars of England, and not the fox that stole the goose, but the great fox that stole the farm from the gander.

## A WORTHY SOLDIER.

A WORTHY soldier is the child of valour, who was born for the service of necessity, and to bear the ensign of honour in the actions

of worth: he is the dyer of the earth with blood, and the ruin of the erections of pride: he is the watch of wit, in the advantage of time, and the executioner of wrath upon the wilful offender: he disputes questions with the point of a sword, and prefers death to indignities: he is a lion to ambition, and a lamb to submission: he hath hope fast by the hand, and treads upon the head of fear: he is the king's champion, and the kingdom's guard, peace's preserver, and rebellion's terror: he makes the horse trample at the sound of a trumpet, and leads on to a battle, as if he were going to a breakfast: he knows not the nature of cowardice, for his rest is set upon resolution: his strongest fortification is his mind, which beats off the assaults of idle humours; and his life is the passage of danger, where an undaunted spirit stoops to no fortune; with his arms he wins his arms, and by his desert in the field his honour in the court. In sum, in the truest manhood he is the true man, and in the creation of honour a most worthy creature.

#### AN UNTRAINED SOLDIER.

AN untrained soldier is like a young hound, that when he first falls to hunt, he knows not how to lay his nose to the earth: who having his name but in a book, and marched twice about a market-place, when he comes to a piece of service knows not how to bestow himself: he marches as if he were at plough, carries his pike like a pikestaff, and his sword before him, for fear of losing from his side: if he be a shot, he will be rather ready to say a grace over his piece, and so to discharge his hands of it, than to learn how to discharge it with a grace: he puts on his armour over his ears, like a waistcoat, and wears his morion like a nightcap; when he is quartered in the field he looks for his bed, and when he sees his provant he is ready to cry for his victuals; and ere he know

well where he is, wish heartily he were at home again, with hanging down his head, as if his heart were in his hose: sleep till a drum or a deadly bullet awake him, and so carry himself in all companies, that till martial discipline have seasoned his understanding, he is like a cipher among figures, an owl among birds, a wise man among fools, and a shadow among men.

### A WORTHY PHYSICIAN.

A WORTHY physician is the enemy of sickness, in purging nature from corruption: his action is most in feeling of pulses, and his discourse chiefly of the natures of diseases: he is a great searcher out of simples, and accordingly makes his composition: he persuades abstinence and patience for the benefit of health; while purging and bleeding are the chief courses of his counsel: the apothecary and the chirurgion are his two chief attendants, with whom conferring upon time, grows temperate in his cures; surfeits and wantonness are great agents for his employment, when by the secret of his skill, out of others' weakness he gathers his own strength. In sum, he is a necessary member for an unnecessary malady, to find a disease and to cure the diseased.

### AN UNWORTHY PHYSICIAN.

AN unlearned, and so unworthy physician, is a kind of horse-leech, whose cure is most in drawing of blood, and a desperate purge, either to cure or kill, as it hits; his discourse is most of the cures that he hath done, and them afar off; and not a receipt under a hundred pounds, though it be not worth three-halfpence: upon the market-day he is much haunted with vernal, where if he find

any thing (though he know nothing) yet he will say somewhat, which if hit to some purpose, with a few fustian words, he will seem a piece of strange stuff: he is never without old merry tales, and stale jests to make old folks laugh, and comfits or plums in his pocket to please little children: yea, and he will be talking of complexions, though he know nothing of their dispositions; and if his medicine do a feat, he is a made man among fools; but being wholly unlearned, and oft times dishonest, let me thus briefly describe him: he is a plain kind of mountebank, and a true quack-salver, a danger for the sick to deal withal, and a dizard in the world to talk withal.

#### A WORTHY MERCHANT.

A WORTHY merchant is the heir of adventure, whose hopes hang much upon wind: upon a wooden horse he rides through the world, and in a merry gale makes a path through the seas: he is a discoverer of countries, and a finder out of commodities, resolute in his attempts, and royal in his expenses: he is the life of traffic and the maintainer of trade, the sailor's master, and the soldier's friend: he is the exercise of the exchange, the honour of credit, the observation of time, and the understanding of thrift: his study is number, his care his accounts, his comfort his conscience, and his wealth his good name: he fears no Scylla, and sails close by Charybdis, and having beaten out a storm, rides at rest in a harbour; by his sea gain, he makes his land purchase, and by the knowledge of trade, finds the key of treasure: out of his travels he makes his discourses, and from his eye-observations brings the models of architectures; he plants the earth with foreign fruits, and knows at home what is good abroad: he is neat in apparel, modest in demeanor, dainty in diet, and civil in his carriage. In sum, he is the pillar of a city, the enricher of a country, the furnisher of a court, and the worthy servant of a king.

## AN UNWORTHY MERCHANT.

AN unworthy merchant is a kind of pedlar, who (with the help of a broker) gets more by his wit, than by his honesty: he doth sometime use to give out money to gamesters, be paid in post upon a hand at dice; sometime he gains more by baubles than better stuffs, and rather than fail, will adventure a false oath for a fraudulent gain: he deals with no wholesale, but all his honesty is at one word; as for wares and weights he knows how to hold the balance, and for his conscience, he is not ignorant what to do with it: his travel is most by land, for he fears to be too busy with water, and whatsoever his ware be, he will be sure of his money: the most of his wealth is in a pack of trifles, and for his honesty, I dare not pass my word for him; if he be rich, 'tis ten to one of his pride, and if he be poor, he breaks without his fast. In sum, he is the disgrace of a merchant, the dishonour of a city, the discredit of his parish, and the dislike of all.

## A GOOD MAN.

A good man is an image of God, lord over all his creatures, and created only for his service: he is made capable of reason, to know the properties of nature, and by the inspiration of grace, to know things supernatural: he hath a face always to look upward, and a soul that gives life to all the senses: he lives in the world as a stranger, while heaven is the home of his spirit: his life is but the labour of the sense, and his death the way to his rest: his study is the word of truth, and his delight is in the law of love: his provision is but to serve necessity, and his care the exercise of charity; he is more conversant with the divine prophets than the world's profits, and makes the joy of his soul in the tidings of his salvation: he is wise in the best wit, and wealthy in the richest treasure:



his hope is but the comfort of mercy, and his fear but the hurt of sin: pride is the hate of his soul, and patience the worker of his peace: his guide is the wisdom of grace, and his travel but to the heavenly Jerusalem. In sum, he is the elect of God, the blessing of grace, the seed of love, and the fruit of life.

### AN ATHEIST, OR MOST BAD MAN.

AN atheist is a figure of desperation, who dare do any thing, even to his soul's damnation: he is in nature a dog, in wit an ass, in passion a bedlam, and in action a devil: he makes sin a jest, grace an humour, truth a fable, and peace a cowardice: his horse is his pride, his sword is his castle, his apparel his riches, and his punk his paradise: he makes robbery his purchase, lechery his solace, mirth his exercise, and drunkenness his glory: he is the danger of society, the love of vanity, the hate of charity, and the shame of humanity: he is God's enemy, his parents' grief, his country's plague, and his own confusion: he spoils that is necessary, and spends that is needless: he spites at the gracious, and spurns at the godly: the tavern is his palace, and his belly is his God; a whore is his mistress, and the devil is his master: oaths are his graces, wounds his badges; shifts are his practices, and beggary his payments: he knows no God, nor thinks of heaven, but walks through the world as a devil towards hell: virtue knows him not, honesty finds him not, wisdom loves him not, and honour regards him not: he is but the cutler's friend, and the chirurgeon's agent, the thief's companion, and the hangman's benefactor: he was begotten untimely, and born unhappily, lives ungraciously, and dies unchristianly: he is of no religion, nor good fashion, hardly good complexion, and most vile in condition. In sum, he is a monster among men, a Jew among Christians, a fool among wise men, and a devil among saints.

## A WISE MAN.

A WISE man is a clock that never strikes but at his hour, or rather like a dial, that being set right with the sun, keeps his true course in his compass. So the heart of a wise man, set in the course of virtue by the spirit of grace, runs the course of life in the compass of eternal comfort: he measureth time, and tempereth nature, employeth reason, and commandeth sense: he hath a deaf ear to the charmer, a close mouth to the slanderer, an open hand to charity, and an humble mind to piety: observation and experience are his reason's labours, and patience with conscience are the lines of his love's measure, contemplation and meditation are his spirit's exercise, and God and his word are the joy of his soul: he knows not the pride of prosperity, nor the misery of adversity, but takes the one as the day, the other as the night: he knows no fortune, but builds all upon providence, and through the hope of faith, hath a fair aim at heaven: his words are weighed with judgment, and his actions are the examples of honour: he is fit for the seat of authority, and deserves the reverence of subjection: he is precious in the counsel of a king, and mighty in the sway of a kingdom. In sum, he is God's servant, and the world's master, a stranger upon earth, and a citizen in heaven.

## A FOOL.

A FOOL is the abortive of wit, where nature had more power than reason, in bringing forth the fruit of imperfection; his actions are most in extremes, and the scope of his brain is but ignorance: only nature hath taught him to feed, and use to labour without

knowledge; he is a kind of shadow of a better substance, or like the vision of a dream, that yields nothing awake: he is commonly known by one of two special names, derived from their qualities, as, from wilful Will Fool, and Hodge from hodge-podge; all meats are alike, all are one to a fool: his exercises are commonly divided into four parts, eating and drinking, sleeping and laughing: for these are his chief loves; a bauble, and a bell, coxcomb, and a pied coat: he was begotten in unhappiness, born to no goodness, lives but in beastliness, and dies but in forgetfulness. In sum, he is the shame of nature, the trouble of wit, the charge of charity, and the loss of liberality.

#### AN HONEST MAN.

AN honest man is like a plain coat, which, without welt or guard, keepeth the body from wind and weather, and being well made, fits him best that wears it; and where the stuff is more regarded than the fashion, there is not much ado in the putting of it on; so the mind of an honest man, without tricks or compliments, keeps the credit of a good conscience from the scandal of the world, and the worm of iniquity; which, being wrought by the workman of Heaven, fits him best that wears it to his service: and, where virtue is more esteemed than vanity, it is put on and worn with that ease that shews the excellency of the workman. His study is virtue, his word truth, his life the passage of patience, and his death the rest of his spirit: his travail is a pilgrimage, his way is plainness, his pleasure peace, and his delight is love: his care is his conscience, his wealth is his credit, his charge is his charity, and his content is his kingdom. In sum, he is a diamond among jewels, a phoenix among birds, an unicorn among beasts, and a saint among men.

## A KNAVE.

A KNAVE is the scum of wit, and the scorn of reason, the hate of wisdom, and the dishonour of humanity : he is the danger of society, and the hurt of amity, the infection of youth, and the corruption of age : he is a traitor to affiance, and abuse to employment, and a rule of villainy in a plot of mischief : he hath a cat's eye, and a bear's paw, a syren's tongue, and a serpent's sting : his words are lies, his oaths perjuries, his studies subtilties, and his practices villainies ; his wealth is his wit, his honour is his wealth, his glory is his gain, and his god is his gold : he is no man's friend, and his own enemy ; cursed on earth, and banished from heaven : he was begotten ungraciously, born untimely, lives dishonestly, and dies shamefully : his heart is a puddle of poison, his tongue a sting of iniquity, his brain a distiller of deceit, and his conscience a compass of hell. In sum, he is a dog in disposition, a fox in wit, a wolf in his prey, and a devil in his pride.

## AN USURER.

AN usurer is a figure of misery, who hath made himself a slave to his money : his eye is closed from pity, and his hand from charity, his ear from compassion, and his heart from piety : while he lives he is the hate of a Christian, and when he dies he goes with horror to Hell : his study is sparing, and his care is getting, his fear is wanting, and his death is losing : his diet is either fasting or poor fare, his clothing the hangman's wardrobe, his house the receptacle of thievery, and his music the chinking of his money : he is a kind of canker, that, with the teeth of interest, eats the hearts of the poor, and a venomous fly, that sucks out the blood of any flesh

that he lights on. In sum; he is a servant of dross, a slave to misery, an agent for hell, and a devil in the world.

### A BEGGAR.

A BEGGAR is the child of idleness, whose life is a resolution of ease, his travel is most in the highways, and his rendezvous is commonly in an alehouse: his study is to counterfeit impotency, and his practice to cozen simplicity of charity; the juice of the malt is the liquor of his life, and at bed and at board a louse is his companion: he fears no such enemy as a constable, and being acquainted with the stocks, must visit them as he goes by them: he is a drone that feeds upon the labours of the bee, and unhappily begotten, that is born for no goodness: his staff and his scrip are his walking furniture, and what he lacks in meat he will have out in drink: he is a kind of caterpillar that spoils much good fruit, and an unprofitable creature to live in a commonwealth: he is seldom handsome, and often noisome, always troublesome, and never welcome: he prays for all, and preys upon all; begins with blessing, but ends often with cursing: if he have a licence he shews it with a grace, but if he have none, he is submissive to the ground: sometime he is a thief, but always a rogue, and in the nature of his profession the shame of humanity. In sum, he is commonly begot in a bush, born in a barn, lives in a highway, and dies in a ditch.

### A VIRGIN.

A VIRGIN is the beauty of nature, where the spirit gracious makes the creature glorious: she is the love of virtue, the honour of reason, the grace of youth, and the comfort of age: her study is:

holiness, her exercise goodness, her grace humility, and her love is charity: her countenance is modesty, her speech is truth, her wealth grace, and her fame constancy: her virtue continence, her labour patience, her diet abstinence, and her care conscience: her conversation heavenly, her meditations angel-like, her prayers devout, and her hopes divine: her parents' joy, her kindreds' honour, her country's fame, and her own felicity: she is the blessed of the highest, and the nearest to the best: she is of creatures the rarest, of women the chiefest, of nature the purest, and of wisdom the choicest: her life is a pilgrimage, her death but a passage, her description a wonder, and her name an honour. In sum, she is the daughter of glory, the mother of grace, the sister of love, and the beloved of life.

#### A WANTON WOMAN.

A WANTON woman is the figure of imperfection, in nature an ape, in quality a wagtail, in countenance a witch, and in condition a kind of devil: her beck is a net, her word a charm, her look an illusion, and her company a confusion: her life is the play of idleness, her diet the excess of dainties, her love the change of vanities, and her exercise the invention of follies: her pleasures are fancies, her studies fashions, her delight colours, and her wealth her clothes: her care is to deceive, her comfort her company, her house is vanity, and her bed is ruin, her discourses are fables, her vows dissimulations, her conceits subtilties, and her contents varieties: she would she knows not what, and spends she cares not what, she spoils she sees not what, and doth she thinks not what: she is youth's plague, and age's purgatory, time's abuse, and reason's trouble. In sum, she is a spice of madness, a spark of mischief, a touch of poison, and a fear of destruction.

## A QUIET WOMAN.

A QUIET woman is like a still wind, which neither chills the body, nor blows dust in the face: her patience is a virtue that wins the heart of love, and her wisdom makes her wit well worthy regard: she fears God and flieth sin, sheweth kindness and loveth peace: her tongue is tied to discretion, and her heart is the harbour of goodness: she is a comfort of calamity, and in prosperity a companion, a physician in sickness, and a musician in help: her ways are the walk toward Heaven, and her guide is the grace of the Almighty: she is her husband's down-bed, where his heart lies at rest, and her childrens' glass in the notes of her grace, her servants' honour in the keeping of her house, and her neighbour's example in the notes of a good nature: she scorns fortune, and loves virtue, and out of thrift gathereth charity: she is a turtle in her love, a lamb in her meekness, a saint in her heart, and an angel in her soul. In sum, she is a jewel unprizeable, and a joy unspeakable; a comfort in nature incomparable, and a wife in the world unmatched.

## AN UNQUIET WOMAN.

AN unquiet woman is the misery of man, whose demeanour is not to be described but in extremities: her voice is the shrieking of an owl, her eye the poison of a cockatrice, her hand the claw of a crocodile, and her heart a cabinet of horror: she is the grief of nature, the wound of wit, the trouble of reason, and the abuse of time: her pride is unsupportable, her anger unquenchable, her will unsatiable, and her malice unmatched: she fears no colours, she cares for no counsel, she spares no persons, nor respects any time: her command is *must*, her reason *will*, her resolution *shall*, and her

satisfaction so: she looks at no law, and thinks of no lord; admits no command, and keeps no good order: she is a cross, but not of Christ; and a word, but not of grace; a creature, but not of wisdom; and a servant, but not of God. In sum, she is the seed of trouble, the fruit of travail, the taste of bitterness, and the digestion of death.

### A GOOD WIFE.

A GOOD wife is a world of wealth, where just cause of content makes a kingdom in conceit: she is the eye of wariness, the tongue of silence, the hand of labour, and the heart of love: a companion of kindness, a mistress of passion, an exercise of patience, and an example of experience: she is the kitchen physician, the chamber comfort, the hall's care, and the parlour's grace; she is the dairy's neatness, the brew-house's wholesomeness, the garner's provision, and the garden's plantation: her voice is music, her countenance meekness, her mind virtuous, and her soul gracious: she is her husband's jewel, her childrens' joy, her neighbours' love, and her servants' honour: she is poverty's prayer, and charity's praise, religion's love, and devotion's zeal: she is a care of necessity, and a course of thrift, a book of housewifery, and a mirror of modesty. In sum, she is God's blessing, and man's happiness, earth's honour, and Heaven's creature.

### AN EFFEMINATE FOOL.

AN effeminate fool is the figure of a baby: he loves nothing but gay, to look in a glass, to keep among wenches, and to play with trifles: to feed on sweet meats, and to be danced in laps, to be embraced in arms, and to be kissed on the cheek: to talk jollily,



to look demurely, to go nicely, and to laugh continually: to be his mistress's servant, and her maid's master, his father's love, and his mother's non-child: to play on a fiddle, and sing a love song, to wear sweet gloves, and look on fine things: to make purposes, and write verses, devise riddles, and tell lies: to follow plays, and study dances, to hear news, and buy trifles: to sigh for love, and weep for kindness, and mourn for company, and be sick for fashion: to ride in a coach, and gallop a hackney, to watch all night, and sleep out the morning: to lie on a bed, and take tobacco, and to send his page of an idle message to his mistress: to go upon gigs, to have his ruffs set in print, to pick his teeth, to play with a puppet. In sum, he is a man-child, and a woman's man, a gaze of folly, and wisdom's grief.

#### A PARASITE.

A PARASITE is the image of iniquity, who for the gain of dross, is devoted to all villainy: he is a kind of thief in committing of burglary, when he breaks into houses with his tongue, and picks pockets with his flattery: his face is brazed that he cannot blush, and his hands are limed to catch hold what he can light on: his tongue is a bell (but not of the church, except it be the devil's) to call his parish to his service: he is sometimes a pander to carry messages of ill meetings, and perhaps hath some eloquence to persuade sweetness in sin: he is like a dog at a door, while the devils dance in the chamber, or like a spider in the house-top, that lives on the poison below: he is the hate of honesty, and the abuse of beauty, the spoil of youth, and the misery of age. In sum, he is a danger in a court, a cheater in a city, a jester in the country, and a jackanapes in all.

## A BAWD.

A BAWD is a kind of woman beast, who having lost the honour of her virginity in her youth, means to go to hell in her age: she is dangerous among young people, for fear of the infection of the falling sickness, and not to teach children to spell, lest she learn them too soon to put together: she is partly a surgeon, but most for the allaying of swellings in the lower parts, and hath commonly a charm to conjure the devil into hell: she grieves at nothing more than at disability to sin, and is never so merry as when she is persuaded to be young: she fears nothing more than the cart, and cares for nothing but ease, and loves a cup of sack and a pot of ale almost as well as the hope of her salutation: she is much subject to sore eyes and ill teeth with sitting up late, and feeding on sweet things: she is a gossip at a child-birth, where her mirth is a bawdy tale; and a matron in an hospital to see young wenches well set to work. In sum, she is the loathsomeness of nature, the hate of virtue, the spoil of wealth, and the ruin of maidenheads.

## A DRUNKARD.

A DRUNKARD is a noun adjective, for he cannot stand alone by himself: yet in his greatest weakness, a great trier of strength, whether health or sickness will have the upper hand in a surfeit: he is a spectacle of deformity, and a shame of humanity, a view of sin, and a grief of nature: he is the annoyance of modesty, and the trouble of civility, the spoil of wealth, and the spite of reason: he is only the brewer's agent, and the ale-house benefactor, the beggar's companion, and the constable's trouble: he is his wife's woe,

his children's sorrow, his neighbours' scoff, and his own shame. In sum, he is a tub of swill, a spirit of sleep, a picture of a beast, and a monster of a man.

#### A COWARD.

A COWARD is the child of fear: he was begotten in cold blood, when nature had much ado to make up a creature like a man: his life is a kind of sickness, which breeds a kind of palsy in the joints, and his death the terror of his conscience, with the extreme weakness of his faith: he loves peace as his life, for he fears a sword in his soul: if he cut his finger, he looketh presently for the sign, and if his head ache, he is ready to make his will: a report of a cannon strikes him flat on his face, and a clap of thunder makes him a strange *metamorphosis*: rather than he will fight he will be beaten, and if his legs will help him, he will put his arms to no trouble: he makes love commonly with his purse, and brags most of his maiden-head: he will not marry but into a quiet family, and not too fair a wife to avoid quarrels: if his wife frown upon him he sighs, and if she give him an unkind word he weeps: he loves not the horns of a bull, nor the paws of a bear; and if a dog bark he will not come near the house: if he be rich he is afraid of thieves, and if he be poor he will be slave to a beggar. In sum, he is the shame of manhood, the disgrace of nature, the scorn of reason, and the hate of honour.

#### AN HONEST POOR MAN.

AN honest poor man is the proof of misery, where patience is put to the trial of her strength to endure grief without passion, in starving with concealed necessity, or standing in the adventures of

charity: if he be married, want rings in his ears, and woe watereth his eyes: if single, he droopeth with the shame of beggary, or dies with the passion of penury: of the rich he is shunned like infection, and of the poor learns but a heart-breaking profession: his bed is the earth, and the heaven is his canopy, the sun is his summer's comfort, and the moon is his winter's candle: his sighs are the notes of his music, and his song is like the swan before her death: his study is patience, and his exercise prayer: his diet the herbs of the earth, and his drink the water of the river: his travel is the walk of the woeful, and his horse *Bayard* of ten toes: his apparel but the clothing of nakedness, and his wealth but the hope of heaven: he is a stranger in the world, for no man craves his acquaintance, and his funeral is without ceremony, when there is no mourning for the miss of him; yet may he be in the state of election, and in the life of love, and more rich in grace than the greatest of the world. In sum, he is the grief of nature, the sorrow of reason, the pity of wisdom, and the charge of charity.

#### A JUST MAN.

A JUST man is the child of truth, begotten by virtue and kindness, when nature, in the temper of the spirit, made even the balance of indifferency: his eye is clear from blindness, and his hand from bribery, his will from wilfulness, and his heart from wickedness: his word and deed are all one; his life shews the nature of his love, his care is the charge of his conscience, and his comfort the assurance of his salutation: in the seat of justice he is the grace of the law, and in the judgment of right the honour of reason: he fears not the power of authority to equal justice with mercy, and joys but in the judgment of grace to see the execution of justice: his judgment is worthy of honour, and his wisdom is

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## A YOUNG MAN.

A YOUNG man is the spring of time, when nature in her pride shews her beauty to the world. He is the delight of the eye, and the study of the mind, the labour of instruction, and the pupil of reason: his wit is in making or marring, his wealth in gaining or losing, his honour in advancing or declining, and his life in abridging or increasing: he is a bloom, that either is blasted in the bud, or grows to a good fruit, or a bird that dies in the nest, or lives to make use of her wings: he is a colt that must have a bridle, ere he be well managed, and a falcon that must be well maned, or he will never be reclaimed: he is the darling of nature, and the charge of reason, the exercise of patience, and the hope of charity: his exercise is either study or action, and his study either knowledge or pleasure: his disposition gives a great note of his generation, and yet his breeding may either better or worse him, though to wash a blackmoor white be the loss of labour, and what is bred in the bone will never out of the flesh. In sum, till experience have seasoned his understanding, he is rather a child than a man, a prey of flattery, or a praise of providence, in the way of grace to prove a saint, or in the way of sin to grow a devil.

## A HOLY MAN.

A HOLY man is the chiefest creature in the workmanship of the world. He is the highest in the election of love, and the nearest to the image of the human nature of his Maker. He is served of all the creatures in the earth, and created but for the service of his Creator: he is capable of the course of nature, and by the rule of observation finds the art of reason: his senses are

but servants to his spirit, which is guided by a power above himself: his time is only known to the eye of the Almighty, and what he is in his most greatness is as nothing but in his mercy: he makes law by the direction of life, and lives but in the mercy of love: he treads upon the face of the earth, till in the same substance he be trod upon, though his soul, that gave life to his senses, live in heaven till the resurrection of his flesh. He hath an eye to look upward towards grace, while labour is only the punishment of sin: his faith is the hand of his soul, which layeth hold on the promise of mercy: his patience the tenure of the possession of his soul, his charity the rule of his life, and his hope the anchor of his salvation. His study is the state of obedience, and his exercise the continuance of prayer; his life but a passage to a better, and his death the rest of his labours. His heart is a watch to his eye, his wit a door to his mouth, his soul a guard to his spirit, and his limbs but labourers for his body. In sum, he is ravished with divine love, hateful to the nature of sin, troubled with the vanities of the world, and longing for his joy but in heaven.

FINIS.



# **A R C H A I C A.**

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## **PART VII.**

**CONTAINING**

## **CHRIST'S TEARS OVER JERUSALEM.**

**BY THO. NASH.**





# CHRIST'S TEARS

OVER

## JERUSALEM:

WHEREUNTO IS ANNEXED

**A comparative Admonition to London.**

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A JOVE MUSA.

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*Thomas*  
**BY THO. NASH.**

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REPRINTED FROM THE EDITION OF 1613.

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LONDON:

*From the Private Press*

OF

LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN.

PRINTED BY T. DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

1815.



## Preface.

OF THOMAS NASH the noted controversialist, whose literary squabbles with *Gabriel Harvey*<sup>1</sup> are so full of bitter ribaldry, and whose apology for the character of his unhappy companion *Robert Greene* contains so many curious notices of the petty manners of the Metropolis, especially among hireling authors of his own time, much has been said in almost all the late publications which have any allusion to Elizabethan literature. The Editor thinks, therefore, that nothing less than novelty of material would justify an attempt to fill the pages of the present Preface with a Memoir of this author<sup>2</sup>.

Nash took his degree of A. B. at St. John's College, in Cambridge, in 1585.

It is said, that a life of extravagance and debauchery brought this imprudent man to extreme distress and misery. The present Tract was written, as he himself states, in his "Address to the Reader," in the sober hours of repentance, when experience and suffering taught him to look with horror on the madness of his former career. "Nothing is there now," says he, "so much in my

<sup>1</sup> See an account of Nash's *Have with you to Saffron-Walden*, 1596; and of Lichfield's *Trimming of Tom Nash*, 1597, in *RESTITUTA*, ii. 358, 367.

<sup>2</sup> See *Cens. Lit.* vii. 10, 152, 156, 169, 362. At p. 152 is reprinted Nash's Address to the Gentlemen Students of both Universities. This was prefixed to *R. Greene's Arcadia*, of which a reprint forms the *Second Part of ARCHAICA*.

vows as to be at peace with all men, and make submissive amends where I have most displeased. Many things have I vainly set forth, whereof now it repenteth me. Into some splenetic veins of wantonness heretofore have I foolishly relapsed, *to supply my private wants*: of them no less do I desire to be absolved than the rest; and to God and man do I promise an unfeigned conversion."

The principal interest which this Tract retains, is in the picture which it exhibits of London, about the close of the sixteenth century. The vices and follies of this Capital are painted in the most glowing colours. They are indeed so glaringly wrought, that a sober retrospect must pronounce them to be deformed by the most gross and tasteless exaggeration. A poetical picture on the same subject, drawn with happier skill, and in more affecting language, was exhibited in a dramatic piece of GREENE and LODGE, from which long extracts have been given at the commencement of the first volume of *Excerpta Tudoriana*, printed at the private press of Lee Priory.

There are, however, many curious passages in the present composition, which it is unnecessary to point out to the Reader. Among the rest, the paragraph at p. 135, beginning, "England, the Player's stage of gorgeous attire, the ape of all nations' superfluities, the continual masquer in outlandish habiliments, great plenty-scanting calamities art thou to await for wanton-disguising thyself against kind, and digressing from the plainness of thine ancestors:" and those passages which regard female luxury and dress, at p. 130, &c, beginning "First to Dinner," &c.

Nash's style, it must be confessed, is too often inflated and laboured; but does not appear, to the present Editor, to deserve

the unqualified stigma thrown upon it by Malone<sup>1</sup>. For here, as well as in his *Pierce Pennilesse*, there are exhibited many proofs of vigour, and even eloquence<sup>2</sup>.

A former Edition of this Tract was printed by *Andrew Wise*, in 1594, dedicated to the same "Lady Elizabeth Carie," with an addition which puts her identity out of all question, for it calls her, "wife to the thrice magnanimous and noble discended Knight, Sir George Carie, Knight-Marshall;" which Sir George succeeded to the Barony of Hunsdon, in 1596. This Lady was daughter to Sir John Spencer of Althorpe, and sister to Alice, Countess of Derby. To this Lady Carie, Spenser dedicates his *Muiopotmos*, and in that dedication speaks of *name and kindred* sake by *her* vouchsafed to *him*<sup>3</sup>.

Nash seems to have been fond of courting the patronage of this Lady's alliances. At the end of his *Pierce Pennilesse*<sup>4</sup> he panegyricizes her sister Alice's husband, the celebrated Ferdinand, Earl of Derby, whom he calls "*Jove's* Ganimed, thrice-noble *AMYNTAS*<sup>5</sup>." "Here, heavenly SPENSER," says he, "I am most highly to accuse thee of forgetfulness, that in that honourable catalogue of our English heroes, which insueth the conclusion of thy famous *Fairy Queen*, thou wouldst let so special a pillar of nobility pass unsaluted. The very thought of his derived descent, and extraordinary parts, wherewith he astonisheth the world, and draws all

<sup>1</sup> See Art. NASH, in *Theatr. Poet. Angl.* 1800.

<sup>2</sup> See Cens. Lit. ii. 236, 237, 311.

<sup>3</sup> See Cens. Lit. i. 153, 154.

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Gilchrist has lately announced a reprint of *Pierce Pennilesse*.

<sup>5</sup> See Todd's Spenser, I. Life, xl.

hearts to his love, would have inspired thy forewearied pace with new fury to proceed to the next triumphs of the stately goddess: but as I, in favour of so rare a scholar, suppose, with this counsel he refrained his mention in this first part, that he might with full sail proceed to his due commendations in the second. Of this occasion long since I happened to frame a SONNET, which being wholly intended to the reverence of this renowned lord, (to whom I owe all the utmost powers of my love and duty) I meant here for variety of style to insert.

## SONNET.

Perusing yesternight, with idle eyes,  
 The FAIRY SINGER's stately-tuned verse,  
 And viewing, after chapmen's wonted guise,  
 What strange contents the title did rehearse,  
 I straight leap'd over to the latter end,  
 Where, like the quaint comedians of our time,  
 That, when their play is done, do fall to rhyme,  
 I found short lines to sundry nobles pen'd,  
 Whom he, as special mirrors, singled forth,  
 To be the patrons of his poetry.  
 I read them all, and reverenc'd their worth;  
 Yet wonder'd he left out thy memory;  
 But therefore guess'd I, he suppress'd thy name,  
 Because few words might not comprise thy fame.

Nash also dedicated the scarcest of his tracts to the same family. It is entitled "*The Terrors of the Night; or a Discourse of Apparitions. Post tenebras dies. London, Printed by John Danter, for Wm. Jones. 1594. 4to.*" Of this work says Todd, "no other copy at present is known to exist, except that which belonged to the late Duke of Bridgewater, and now belongs to the Marquis of Staf-

ford<sup>1</sup>." The dedication is "To the new-kindled clear Lampe of Virginitie, and the excellent adored high wonder of sharpe wit and sweet beauty, Mistres Elizabeth Carey, sole daughter and heire to the thrise noble and learned Sir George Carey, Knight Marshal." It speaks of her mother, as having "into the Muses' society herself lately adopted, and purchased divine Petrarch another monument in England." This daughter married Sir Thomas Berkeley, son and heir of Henry Lord Berkeley<sup>2</sup>.

In the *Pierce Pennilesse* already mentioned are those lines of Nash, so often quoted, descriptive of his despair, under poverty and neglect, after having "tired his youth with folly, and surfeited his mind with vanity."

Why is't damnation to despair and die,  
When life is my true happiness' disease?  
My soul, my soul! thy safety makes me fly  
The faulty means, that might my pain appease!  
Divines and dying men may talk of hell;  
But in my heart her several torments dwell.

Ah, worthless wit, to train me to this woe!  
Deceitful Arts, that nourish discontent!  
Ill thrive the Folly that bewitch'd me so:  
Vain thoughts, adieu! for now I will repent.  
And yet my wants persuade me to proceed;  
Since none takes pity of a scholar's need.

Forgive me, God, although I curse my birth;  
And ban the air, wherein I breathe a wretch;  
Since Misery hath daunted all my mirth,  
And I am quite undone through promise-breach.  
O friends, no friends, that then ungently frown,  
When changing Fortune casts us headlong down.

<sup>1</sup> Todd's Spenser, I. Life, lxxiv.

<sup>2</sup> See Memoirs of K. James's Peers.



Without redress complains my ceaseless verse,  
 And Midas' ears relent not at my moan :  
 In some far land will I my griefs rehearse,  
 'Mongst them, that will be mov'd, when I shall groan.  
 England, adieu, the soil that brought me forth!  
 Adieu, unkind, where skill is nothing worth!

“These rhymes thus abruptly set down, I tost my imagination a thousand ways, to see if I could find any means to relieye my estate. But all my thoughts consorted to this conclusion, that the world was uncharitable, and I ordained to be miserable. Thereby I grew to consider how many base men, that wanted those parts which I had, enjoyed content at will, and had wealth at command : I called to mind a cobbler that was worth 500l.: an hostler, that had built a goodly inn, and might dispend 40l. yearly by his land ; a carman, in a leather pilch, that had whipped out 1000l. of his horse's tail! And have I more wit than all these, thought I to myself? Am I better born? Am I better brought up? Yea; and better favoured; and yet am I a beggar! What is the cause? How am I crost? Or whence is this curse?” &c.

Perhaps there is no class of men more likely to fall into poverty than authors; and none whose natures and habits render them less patient of poverty. The fate of Nash, and Greene, and Savage, and Chatterton, and many others, always fills me with horror.

The lot of Gabriel Harvey seems to have been cast under luckier stars. He survived till 1630<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> See *Restituta*, iii. 215.

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In the selection of pieces for insertion in *ARCHAICA*, the impossibility of satisfying every various taste of those, who pursue the study of old English literature, is too obvious. He, who possesses an old edition of any piece here reprinted, is little gratified by the appearance of a new one. But against judgments thus biassed a strong protest may fairly be made. The cause of literary antiquities must be regarded, not as it affects the interest or vanity of mere Collectors, but as it furnishes materials for enlarging and correcting the minds of the scholar and the philosopher. These are men, to whom the works they require, must be more easily accessible than to those, whose leisure and whose purses enable them to be vigilant in seizing the first offerings of catalogues, or to be unrivalled and resistless in the triumphs of the auction-room : men, who value books for their contents, and not for their rarity ; and who do not think the worse of those contents, because they are conveyed through the splendid improvements of modern typography. Hitherto the prose works of Robert Greene, Gabriel Harvey, Tom Nash, Robert Southwell, Nicholas Breton, R. Brathwayte, and others, had been out of the reach of all but two or three possessors of curious libraries, and the few friends who had access to them. In future their very combination and bulk will preserve them as an ornament to every well-furnished English library : and studious men will hereafter have no difficulty in knowing where to find them.

*London, June 27, 1815.*



# CHRIST'S TEARS

OVER

## JERUSALEM.

WHEREUNTO IS ANNEXED

**A comparative Admonition to London.**

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A JOVE MUSA.

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BY THO. NASH.

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LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR THOMAS THORP.  
1618

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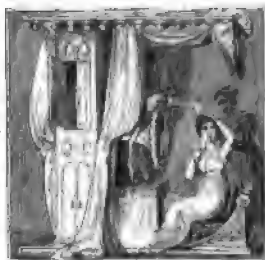
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TO  
THE MOST HONOURED,  
AND VIRTUOUS BEAUTIFIED LADY,  
**THE LADY ELIZABETH CAREY.**

---



XCELLENT accomplished court-glorifying lady! give me leave with the sportive sea-porpoises preludiatly to play a little before the storm of my tears, to make my prayer ere I proceed to my sacrifice. Lo, for an oblation to the rich burnished shrine of your virtue! a handful of Jerusalem's mumm~~manized~~<sup>1</sup> earth (in a few sheets of waste paper in-wrapped), I here, humiliate, offer up at your feet. More embellished should my present be, were my ability more abundant. Your illustre Ladyship, ere this, I am persuaded, hath beheld a bad flourish with a text pen; all my performance herein is no better. I doubt you will condemn it for worse. Wit, hath his dregs as well as wine, divinity his dross. Expect some tars in the Treatise of Tears. Far unable are my dim osprey eyes to look clearly against the sun of God's truth. An easy matter is it for any man to cut me, like a diamond, with mine own dust.

A young imperfect practitioner am I in Christ's school; Christ accepteth the will for the deed: weak are my deeds, great is my

<sup>1</sup> Sic. in Orig.

will. O that our deeds only should be seen, and our will die invisible! Long hath my intended will, renowned Madam, been addressed to adore you: but words to that my resolved will were negligent servants. My woe-infirm wit conspired against me with my fortune; my impotent care-crazed style cast off his light wings, and betook him to wooden stilts; all agility it forgot, and graveled itself in gross-brained formality. Now a little is it revived, but not so revived that it hath utterly shook off his dank upper mourning garment. Were it effectually recured, in my soul-infused lines I would shew that I perfectly lived, and in them your praises should live: whereas now only amongst the dead I live in them, and they dead all those that look upon them. That which my tear-stubbed pen, in this theological subject, hath attempted, is no more but the coarse-spun web of discontent: a quintessence of holy complaint, extracted out of my true cause of condolment.

Peruse it, judicial Madam, and something in it shall you find that may pierce. The world hath crowned you for religion, piety, bountihood, modesty, and sobriety; (rare endowments in these retchless days of security.) Divers well-deserving poets have consecrated their endeavours to your praise. Fame's eldest favourite, Master Spenser, in all his writings high prizeth you. To the eternizing of the heroical family of the CAREYS my choicest studies have I tasked: than you that high-allied house hath not a more dear adopted ornament. To the supportive perpetuating of your canonized reputation wholly this book have I destined; vouchsafe it benign hospitality in your closet, with slight interview at idle hours; and more polished labours of mine, ere long, shall salute you. Some complete history I will shortly go through with,

wherein your perfections shall be the chief argument. To none of all those majestical wit-forestalling worthies of your sex myself do I apply, but you alone: the cunning courtship of fair words can never overwork me to cast away honour on any. I hate those female braggarts, that contend to have all the Muses beg at their doors; and with doves delight evermore to look themselves in the glass of vain glory, yet by their sides wear continually Barbary purses, which never ope to any but pedantical parasites.

Divine Lady! you I must and will memorize more especially, for you recompense learning extraordinarily. Pardon my presumption, lend patience to my prolixity, and if any thing in all please, think it was compiled to please you. This I vouch, no line of it was laid down, without awful looking back to your frown. To write in divinity I would not have adventured, if ought else might have consorted with the regenerate gravity of your judgment. Your thoughts are all holy, holy is your life; in your heart lives no delight but of heaven. Far be it I should proffer to unhallow them with any profane papers of mine. The care I have to work your holy content, I hope God hath ordained, to call me home sooner unto him.

Varro saith, the philosophers held two hundred and eight opinions of felicity: two hundred and eight felicities to me shall it be, if I have framed any one line to your liking. Most resplendent Lady, encourage me, favour me, countenance me in this, and something ere long I will aspire to beyond the common mediocrity.

Your admired Ladyship's most devoted,

THO. NASH.





## TO THE READER.

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*IL nisi flet libet: Gentles, here is no joyful subject towards; if you will weep, so it is. I have nothing to spend on you but passion. A hundred unfortunate farewels to fantastical Satirism. In those veins heretofore have I mis-spent my spirit, and prodigally conspired against good hours. Nothing is there now so much in my vows, as to be at peace with all men, and make submissive amends where I have most displeased.*

*As the title of this book is CHRIST'S TEARS, so be this epistle the tears of my pen. Many things have I vainly set forth, whereof now it repenteth me. St. Augustine writ a whole book of his Retractations. Nothing so much do I retract, as that wherein soever I have scandalized the meanest. Into some splenitive veins of wantonness heretofore have I foolishly relapsed, to supply my private wants: of them no less do I desire to be absolved than the rest, and to God and man do I promise an unfeigned conversion.*

*To a little more wit have my increasing years reclaimed me than I had before. Those that have been perverted by any of my works, let*

*them read this, and it shall thrice more benefit them. The autumn I imitate, in shedding my leaves with the trees, and so doth the peacock shed his tail. Buy who list, condemn who list, I leave every reader his free liberty. If the best sort of men I content, I am satisfiedly successful. Farewel all those that wish me well, others wish I more wit to.*

**THO. NASH.**

# CHRIST'S TEARS

OVER

## JERUSALEM.

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SINCE these be the days of dolor and heaviness, wherein (as holy David saith) "The Lord is known by executing judgment<sup>1</sup>," and the axe of his anger is put to the root of the tree, and his fan is in his hand to purge his floor, I suppose it shall not be amiss to write something of mourning, for London to hearken counsel of her great-grandmother Jerusalem.

Omnipotent Saviour, it is thy tears I intend to write of, those affectionate tears which, in the 23d and 24th of Matthew, thou weepest over Jerusalem and her temple. Be present with me, I beseech thee, personating the passion of thy love. O dew thy spirit plentifully into my ink, and let some part of thy divine dreariment live again in mine eyes. Teach me how to weep as thou weepest, and rent my heart in twain with the extremity of ruth. I hate in thy name to speak coldly to a quick-witted generation. Rather let my brains melt all to ink, and the floods of affliction drive out mine eyes before them, than I should be dull and leaden in describing the dolor of thy love.

Far be from me any ambitious hope of the vain merit of art;

<sup>1</sup> Psal. ix. 16. Mat. 3.

may that living vehemence I use in lament, only proceed from a heaven-bred hatred of uncleanness and corruption! Mine own wit I clean disinherit, the fiery cloven-tongued inspiration be my muse. Lend my words the forcible wings of the lightnings, that they may pierce unawares into the marrow and reins of my readers. New mint my mind to the likeness of thy lowliness; file away the superfluous affectation of my profane puffed-up phrase, that I may be thy pure simple orator. "I am a child," as thy holy Jeremiah said, "and know not how to speak<sup>1</sup>:" yet, *omnia possum in eo qui me confortat*; I can do all things through the help of him that strengtheneth me. The tongues of infants it is thou that makest eloquent, and teachest the heart understanding. Grant me (that am a babe and an infant in the mysteries of divinity), the gracious favour to suck at the breasts of thy sacred revelation, to utter something that may move secure England to true sorrow and contrition. All the powers of my soul, assembled in their perfect array, shall stand waiting on thy incomprehensible wisdom for arguments, as poor young birds stand attending on their dam's bill for sustenance. Now help, now direct; for now I transform myself from myself, to be thy unworthy speaker to the world.

It is not unknown by how many and sundry ways God spake by visions, dreams, prophecies, and wonders, to his chosen Jerusalem, only to move his chosen Jerusalem wholly to cleave unto him. Visions, dreams, prophecies, and wonders, were in vain: this gorgeous strumpet Jerusalem too, too much presuming of the promises of old, went a whoring after her own inventions. She thought the Lord unseparately tied to his temple, and that he could never be divorced from the ark of his covenant; that having bound himself with an oath to Abraham, he could not (though he would) remove the law out of Judah, or his judgment seat from Mount Silo. They erred most temptingly and contemptuously; for God even of stones

<sup>1</sup> Jer. 1. + Phil. 4. + Wisd. 10.

(as Christ told them afterward) was able to raise up children to Abraham. But what course took the high Father of Heaven and Earth, after he had unfruitfully practised all these means of visions, dreams, wonders, and prophecies? There is a parable in the 21st of Matthew, of a certain householder that planted a vineyard, hedged it round about, made a wine-press therein, and built a tower, and let it out to husbandmen, and went into a strange country. When the time of the fruit drew near, he sent his servants to the husbandmen to receive the increase thereof. The husbandmen made no more ado, but (his servants coming) beat one, killed another, and stoned the third. Again he sent other servants, more than the first, and they did the like unto them. Last of all, he sent his own son, saying, They will reverence my son: but they handled him far worse than the former.

The householder that planted the vineyard and hedged it round about, was Israel's merciful Jehovah, who in Israel planted his church, or his wine-press; made it a people of no people, and a nation beyond expectation. Long did he bless them, and multiply their seed on the face of the earth, as the sand of the sea, or the stars of heaven: from all their enemies he delivered them, and brought their name to be a by-word of terror to the kingdoms round about them; their rivers overflowed with milk and honey, their garners were filled to the brim: every man had well-springs of oil and wine in his house, and, finally, there was no complaint heard in their streets.

The time of fruit drew near, wherein much was to be required of them to whom much was given: he sent his servants, the prophets, to demand his rent, or tribute of thanksgiving, at their hands. Some of them they beat, others they killed, others they stoned, and this was all the thanksgiving they returned. And then he sent other prophets or servants more than the first, and they did the like unto them: yet could not all this cause him proceed

rashly unto revenge. "The Lord is a God of long patience and suffering:" nor will he draw out his sword unadvisedly in his indignation. Still did he love them, because once he had loved them; and the more their ingratitude was, the more his grace abounded. He neglected the death of his servants, in comparison of salvation of them he accounted his sons. He excused them himself unto himself, and said: "Peradventure they took not these my servants I sent for my servants; but for seducers and deceivers, and thereupon entreated them so uncourteously: I will send my only natural Son to them, whom they (being my adopted sons) cannot choose but reverence and listen to. This his natural Son was Christ Jesus, whom he sent from heaven to persuade with these husbandmen. He sent him not with a strong power of angels, to punish their pride and ingratitude, as he might. He sent him not royally trained and accompanied like an ambassador of his greatness, nor gave he him any commission to expostulate proudly of injuries, but to deal humbly and meekly with them, and not to constrain but to entreat them. He sent his own only Son alone, like a sheep to the slaughter, or as a lamb should be made a legatè to the wolves. When he came on earth, what was his behaviour? Did he first shew himself to the chief of the husbandmen, the Scribes and Pharisees? Did he take up any stately lodging according to his degree? Was he sumptuous in his attire, prodigal in his fare, or haughty in his looks, as ambassadors wont to be? None of these: instead of the Scribes and Pharisees, he first disclosed himself to poor fishermen; for his stately lodging he took up a crib or a manger, and afterwards the house of a carpenter; his attire was as mean as might be, his fare ordinary, his looks lowly. He kept company with publicans and sinners, the very outcast of the people; yet in their company was he not idle, but made all he spake or did preparatives to his embassy.

... If any nobleman (though never so highly descended) should

come alone to a king or queen in embassy, without pomp, without followers, or the apparel of his state, who would receive him, who would credit him, who would not scorn him? It was necessary that Christ (coming thus alone from the High Commander of all Sovereignities, the controller of all Principalities and Powers) should have some apparent testimony of his excellency. According to the vanity of man, he thought it not meet to place his magnificence in earthly boast, as in the pride of shame, which is apparel, or in the multitude of men after him; for so met wicked Esau his brother Jacob: but in working miracles above the imagination of man, and in preaching the gospel with power and authority, whereby, after he had thoroughly confirmed himself to be the owner of the vineyard's true Son, and that these ill husbandmen, the Jews, should have no credible or truth-like exception left them (that they took him for a counterfeit or colourable practiser), he went into their chief assemblies, and there (to the high-priests and heads of their synagogues) freely delivered his message, declared from whence he came, gently expostulated their ill dealing, desired them to have care of themselves; told them the danger of their obstinacy, and moved them, with many fair promises, to repent and be converted. All this prevailed not: they set him at nought, as they rejected his Father's other servants, the prophets; wherefore his last refuge was, to deal plainly with them, and explain to the full what plagues and wars were entering in at their gates, for their disloyalty and doggedness. In the 11th of Matthew he pronounceth grievous woes to Corazin and Bethsaida; in divers other places he intermixeth curses with blessings, tempers oil with vinegar, tears with threats; denounceth sighing, and in his sighs well near swooneth, even as a father constrained to give sentence on his own son. In the 13th of Luke he telleth how often he had been an intercessor for the reprieve of their punishment. The husbandman, which is my father (saith he) hath come many years together



to a fig-tree in his vineyard, to demand fruit of it, and found none. What hath hindered him from cutting it down but I, who have took upon me to be the dresser of the vineyard, and desired him to spare it this year, and I would prune it, dung it, and dig round about it; and then if it brought not forth fruit, let him deal with it as he pleased. Almost this thirty years have I pruned it, dunged it, digged round about it; that is, reprov'd, preach'd, exhort'd, with all the wooing words I could, endeavouring to mollify, melt, and pierce your hearts, yet all will not serve; my prayers and my pains, instead of bringing forth repentance in you, bring forth repentance in myself.

As I said before, no remedy, or sign of any breath of hope, was left in their commonwealth's sin-surfeited body, but the malady of their incredulity overmaster'd heavenly physic. To desperate diseases must desperate medicines be applied. When neither the white flag or the red, which Tamerlane advanced at the siege of any city, would be accepted of, the black flag was set up, which signified there was no mercy to be looked for; and that the misery marching towards them was so great, that their enemy himself, which was to execute it, mourn'd for it. Christ having offer'd the Jews the white flag of forgiveness and remission, and the red flag of shedding his blood for them, when these two might not take effect, nor work any yielding remorse in them, the black flag of confusion and desolation was to succeed for the object of their obduration.

This black flag is waved or displayed in the 23d of Matthew, where, directing his speech to his disciples and the multitude, against the Scribes and Pharisees that were the princes of the people, he first urgeth the infamous disagreement of their lives and their doctrines, which, that it should breed no scandalous back-sliding in the hearts of his hearers, he inserteth this caution: Do as they say, not as they do. And to like effect saith St. Augustine:

*Sermo Dei proferat eum peccator, proferat eum justus, sermo Dei est, inculpabilis est*<sup>1</sup>. The word of God, be it preached by hypocrite or saint, is the word of God, and not to be despised or disannulled. Next this, he pronounceth eight terrible woes against them, for their eight-fold hypocrisy and blindness. Besides other fearful conminations, wherein he threatens, that all the righteous blood which was shed from the time of Abel the righteous, unto the blood of Zacharias, the son of Barrachias, that was slain betwixt the temple and the altar, should come upon them, should call and exclaim on their souls for vengeance, stain the sky with cloddered exhalations, interrupt the sun in his course, and make it stick fast in the congealed mud of gory clouds; yea, dim and overcast God sitting in his throne, till he had took some astonishing satisfaction for it.

Then on the sudden starting back, as over-examining the words he had said, and condemning himself (in his thought) for being so bitter, he presently weepeth, and excuseth it in these terms, that it was not his fault, but theirs. “O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee;” that is, which are guilty of all the accusations my Father till this time would not in pity lay against thee; yea, feared to be cruel in once suspecting of thee, though now they are proved, “How often would I have gathered thy children together, as the hen gathereth her chickens together under her wings, and ye would not?” How often would I have revoked, reduced, and brought you into the right way, but you would not? therefore your habitation shall be left desolate. So that in these words most evidently you see he cleareth himself, and leaveth them unexcusable.

The more to penetrate and inforce, let us suppose Christ in a continued oration thus pleading with them.

<sup>1</sup> August. tom. 10. hom. 5.

Jerusalem, the daughter of my people, I am sore vexed and compassionate for thee; Jerusalem, the midst of the earth, the mother of us all, in the midst of whom I have brought my salvation; Jerusalem, that for all the good seed I have sown in thee, affordest nothing but stones to throw at my prophets, thou that slayest whom I send to save thee, and imprisonest any man that wisheth thy peace; thy sins are so great, that when I look on thee mine eyes can scarce persuade me that thou standest, but that thou art sunk down like Sodom, and entombed in ashes like Gomorrah. O let me pity thee, for I love thee impatiently. A thousand shapes of thy confusion muster before mine eyes; and the pains on the cross I am to sustain cannot be so great pains unto me, as to think on the ruin and massacre that is already travelling towards thee. Famine, the sword, and the pestilence, have all three sworn and conspired against thee. Thou (one poor city) by these three unrelenting enemies shalt be overcome. *Ehü, quantus equis, quantus viris adest sudor?* Alas, what huge sweat and toil is at hand for horse and man!

Here do I weep in vain, for no man regardeth me, no man waileth with me. Here do I prophesy, that my weeping in vain shall be the cause of a hundred thousand fathers and mothers weeping in vain. O that I did weep in vain, that your defilements and pollutions gave me no true cause of deplorement. Often wished I that I might have said to mine eyes and ears they lied, when they have told me what they have seen and heard of thy treasons. I wished that I might be as wretched as the damned, so my senses therein were deceived; I am not deceived, 'tis thou that deceivest thy Saviour, and deceivest thyself to cleave unto Satan.

Satan, refrain thine odious embraces, the bosom of Jerusalem is mine; touch not the body contracted to me. *Improbe tolle manus, quam tangis nostra futura est.* She will touch him, he stretcheth not out his hand to her, but she breaketh violently from

me to run ravishedly into his rugged arms. Alas! the one-half of my soul, why wilt thou backslide thus? I love, and can have no love again: I love thee for thy good, thou lovest him that flatters thee for thy hurt. What less thing than to believe and be saved? How canst thou believe and wilt not hear? Thy prayers are frivolous unto God, if thou deniest to hear God: he must first hear God, that will be heard of God. I have heard quietly all thy upbraidings, reproofs, and derisions; as when thou saidst I was a drunkard, and possessed with a devil; that I cast out devils by the power of Beelzebub, the prince of the devils; that I blasphemed, was mad, and knew not what I spake; nor was I any more offended with these contumelies, than when thou calledst me the son of a carpenter. If I give ear to all your bitterness, will not you vouchsafe me a little audience when I bless you?

O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! that stonest and astoniest thy prophets with thy perverseness, that lendest stony ears to thy teachers, and with thine iron breast drawest unto thee nothing but the adamant of God's anger, what shall I do to mollify thee? The rain mollifieth hard stones; O that the stormy tempest of my tears might soften thy stony heart! Were it not harder than stone, sure ere this I had broken and bruised it with the often beating of my exhortations upon it.

Moses struck the rock and water gushed out of it; I (that am greater than Moses) have stricken you with threats, and you have not mourned. O, ye heavens, be amazed at this, be afraid and utterly confounded! my people have drunk out of a rock in the wilderness, and ever since had rocky hearts. Yet will the rocks tremble when my thunder falls upon them. The mason with the axe hews and carves them at his pleasure. All the thunder of judgments which I spend on this stony Jerusalem cannot make her to tremble or refrain from stoning my prophets. Should I rain stones upon her, with them she would arm herself against my holy

ones. Little doth she consider that all my prophets are ambassadors, and the wronging of an ambassador amongst mortal men is the breaking of the law of nations; which breach or wrong, no king or monarch but (at his coronation) is sworn to revenge. If earthly kings revenge any little wrong done to their ambassadors, how much more shall the King of all Kings revenge the death and slaughterdom of his ambassadors? The angels in heaven, as they are the Lord's ambassadors, (in regard of their own safety) would prosecute it, though he should overslip it. The devil, that useth daily to solicit the murderer's own conscience for vengeance against himself, will he spare to put the Lord in mind of his ancient decree: "A murderer shall not live." God said unto Cain, "The voice of thy brother Abel's blood crieth to me out of the earth;" that is, not only Abel's own blood, but the blood of all the sons that were to issue from his loins, cry unto me out of the earth. It is said in the 6th of Genesis, "whosoever shall shed human blood, his blood shall be shed likewise: eye for eye, and tooth for tooth." Much more life for life shall be repaid; and this equity or amends the veriest beggar or contemptiblest creature on the earth (cut off before his time) shall be sure to have. If I do them right, that in their own enmities lavish their lives, shall I let their blood be trodden to dirt under foot, and be blown back by the winds into the crannies of the earth, (when it offers to sprinkle up to heaven) who in my service spend their lives. At my head Jerusalem threw stones, when she stoned my heralds. Who stabbeth or defaceth the picture of a king, but would do the like to the king himself, if he might do it as conveniently. Every prophet or messenger from the Lord representeth the person of the Lord, as a herald representeth his king's person, and is the right picture of his royalty.

O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! what thou hast done to the least of my prophets, thou hast done unto me likewise: my prophets thou hast stoned, me likewise thou hast stoned, and withstood.

The very stones in the street shall rise up in judgment against thee.

By the old law, he that had blasphemed, reviled his parents, or committed adultery, was stoned to death by the prophets and elders; thou hast blasphemed, reviled thy (spiritual) parents, committed adultery with thine own abominations, and lo, contrariwise, thine elders and prophets thou stonest to death! Can I see this and not rise up in wrath against thee? For this shalt thou grind the stones in the mill with Samson, and whet thy teeth upon the stones for hunger; and if thou askest any man bread, he shall give thee stones to eat. The dogs shall lick thy blood on the stones like Jezabel's; and not a stone be found to cover thee when thou art dead. One stone of thy temple shall not be left upon another that shall not be thrown down. The stone which thy foolish builders refused, shall be made the head-stone of the corner. Your hearts (which are temples of stone) I will forswear for ever to dwell in. There shall be no David any more amongst you, that with a stone, sent out of a sling, shall strike the chief champion of the Philistines in the forehead. And, finally, you shall worship stocks and stones, for I will be no longer your God. O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem! all this shall betide thee, because "thou stonest the prophets, and killest them that are sent unto thee."

"The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge:" your fathers took hard courses against the prophets, "killed those I sent unto them;" and if you had no other crime, but that you are the sons of them that killed the prophets, it were too too sufficient for your subversion: but you yourselves "have stoned the prophets, and killed those I sent unto you;" not only you yourselves, but your sons (for this), shall be put to the edge of the sword.

"The blood-thirsty and deceitful man shall not live out half his days. Who strikes with the sword, shall perish with the sword.

He that but hateth his brother is a homicide." What is he, then, that slayeth his brother? Nay more, what is he that slayeth God's brother? Not one that believeth in me, and doth my will, but is my brother and sister. In slaying them that are sent to declare the will of God, you resist the will of God, and are guilty of all their damnations which are yet unconverted, whom living their preaching might have reduced. The violating of any of the commandments is death; "Thou shalt not kill," is one of the principal commandments: your fault at the first sight deserveth hell-fire. What do you but proclaim open war against heaven, when you destroy or overthrow any of the temples of the Holy Ghost? (which are men's bodies.) They are the tabernacles which the Lord hath chosen (by his Spirit) to dwell in. But the bodies of my saints and prophets (which you slay and stone) are no trivial ordinary tabernacles, such as Peter, my disciple, would have had me to make in the wilderness, for Moses, Elias, and myself; but tabernacles like the tabernacle at Jerusalem, where I have ordained my name to be worshipped. Their words, as my words, I will have worshipped: their heads are the mounts from whence I speak to you in a holy flame, as to your forefathers wandering in the desert.

I have told you heretofore they are "the salt of the earth," with whose prayers and supplications, if this mass of sin were not seasoned, it would savour so detestably in God's nostrils he were never able to endure it. "They are the eyes and the light of the world:" if the eye lose his light, all the whole body is blind, and hence it came that they were surnamed Seers, for they only foresaw, prayed, and provided for the people. I tell you plainly, if it were possible for you to pluck the sun out of heaven, and you should do it, and so consequently leave all the world in darkness, you should not be liable to so much blame as you now are, "in killing them I send unto you." They are your Seers, your Pro-

phets, (your chief eyes), which you have slain, destroyed, and put out.

Was Cain a vagabond on the face of the earth for killing but one Abel? Ten thousand just Abels have you slain, that were more near, and ought to have been more dear to you than brothers, and shall I not destitute your habitations for it, and scatter you as vagabonds throughout the empires of the world? As you have made no conscience to "stone my prophets, and slay them I sent unto you," so shall the strange lords that lead you captive, and they amongst whom many hundred years you shall sojourn, make no conscience to cut your throats for your treasure, and give a hundred of you together to their fencers and executioners to try their weapons on for a wager, and win mysteries with deep wounding you. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! deep woes and calamities hast thou incurred, "in stoning my prophets, and slaying them I sent unto thee." How often would I have gathered thy children together when they went astray? How often would I have brought them home into the true sheepfold when I met them straying? I came into the world to no other end but to gather together the lost sheep of Israel. You are the flock and sheep of my pasture; when I would have gathered you together, you would not hear my voice, but hardened your hearts. You gather yourselves in counsel against me, every time I seek to call you or to gather you. Deny, if you can, that I sent not my prophets (in all ages) to gather you; that with my rod and my staff of correction, I have not sought (from time to time) to gather you? that by benefits and manifold good turns, I have not tried (all I might) to tie you, or gather you unto me. Lastly, that in mine own person I have not practised a thousand ways to gather you to repentance and amendment of life? If you should deny it, and I not contradict it, the devil, my utterest enemy, would confirm it.

Let me speak truly and not vauntingly (although it be lawful



to boast in goodness), such hath always been my care to gather you, that I thought it not enough to gather myself, but I have prayed to my Father to join more labours and gatherers with me, to reap and gather in his harvest. How often have I gathered the multitude together, and spoke unto them? When the people were flocked or gathered unto me out of all cities, and had nothing to eat, I fed them miraculously with five barley loaves and two fishes. I would not have shewed the wonders of my God-head, but to gather you together. The first gathering that I made was of poor sea-faring men, whom I have preferred to be mine apostles.

Would you have been gathered together when I would have had you, you had gathered to yourselves the kingdom of heaven, and all the riches thereof. Now, what have you gathered to yourselves, but ten thousand testimonies in the Son of God's testimony, that he desired and besought you to suffer yourselves to be gathered by him, and you would not? Soldiers that fight scatteringly, and do not gather themselves in rank or battle array, shall never win the day. If you knew how strong and full of stratagems the devil were, with how many legions of lustful desires he cometh embattled against you, what secret ambushes of temptations he hath laid to intrap you, then would you gather yourselves into one body to resist him; then would you gather yourselves together in prayer to withstand him; then would you gather for the poor, which is, to gather for soldiers to fight against him. *Eleemosyna a morte liberat, et non patitur hominem ire in tenebras*<sup>1</sup>. Alms deeds deliver a man from death, and keepeth his soul from seeing confusion. As water quencheth fire (saith the wise man), so almsgiving resisteth sin. And if it resisteth sin, it resisteth the devil, which is the father of sin.

All my Father's angels stand gathered together about his

<sup>1</sup> Tob. 4. 10.

throne ; no bread is made but of grains of corn gathered together ; no building is raised but of a number of stones glued and gathered together. There is no perfect society or city but of a number of men gathered together. Geese (which are the simplest of all fowls) gather themselves together, go together, fly together. Bees in one hive hold their consistory together. The stars in heaven do shine together. What is a man, if the parts of his body be disparted, and not incorporated and essentiate together? What is the sea but an assembly or gathering together of waters ; and so the earth, a congestion or heaping up of gross matter together? A wood or forest, but an host of trees encamped together? A general counsel or parliament, but a congregation or gathering together of special wise men, to consult about religion or laws? "O what a good thing is it," saith David, "for brethren to live or be gathered together in unity."

If there were no other thing to ratify the excellence of it, but the evil of his diameter opposite, which is division or detraction, it were infinitely ample to establish the title of his dignity. Nor David, nor all the evils of division, nor all the instances of angels, bread, buildings, societies, geese, bees, stars, men, seas, councils, parliaments, may conform these ungracious degenerates. They will not only not gather themselves into order (which I their captain might exact at their hands) but scorn to be directed, mustered, and gathered by me, when, with the mildest discipline, I offer to marshal them. Sorry I am, Jerusalem, that my kindness and conversing with thee, hath left thee without any cloak or cloud of defence.

It shall not be laid to thy charge, that thou wert ignorant and foolish, and knowest not how to gather thyself into my family or household, the church ; but that when thou mightest have been gathered or called, thou refusedst and contemned ; neither shall it be imputed that thou wentest astray, but, that going astray, thou

reviledst and struckest at him that would have gathered or brought thee into thy right way. Ah, woe is me, that ever I opened my mouth to call thee, or gather thee, for now (by opening my mouth, and thou stopping thine ears when I opened it), I have opened and enwidened hell mouth, to swallow thee and devour thee. I took flesh upon me, to the end that Hell (not Jerusalem) might perish under my hand. The vanquishment of that ugly nest of harpies hath been reserved as a work for me, before all beginnings; now know I not which I may first confound, Hell or Jerusalem, since both know me, and have armed their foreheads against me.

Blessed is thy land, O Jerusalem, for I was born in it. Cursed is thy land, O Jerusalem, for I was born in it. Born I am to do all countries good but thee. Thee I came principally to do good to, but thou resistest the good I would do thee; thou interdictst and prohibitst me with reproaches and threats, from gathering thee, and doing thee good. Of my birth thou reapest no benefit but this, that I shall come at the last day to bear witness against thee. Blind and inconsiderate, what wilt thou do to thine enemy, that thus entrestest thy friend? that thus rejectest thy Redeemer? O were thy sin (though not to be defended), yet any way excusable, it were somewhat. Why did I ever behold thee to make thee miserable, and mine eyes thus miserable in beholding?

I might have beheld the innocent saints and angels that would never have angered me, but rejoiced me: the Cherubins and Seraphins would incessantly have prayed me; I would not have prayed them to execute my will (for they would have done it with a beck), much less have solicited them as I do thee, to consent to save thyself. I should have but said the word to the senseless planets, and it had been done: to thy children (more senseless than planets) can I not say that word, which not only they will refuse to do, but deride. For this shall thine enemies gather themselves about thy city, and smite thee: the angels shall gather thee to the lake of

fire and brimstone; thou shalt then gather thy brows together in howling and lamentation. And (as Jeremy said), "the carcasses of thy dwellers shall lie as the dung in the field, or the handful after the mower, and none shall there be to gather them up<sup>1</sup>." All this hadst thou prevented, if thou wouldst have permitted me to gather thee. I saw into thy frailty and infirmity, that thou wert not able to gather thyself; I took compassion on thee, because thou wert like sheep which had no shepherd. I forsook all my immortal pleasures, and mind-ravishing melody, to descend and make thee mine, to come and gather thee to the glory prepared for thee. The greatest work was this purpose of thy gathering, that ever was undertaken in heaven or earth. Thus did I argument with myself, to salve thy imperfections of the not gathering thyself. The horse tameth not himself; the camel tameth not himself; the ox tameth not himself; the bear, the lion, the elephant, tame not themselves. Then why should I require that man should tame, recall, bridle, bring under, or gather himself? But as the horse, the ox, the camel, the bear, the lion, the elephant, require man to tame them, so it is requisite that God should tame man; that God alone should gather him unto Him. Content I was to take upon me that unthankful office of taming or gathering, but thou wert not content to be so tamed or gathered.

It did not irk me so much that thou wert untamed, or ungathered, as that (knowing thyself in that case) thou wert unwilling to be tamed and gathered. Thou couldst not despair of mine ability to tame thee and gather thee; for if man tameth the beasts he never made, shall not I gather thee, alter thee, and tame thee, that made thee? "Easy is my yoke, and my burthen is light." I would not have tamed thee, or tempted thee above thy strength; only I would have curbed or reined thee a little to the right hand, kept thee from swallowing in sin with greediness. Suppose (as the

<sup>1</sup> Jerem. 7.

tamer of all wild beasts) I had sometimes used my whip or my goad, had it been so much? Your horses, which you tame, and spur, and cut their mouths with reining, and finally kill with making carry heavy burdens many years together, you will not give so much reward to (when they are dead) as burial, but cast them to the fowls of the air, to be deformedly torn in pieces. I (having tamed thee, and gathered thee home unto me, enfeof thee with indefinite blessedness; being dead a space) restore to thee, not only thy flesh, in more purity, but the just number of thy hairs; instal thee in eternity with mine angels, where thou shalt never more need to be gathered or tamed, where there shall be no adversity or tribulation that shall exercise or try thee, but eternal felicity to feed thee; and that without any care, forecast, or plotting, on thy part, such as in the maintenance or earthly weal is wont. I shall be to thee all in all, thy riches, thy strength, thine honour, thy patron, thy provider: yet all this hope cannot move thee to consent to be tamed or gathered unto me.

My voice, which crieth "Return, return; whither wanderest thou, long strayer," is troublesome and hateful unto thee; thou canst by no means digest it. It is thy adversary in the way, which, since I have warned thee to agree with, and thou hast refused, it shall draw and hale thee unto judgment, the judge deliver thee to death, his serjeant, the serjeant to the devil (convicted soul's jailor); thence shalt thou not escape till thou hast paid the utmost farthing. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, why shouldst thou gather and entangle thyself in so many inevitable snares, when, by gathering thyself under my wing, thou mayest avoid them? What have I required of thee, but to gather thyself and agree with my voice, thy adversary? Nothing but that thou wouldst have a care of thy health and well-doing. A thing which thou (in reason), not I, ought to exact and require of thyself; yet I (as I were thy guardian or overseer, and thy father Abraham dying had bequeathed thee wholly to my trust)

follow thee, haunt thee by my spirit, daily and hourly importune thee to remember and gather thyself. How often have I, to this effect, chidingly communed with thy soul and conscience.

Sinful Jerusalem, why deferest thou to gather thyself, and agree with my voice in the way? Yet thou mayest agree, yet thy way is not finished, yet thy adversary walks by thee. Why dost thou prorogue till thy wretched life be at his way's end? Is there any other life, any other way (when this way of woe is ended) wherein thou mayest agree with thine adversary? The judge, the serjeant, the prison, thou must then await, and despair of opportunity ever after, to agree or be gathered to grace; but look to be gathered like grass on the house top, and thrown into the fire. Promise not unto thyself too many years travelling in the way: think not that thou shalt ever live: thy way may be cut off ere thou be aware: a thousand casualties may cut thee off in the way. But how long or how short so e'er thy way be, my voice (thine adversary) like thy shadow, still haunteth thee, still treadeth on thy heels, still calls and cries out upon thee to gather up thy accounts and agree with it. Shamest thou not, wild image of carelessness, so long to be called on for so light a matter? so long to live at variance with so mighty an adversary? It is all one as if thou shouldst owe an earthly judge money (who hath the law in his hand), and brave him, and deny to come to composition, saying: If I owe it you, gather it or recover it as you can. How thinkest thou, is there any earthly judge would spare thee, or forbear thee as I have done? My voice, as it is my voice, is thy friend; but as thou abusest it (turnest thine ears from it, and wilt not agree with it), it is thine adversary: it wisheth thee well, and thou wishest thyself ill; it bids thee crouch and stoop to the prophets I send, and thou stonest them; it bids thee pity the widow and the fatherless, and thou oppressest them; it bids thee repent thee of the evil thou hast committed, and thou doublest it; it bids thee gather and gird up

thy loins close, and take the staff of steadfastness in thy hand, that if the flesh and the devil assault thee in the way, thou mayest encounter them courageously. Instead of girding and gathering up thy loins, thou unloosest them to all licentiousness ; for the staff of steadfastness thou arimest thyself with the broken reed of inconstancy ; and for encountering and contending with the flesh and the devil, most slavishly thou kissest and embracest them.

So thou thyself (I altogether loth) makest my voice thy enemy. No friend so firm but by oft ill usage may be made a foe. No marvel thou makest me thy foe, that art a foe to thyself. " He that loveth iniquity hateth his own soul : " he that hateth his own soul can never love his neighbour, insomuch as there is no man living that can love another better than himself. If, then, his best love to himself be to hate himself, his love to his neighbour must be a degree lower ; there is no remedy. The law commandeth, " Love thy neighbour as thyself : " and he fulfilleth the law by hating his neighbour as himself. " I say unto you, he that hateth his neighbour is guilty of the breach of all the commandments ; " whence it necessarily ariseth, that he which loves not his own soul, is guilty of the breach of all the commandments.

Soul-hating, apostate Jerusalem, that wouldest never be gathered into any compass of good life, I here accuse thee as a homicide of thine own life, as a transgressor of all the commandments, in hating thyself. The most unfortunatest is my fortune of any that ever loved, to love those that not only hate me, but hate themselves.

O Jerusalem, not the infidel Romans, which shall invade thee, and make thy city (now cleped a city of peace) a shamble of dead bodies, tear down thy temple, and set up a brothel-house in thy sanctuary, not they, I say, shall have one drop of thy blood laid to their charge, not one stone of thy temple or sanctuary testificatory against them ; thy blood shall be upon thine own head, whose trans-

gressions violently thrust swords into their hands. Thy temple and thy sanctuary shall both cry out against thy security for sacrilege. The ark wherein the tables of covenant are laid, shall have the tables taken away, and, instead of them, a black register of thy misdemeanors laid in it; yea, my Father, if all witness should fail, would stand up and article against thee himself, how thou hast driven him, with thy detestable whoredoms, out of his consecrated dwelling-place. O that thou knewest the time of thy visitation! O that thou wouldst have been gathered together! O that thou wouldst have had a care of thyself, had care of me! I must be slaughtered for thee, and yet work no salvation for thee. One cross alone, cruel Jerusalem, is not able to sustain the weight of thine iniquities; ten times I must be crucified ere thou be cleansed.

For sin I came to suffer, thy sin exceedeth; it is too monstrous a matter for my mercy or merits to work on. It woundeth me more with meditating on it, than all the spears or nails can wound me that are to pass through me. I would quite renounce and forswear mine own safety, so I might but extort from thee one thought of thine own safety. Careful am I for the careless. Again, this reneweth my unrest, that I, which am the Lord and author of life, must be the author and evidencer against thee of death. If thou hadst never seen the light, thy walking in darkness would have brought thee no wailment. *Ignorantia, si non excusat a toto, saltem excusat a tanto*: Ignorance excuseth the half, if not the whole. Thou hast not half an excuse (hence is my tears), not a quarter, not the hundredth part of a quarter, not a word, not a sigh, not a syllable. Never did I look on such a manifest, unmasked, leprous face, on a prisoner convicted so mute. Sore am I impassioned for the storm thy tranquillity is in child with. Good Jeremy, now I desire with thee, that I had a cottage of way-faring men in the wilderness, where I might leave my people and live, for they be all adulterers, and a band of rebels.



A tormentor, that abjureth commiseration, when he first enters into the infancy of his occupation, would collachrimate my case, and rather choose to have been tortured himself, than torment me with ingratitude, as thou doest. More and more thou addest to my unease, and acquaintest mine eyes with the infirmities of anguish. Having no sin before, thou hast almost made me commit sin, in sorrowing for thy sins. Yet though I have sounded the utmost depth of dolour, and wasted mine eye-balls well near to pins' heads with weeping (as a barber wasteth his ball in the water), a further depth of dolour would I sound, mine eyes more would I waste, so I might waste and wash away thy wickedness. So long have I wasted, so long have I washed and embained thy filth in the clear streams of my brain, that now I have not a clean tear left more, to wash or embalm any sinner that comes to me.

The fount of my tears (troubled and mudded with the toad-like stirring, and long breathed vexation of thy venomous enormities) is no longer a pure silver spring, but a miry puddle for swine to wallow in. Black and cindery (like smith's water) are those excrements that source down my cheeks, and far more sluttish than the ugly ooze of the channel. 'Tis thou alone, ulcerous Jerusalem, that hast so fouled and soiled them. In seeking to gather fruit of thee, I gather nothing but staining berries, which embrued my hands, and almost poisoned my heart. Never would I mention this or moan me, if thou hadst not embrued or brawned thine own hands, not in berries, but in blood; and more than almost poisoned thine own heart.

What talk I of poison, when it is become as familiar to thee as meat and drink. Thou hast used it so long for meat and drink, that true nourishing meat and drink thou now takest for poison. *Consuetudo est altera natura*: Custom hath so engrafted it in thy nature, that now, not only poison not hurts thee, but fostereth and cherisheth thee. Whatsoever thou art is poison, and none thou breathest on but thou poisonest. With Athenagoras of Argus,

thou never feelest any pain when thou art stung with a scorpion; thou hast no sting or remorse of conscience. Thy soul is cast in a dead sleep, and may not be awaked though heaven and earth should tumble together.

For discharge of my duty, and augmentation of thine everlasting malediction, since tears, threats, promises, nor any thing will pierce thee, here I make a solemn protestation, what my zeal and fervent inclination hath been, ever since thy first propagation, to win and wean thee from Satan, and notwithstanding thou "stonedst my prophets, and slewest them I sent unto thee," I still assayed to revoke thee, and bring thee back again to thy first image, not once, or twice, or thrice, but I cannot tell how often, "I would have gathered thee, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but thou wouldst not." Blame me not though I give thee over, that hast given me over: long patience hath dulled my humour of pity. No sword but will lose his edge in long striking against stones.

My lean withered hands (consisting of nought but bones) are all so shivered and splintered in their wide cases of skin, with often beating on the anvil of my bared breast. So penetrating and elevatedly have I prayed for you, that mine eyes would fain have broken from their anchors to have flown up to heaven, and mine arms stretched more than the length of my body, to reach at the stars. My heart ran full butt against my breast to have broken it open, and my soul fluttered and beat with her airy wings on every side for passage. My knees cracked, and the ground fled back. Then, O Jerusalem, would I have rent my body in the midst, like a grave, so I might have buried thy sins in my bowels. And had I been in heaven as I was on earth, the sun should have exalted from thee all thy trespasses as meteors, which the clouds his cofferers receiving, might forthwith have conducted down into the sea, and drowned for ever.

Fools be they that imagine it is the winds that so toss and

turmoil them in the deep; they are no winds, but insurrective sins, which so possess the waves with the spirit of raging. I drowned all the sins of the first world in water: all the sins of the first world now welter, souse, and beat unquietly in the sea, whither the world of waters was withdrawn when the deluge was ended; and as a guilty conscience can no where take rest, so no more can they in the sea, but emboldening the billows up to the air, with roaring and howling dart themselves on every rock, desiring it to overwhelm them; and because they know they can never be recovered, with the same envy which is in the devils, they seek to drown and immerse every ship that they meet. If, happily, there be a calm, it is when they are weary of excruciating themselves. I, that was born to suppress and tread down sin underfoot in the right time, when that sin-inhabited element is wont to be most lunatic, walk on the crests of the surges as on the dry land.

Another cause why the sea so swelleth, and barketh of late more than ordinary, is, for when I sent the devils into the herd of swine, they carried them headlong into the sea, where they drowned and perished them; and then, loath to come to land to be controlled and dispossessed again by me, they entered and inhabited the sea monsters, such as the whale, the grampus, the wasserman, whom they have suborned and inspired to lie in wait for ships' wreck. Sin takes no rest but on earth, and on earth no rest in the night, but the day. The night is black like the devil, then he may boldly walk abroad like the owl, and his eye - - - led.<sup>1</sup>  
 - - - *Solus cum solo*; he may confer with his - - tempt, terrify, insinuate what he will. He knows that God hath therefore hid all other objects from man's sight in the night, that then he should have no occasion to gaze elsewhere, but full leisure to look into himself. In which regard, lest he should look into himself, and so repent, he will not let him see with his own eyes, but lend-

<sup>1</sup> The original is here torn.

eth him other eyes of despair or security to see withal. If of security, then either he persuades him there is no God, and that religion is but subtle lawyers' policy (to keep silly fools in awe with scarecrows); or that if there be a God, he is a wise God, and, like a wise counsellor, troubles not himself with every vain twittle twattle of this man or that man, but considers wherefore we are made, and bears with us thereafter.

Yea, which is horrible, he sootheth him up, that if God would not have had him sin, he would never have given him the parts or the means to sin with. If he be a whoremaster, he remembereth him how Abraham went in to his maid Hagar; how Lot committed incest with his daughters; how David lay with Bathsheba, and slew Urias; and how I, myself, would not let the woman that had committed adultery be stoned to death, but bid her go home to her house in peace, and sin no more. If he be a drunkard, Noah was drunk, the forenamed Lot was drunk, and David (mentioned before likewise) made Urias drunk: yet all these were men that God delighted in<sup>1</sup>.

If he be a perjured person, why Peter forswore himself thrice, Joseph swore by the life of Pharoah, David swore - - - and so to me, if I leave to Nabal, yet ere - - <sup>2</sup> one to piss against the walls. Yet when Nabal's wife, Abigail, unwitting to her husband, brought him a little refreshing, his humour was pacified, his oath was dispensed with. A great many more allegations hath he to this end, which here to recite were to weapon presumption, and save the devil a labour in seducing. Murder, theft, what not, hath his texts to authorise him. Nothing doth profit, but, perverted, may hurt; Scripture, as it may be literally expounded, and sophistically scanned, may play the harbinger as well for hell as heaven, and sooner feeds Despair than Faith. Hath not the devil his

<sup>1</sup> This was long after Christ's Tears over Jerusalem.

<sup>2</sup> Here, also, the original is torn.

chapel close adjoining to God's church? Is he not the ambitious ape of God's majesty? And, as he hath his tabernacle, O Jerusalem! in thy temple, so hath not he his oracle or tripos in his temple at Delphos, with as great, if not greater, sacrifices, oblations, and offerings than are in God's temple? Will he not take upon him to work miracles, cure diseases, and be an angel of light; that is, preach the Gospel as I do. Speak I in thunder or visions, he speaketh in thunder and visions; eclipse I the sun and moon, he will eclipse sun, moon, and stars; send I one good angel out, he will send out two ill. In conclusion, in any thing he will imitate me but humility, and by humility only my children are known from the devil's. Pride is that by which the devil holds his kingdom; he had never been a devil if he had not been too proud to be an angel. Envy breeds pride, and pride breeds envy: there is none can uphold envy but he must uphold pride; nor can true pride live if it hath nothing to envy at; if it hath nothing so great as itself to aim at, there is no man under it hath any pride or prosperity but it envies and aims at.

The sun, though it can endure no more suns but itself, yet it can take in good part to have more planets besides itself; but pride can endure no superiors, no equals, no ascendants, no springs, no grafts, no likely beginnings; any thing but virtue it can tolerate to thrive, and that it is too too afraid of. Mark a tyrant when you will, and he first extirpates the adherents to virtue. Virtue is thrice more invoking for honour than ambition. What was the devil's first practice in paradise but to destroy virtue in Adam, and so by steps to destroy him by destroying virtue in him? Whom slew Cain but his just or virtuous brother Abel? He was afraid the comparison of his justness or virtue would make him incomparably ugly in God's presence. Whom hated Esau and laid wait for but his upright brother Jacob, because by his virtue he had overreached him in the blessing of his birthright? Did not Saul

persecute David, only because God loved him? So throughout the whole course of the Scriptures, virtue purchaseth envy, and her possessors never escape briery scratches.

But, as before, so once more I will assertionate, virtue hath no enemy but pride. I myself have no enemy but pride, which is the *summum genus* of sin, and may well be a convertible name with the devil; for the devil is nought but pride, and pride is an absolute devil. But for pride Jerusalem, ere this, had gathered itself under my wing: forsooth, she disdained to be taught and instructed by such a mean-titled man as I. But for pride of despising the preaching of Noah the first world had not been deluged. But for pride there had been no translation of monarchies. If Pharaoh had not been so proud that he would not let your forefathers go, but kept them in despite of me, I had never plagued him as I did.

The reason I deceived you, Jerusalemites and Jews, in not coming in pride unto you, in not taking the majesty and triumph of mine eternity, was, because I would not partake with the devil in the pomp and glory of this world, which is proper to him. Did not he, presently after the first bruit of my gospel, hoise me up unto an exceeding high mountain, and shewed me all the kingdoms in the world, and the glories of them, and said, "All these will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me?" When I came to Abraham in his tent, and to Lot in Sodom, accompanied with another angel, I took upon me no pompous shape: it is debasement and a punishment to me to invest and enrobe myself in the dregs and dross of mortality; I would resemble the similitude of the meanest, to gather the meanest unto me.

I came to call sinners to repentance, poor sinners, beggarly sinners, blind sinners, impotent sinners, as well as rich sinners, noble sinners, potentate sinners, to repentance: with me there is no respect of persons; the king's blood, attainted of conspiracy against me, is more base than the caitif's or peasant's. What was

Abraham, (but that he honoured me,) I should out of his loins multiply a monarchy? There is no cripple or lazer by the high-way side but would have honoured me more than the progeny of Abraham, if I had but bestowed the thousandth part of the propitiousness I have bestowed on the progeny of Abraham. Shall a man call any cripple or beadsman unto him to give alms to, and he will not come at him, but contemptuously cast his kind offer behind him? I have called you (that often have been beggars and beadsmen unto me for blessings), and humbly supplicated you to accept of my largess I lavished, but you cried, "Avaunt, hypocrite! thy proffered ware is odious; we'll have nothing to do with an innovator."

What hath immortality to do with muck? Had my father no employment for me but to send me to scrape on a dunghill for pearl, where nothing will thrive but toadstools? Was thought-exceeding glorification such a cloyance and cumber unto me that I must leave it; as Archesilaus, over melodied, and too much melowed and sugared with sweet tunes, turned them aside, and caused his ears to be new relished with harsh, sour, and unsavoury sounds? O! no; when I left heaven to live on earth I left perpetual springing summer to sleep on beds of ice in the frozen zone, the throne of winter. My super-abundant love to men on earth was all the solace I proposed to myself on earth. *Ubi cujusque animus est, ibi animat*: where a man's mind is, there his mirth is.

Mirth was to me no mirth, whilst thou wert not gathered unto me. No more than I have gathered thee, can I gather thee: "As a hen gathereth her chickens, so would I have gathered thy children." The hen clocketh her chickens, I would have clocked and called them by my preaching: the hen shieldeth them, and fighteth for them against the puttock; I would have shielded them, and secured them against that sly puttock Satan; I would have fought for them with hell, the devil, and all infernality. The hen, after

she hath clocked and called her chickens, keepeth them warnt under her soft down, walleth them in with her wing, and watcheth for them whilst they sleep. After I had called you, my children or chickens, under my wings, which is into my church, I would have been a stronger wall unto you than the wall of the tower of Babel, which, as writers affirm<sup>1</sup>, was the eighth part of a mile thick; I would have set an angel, with a fiery sword, in your gate, to keep out your enemies; still would I, with the heat and warmth of my spirit, have cherished and increased the strength and growth of your faith, and keep it from being dead and cold; my vigilance should have centinelled for all your sleeps: neither the terror by night, nor the arrow of temptation, that flieth by day, should have frightened you. Satan (whom you now hold for such a subtile underminer) should have been your fool, and your jesting stock, and a scarebug to your babes only; all things should have prospered and gone well which you had taken in hand. "Happy is that man that sitteth in the shadow of the wings of the Almighty;" unhappy are you, that have rather sought to dwell in the shadow of death, than under the shadow of the wings of the Almighty.

"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! that killest my prophets and stonest them I sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but you would not." What is more tender than a hen over her chickens? So tender and more, O Jerusalem! have I been over thy children, yet would they never tender themselves, but tend and bend all their courses to ruin. Never could I get them to flock under my wing, or come under my roof. Who takes charge of him that in a town of war will not come into the town, but lie wilfully without the walls? No charge do I take of any that will not come within my walls, be gathered under my wing, but live out of the church. Knew you what a fearful thing it were to live (as outlaws)

<sup>1</sup> Herodot.



from the wings of my church, to let riches, promotion, or any worldly respect, hinder you from being gathered into the unity of my body and communion of saints, you would undoubtedly forsake all, and follow me.

All those that repaired not in time into Noah's ark, the waters overtook and drowned; those that gathered not manna in the morning, it did them no good.

Those that made excuses, and came not to the wedding when they were bidden, the king sent forth his warriors, and destroyed them, and burnt up their cities. Senseless stones are more obedient unto God's voice than you, for the stony walls of Jericho (after God had summoned them by his priests sounding their trumpets seven times), at the third sound they prostrated themselves flat. Not the third, or the fourth, or the fifth sound, have you withstood, but five hundred solemn summons and sounds: no judgment that (in your ears) I or any can sound, can make you fall prostrate or humble yourselves. Still you will live as runagates and banished men from God's jurisdiction; you had rather the devil should gather you up than he.

"I have piped, and you have not danced; I have lamented, and you have not mourned." The days will come when I shall be taken away from you, and then you shall wish, in vain, that you had danced after my pipe, and borne a principal part in my consort of mourning. Let all successions and cities be warned by you, how you neglect God's calling; let every private man be admonished by you, how he neglecteth God's calling. By benefits, by sickness, by outward crosses, signs, and wonders, he calleth men: "To day, if ye will hear my voice, harden not your hearts:" That is, at this present, when I call you, hearken to me. Who doth not hearken at the first, let him look to be hardened. Pharoah, for he would not at the first voice or message let the children of Israel go, his heart was hardened.

God, when his voice will not be heard, permitteth the devil to go and try if his voice will be heard ; if they hear the devil's and not his, then hath he wherewithal to convince them. Jerusalem hath heard the voice of God, crying out loud in her streets and high places, unto her to gather herself: her streets and all her high places are filled with the echoes of God's voice. The stones of her turrets have been so moved with it, that they have opened their ears, and received his echo into them, and that the crier might know they attended the words which he spake, they, echoing, repeated them again. The very echo of the walls and stones shall echo unto God for sharp punishment against you. And let any but read or rehearse this sentence: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, as the hen gathereth her chickens," the echo shall reply, "But they would not, they would not." Thou wouldst not, indeed. And no damnation hast thou, but thou wouldst not. I offered thee peace, but thou wouldst not: I offered thee to repent and be baptized, but thou wouldst not: I offered thee (if thou labourest and wert laden) to ease thee, but thou wouldst not: I offered thee to ask and thou shouldst have, but thou wouldst not; to knock and it should be opened, but thou wouldst not. Great evils shalt thou endure, for thou wouldst not. Great evils, did I say? alas! little evils, compared to the evils I must endure only for these four words:—But thou wouldst not.

*Heu melior quanto sors tua, sorte mea est.* My body shall find a sepulchre, but my sorrow never any, for thou wouldst not. For ever I must mourn what thou for ever must suffer, for thou wouldst not. This will be thine utter impeachment, that the very Samaritans, whom thou accountest infidels, received and acknowledged me, but thou wouldst not. That the unclean spirits departing out of men, cried and confessed me to be the Son of God, but thou wouldst not. And, lastly, that the spirit of God himself, descend-

ing on my head like a dove, gave testimony of me, yet thou wouldst not.

*Clamor Sodomorum multiplicatus est*: The cry of the Jerusalem (the second Sodom<sup>1</sup>), that thou wouldst not, in God's ears is doubled. To what nation shall I now preach or appeal, since my elected people, that should hearken to me, have answered me, they would not? Nineveh repented at the preaching of Jonas, but Jerusalem, at the preaching of her Jesus, she would not. I offered to wash her feet with the waters of my tribulation, and heal every disease and malady she had with them, as I healed the leprosy of Naaman with the waters of Jordan: but over the waters of my tears and tribulation, she passeth on dry foot, as once they passed over Jordan. The river of God is full of water<sup>2</sup>; Jerusalem, were thine eyes the rivers of God, they would be full of water. The snow on thy mountains by the sun is resolved to water; the Son of God hath sought to resolve thy snow-cold heart into water, but he could not, for thou wouldst not. Over thy principal gates, and the doors of thy temple, let, therefore, this for an empress be engraven: "A kind compassionate man, who, grieving to see a serpentine salamander fry in the fire (so piteously as it seemed), cast water on the raging flames to quench them, and was by him stung to death for his labour." The motto or word thereto: "*At noluisti*, but thou wouldst not." As who should say, thank thyself though thou still burnest: I would have rid thee out of the fire, but thou wouldst not. By stinging me mortally, thou disturbest me.

On thee, salamander-like Jerusalem, have I cast the cool water of my tears, to keep hell fire (if it might be) from feeding on thee and inwrapping thee, but thou (delighting, like that chilly worm, to live in the midst of the furnace, or as the foolish candle fly, to blow the fire with the beating of thy wings near unto it that must burn thee), hast spit thy poison at me when I sought to preserve

<sup>1</sup> Gen. 19.

<sup>2</sup> Psal. 65.

thee. More agreeing is it to thy nature, to fry in the flames of thy fleshly desires (which is but a short blazed straw-fire, to tinde or inkindle hell-fire), than to live temperately qualified, midst *In-sulæ fortunatæ*, the fortunate islands of God's favour. For this shalt thou be consumed with fire, "Thy house shall be left desolate unto thee."

Hitherto, with Jeschaciabus, thou hast had nought but a plaister of dry figs laid to thy bile; thou hast been chastised but with wanton whips; but lo, shortly (the time comes) thou must be scourged with scorpions: a hook shall be cast into thy jaws, and a chain come through thy nostrils. I now but foretel a storm in a calm, but when the Leviathan shall approach, that with his neesings chaseth clouds, and you shall see lightning and thunder in the mouths of all the four winds; when heaven, instead of stars, shall be made an artillery-house of hailstones, and no planet revolve any thing but prostitution and vastity, then shall you know what it is, by saying, "you would not, to make your house unto you be left desolate."

With the foolish builder, you have founded your palaces on the sands of your own shallow conceits: had you rested them on the true rock they had been ruin proof: but now the rain will rough enter through the crannies of their wavering, the winds will blow and batter open wide passages for the pashing showers, with roaring and buffeting lullabies, instead of singing and dandling by, as they will rock them clean over and over. The only commodity they shall tythe their owners will be, by their overturning, to afford them tombs unasked. Great shall be the fall of thy foolish building, O Jerusalem; like a tower overtopped, it shall fall flat, and be laid low and desolate.

In the haven of Joppa shall arrive as many ships as would make a marine city, in bigness no less than thyself. The Hellespont, by Xerxes, was never so surcharged as it shall be. All Galilee,

from the land of Nepthali upwards, shall be but a quarter for their pioneers, and a couch for their baggage. From Jerusalem to the plain of Gibeon, which is fifty miles distance, the infinite enemy will depopulate, and pitch his pavilions. Man, woman, child, he shall unmortalize and mangle; oxen, sheep, camels, idly engore, and leave to putrify in the open fields, only to raise up seed to snakes, adders, and serpents. The Mount Tabor, whose height is thirty furlongs, and on whose top is a plain twenty-three furlongs broad, shall have all the star-gazing; towns on it situate, justled headlong down from the height of his forehead, and breaking their backs with their stumbling rebutment, tumble in the air like Lucifer falling out of heaven into hell; yea, their firmament-propping foundation shall be adequated with the valley of Jehosaphat, whose sublimity, whilst it is in beheading, the sky shall resign all his clouds to the earth, and light-winged dust dignify itself by the name of a meteor. From that blind dispersed night of dust shall many lesser mountains receive their lofty mounting, and part of it, being wind-wafted into the sea, insert floating islands midst the ocean.

None shall there be left to fight the battles of the Lord, but those that fight the battles of their own ambition. By none shall the sanctuary be defended but those that would have none destitute it, or deflower it, but themselves. The feast of tabernacles, the feast of sweet bread, and the feast of weeks, shall quite be dis-calendared; your sabbaths and new moons shall want a remembrancer; your peace-offerings and continual sacrifice (a thousand two hundred and ninety days, as Daniel prophesied<sup>1</sup>) shall be put to silence. The abomination of desolation shall advance itself in your *sanctum sanctorum*. Upon your altars, instead of oblations, your priests shall be slaughtered. Not so much as the high-priest,

<sup>1</sup> Dan. 12.

the under god of your city, but shall be hanged up as a sign, at the door of your temple.

The particularity of your general forespoken woes, would work in me a tympany of tears, if I should portraiture it. I have pronounced it, and your house, unreprievable, "unto you shall be left desolate." The resplendent eye-out-braving buildings of the temple, like a drum, shall be ungirt and unbraced; the soul of it, which is the fore-named *sanctum sanctorum*, clean shall be stript and unclothed. God shall have never a tabernacle or retiring place in your city, which he shall not be undermined and desolated out of. The sun and moon, perplexed with the spectacle, shall fly farther upward into heaven, and be afraid, lest, when the besiegers have ended below, they next sack them out of their sieges and circuits, since they have had God, their common Creator, so long in chase.

Jerusalem, ever after thy bloody hecatomb or burial, the sun, rising and setting, shall enrobe himself in scarlet, and the maiden moon, in the ascension of her perfection, shall have her crimson cheeks, as they would burst, round balled out with blood. Those ruddy investurings, and scarlet habiliments, from the cloud-climbing slaughter stack of thy dead carcasses, shall they exhalingly quintessence, to the end thou mayest not only be culpable of gorging the earth, but of goring the heavens with blood; and, in witness against thee, wear them they shall to the world's end, as the liveries of thy waning.

Not Abraham's sons are you, but the sons of blood, for in nothing you imitate Abraham, but that he having no more save one only son, would have sacrificed him: so God having no more but one only Son, you laid wait to crucify and sacrifice him. For thine own destruction, degraded daughter of Sion, thou liest in wait, in laying wait for me: that which I hunger and thirst after, is thy salutation in my destruction. I am enamoured of my cross,

because it is all ages' blessing: not a nail in it but is a necessary agent in the world's redemption.

Holy Cross, Adam's offspring, only holiness, I grieve that upon thee I can spend none of my Godhead as well as my humanity, to glorify the more this great exploit. For the desolating and disinheriting of hell have I that reserved, none but the God of heaven may lead captivity captive, and return conqueror from that dungeonly kingdom. Strange it is, oh Jerusalem, that I should be able to conquer and forage hell, and yet cannot conquer, or bring under thee to my obedience. To speak truth, as in my lips is no guile, thou art not worthy to be conquered, or have the host of thine affections subdued by me, that hast admitted of a baser conqueror, which is the devil, after whom I can succeed with no honour.

The Romans, not I, shall conquer thee, and "leave thy house desolate unto thee;" who, being heathens, and not knowing God, are a degree of indignity inferior to the devil, for he knows God, and with fear and trembling acknowledgeth him. Wouldst thou with fear and trembling have fled to me for refuge against the devil and the Romans, when I would have gathered thee, both the devil and the Romans, at one instant, had been subdued to thine hand. But under my standard thou wouldst not, thou scornedst to gather thee, therefore shall thy house be left desolate unto thee; therefore shall God's house be left desolate unto thee. Majestical temple, on whose pinnacle once I was tempted, thou and I, one after another, must perish, for no fault of our own, but for the sins of this people.

No profit, but disprofit, shall the scattered ashes of the obsequies bring unto them, nor shall they, like the ashes of me, the true phoenix, live again. Never shall thy body, like mine, be raised again. Rased and defaced shalt thou be, as thou hadst never been. Haply, caves for wild beasts, many years together, thou mayest afford, but the Lord of Hosts shall abandon thee, the King of Israel

shall abjure thee. By Herod, a man of blood, thou wert last builded, and in blood shalt thou be buried. O let me embrace thee whilst thou yet standest, and I am not translated; hereafter, perhaps, never may I have the opportunity to embrace thee. This present hour that is granted, I will put out to usury. On thy alabaster outside, with scalding sighs and dimming kisses, a greater dew will I raise than lies upon sweaty marble a little before rain.

Methinks these stones look shining and smiling upon me; Jerusalem frowns like a she bear seeking her whelps. These stones start not out of their assigned places, but still retain their imposed first proportion: from me, her foundation, long ago hath Jerusalem started, out of those limits and bounds I assigned her hath she started, her order she hath broken, my building she hath subverted; no form or face of my workmanship is visible in her. But yet, were nothing but her face and outside deformed, it were somewhat: her inside is worst of all; her heart, her lungs, her liver, and her gall, all are carrionized and contaminated with surfeits of self-will. Her own heart she eateth, and digesteth into the draught with riot and excess.

Poor temple, long mightst thou stand, and not have a stone of these disquieted till the judgment day, if those to whom thou belongest were not ten times branded in the forehead for reprobates; not with the mark of the lamb, but the lion, who, roaring, seeketh whom he may devour. Distressfully am I divided from thee: my soul, when it shall be divided from me, will not endrench me in so much dolour as thou dost. The zeal of thee distraughteth me, and some essential part of my life seemeth to forsake me and drop from me, when I think of thy devastation. Nothing so much doth macerate and mad me, as that all the sky-perfuming prayers, and profuse sacrificatory expenses of full-hand oblationers, should not have force to uphold thee. Desolation, for no debt of sin shalt thou extend on this temple, that thou hast to extend against it.



extend against me, for it is my Father's habitation. It will but augment his indignation against the city, and do thee no good to drive him out of house and home, and reserve him no sanctified mansion upon earth. Let there be one peculiar treasury of supplications and vows undestroyed and unpillaged.

O Father, be this house more high prized to thee than Paradise ; more worship and adoration hast thou had in it than in Paradise. There thou settest a fiery armed gardant to repulse insolent invaders ; set some garrisonment before the gate of thy tabernacle, to oppugn the dispossessioners of thy deity ; thou canst not hear me ; I pray for them whose sins sue against me. 'Thou hast decreed, in thy secret judgment, "Their house shall be left desolate unto them." Thou hast decreed I shall be left desolate on the cross, and cry, *Eloi, Eloi, lamasabachthani*, unaided or unregarded. Willing am I to execute thy will, only let me not in vain give up the ghost, but some souls of this panther-spotted Jerusalem may be extraught to joy with me.

O that mine arms were wide enough to engrasp the walls of Jerusalem about, that in mine amorous enfoldment, unawares, I might whirl her to heaven with me. Why should I not drive all Israel before me to the great felicity, as a shepherd before him driveth his flock to the fat pastures ? I shall never drive you before me ; you will drive me before you, with murder and violence, to immortality, and yourselves not one foot follow after. *Pol me occidistis amici*, you whom I thought to bind to me as friends, have, foe like, betrayed me. Because I am humble, I may not please you ; because I am Christ the just, therefore you will design me to the cross unjustly. *Est mihi supplicii causa fuisse pium*. Would God there were no other exclamatory crime than this to be objected against thee ! Yet have I suffered of thee nothing but fear. More than fear am I, within these few days, to entertain at thy hands.

Slay me thou shalt, because I have vouchsafed to live with

thee ; and doom me an unworthy end, in lieu of my dear love. *Tu mihi criminis author*, no imputation of scandal shall I have, but the heavy burthen of thy abuses. Thou shalt be my uninnocence, and whole sum of delinquishment : thy right hand of my death shall be arraigned. *Hoc prohibete nefas, scelerique resistite vestro*. Not the profane idolatry of the Gentiles in my sides shall delve so deep as thy stiff-necked transgressors. Less do I deplore my death than thy life ; and a thousand times have I wished and desired that thou hadst only occasion to repent my death, and not thine own other misdeeds. Repent ye, and I will repent me of the pronouncement against thee. Should I not so have pronounced and denounced against thee, thy blood would have been required at my hands.<sup>1</sup> “ Therefore is my people led captive,” saith the Lord by Esay, “ because they know me not.” Your pretence of unknowledge, or ignorance, is already counterpleaded : you shall not say, “ Woe be to me that I never tasted the milk of understanding,” but, with Job, bann the time that ever you sucked the breasts. At my breasts, Jerusalem, hast thou not sucked, but bit off my breasts, when thou stonedst the prophets. “ O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, that stonest my prophets, and killest them I sent unto thee : how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but thou wouldst not ? therefore shall thy house be left desolate unto thee.”

Here ebb the spring tide of my tears ; eyes, from this present prepare yourselves to be recluses. I came not to shed tears, but blood, for Jerusalem ; blood for Jerusalem will I shed, to atone for her shedding of innocent blood ; so that, let her yet turn unto me, her atonement is made. I will corroborate my cross, giant like, to underbear the Atlas burthen of her insolencies. With my Nazarite tresses, to my cross will I bind her crossing frowardness and contaminations. Not a nail that takes hold of me but I will expressly

<sup>1</sup> Ezech. 3.

<sup>2</sup> Esay 5.

enjoin it to take hold of her deflectings and errors. Death (as ever thou hopest at my hands to have thy commission enlarged), when thou killest me, kill her iniquities also ; let thy deep-entering dart oblivionize their memories.

Of man, as of me, thou killest but the body only ; kill the body and the soul both of her unbounded sin, gluttony. I will pay thee largely for thy pains. Whereas before thou never tookest any but the subjects prisoners, now thou shalt have the king himself surrendered to thy cruelty. Thou shalt enrich thy style with this title, " I Emperor Death, the lord of all flesh, the killer of the king of all kings," &c. Deal well by Jerusalem, however thou dealest with me : let not her soul be left desolate, though her city be left desolate unto her.

Even the high priests that shall bind mine hands, and adjudge my body to be scourged, deal mercifully with ; cut them not off suddenly, but give them a space of repentance. Let them be crowned with eternity, though they crown me with thorns ; their crowning me with thorns I take for no trespass, for they cannot prick me so ill with those briars, as they have provoked me with their sins. Nor shall the gall and vinegar they give me to drink be so bitter unto me as their blasphemies. " Forgive them, Lord, they forget what they do."

Further I may not proceed, except I should detract from my passion to add to my tears. He that can weep with more soul martyrdom than I, let him take upon him to wash, in my stead, the earth's Ethiopian face. Every vein of me let it burst, to feed the lake of Gehenna, before Gehenna gather springs from the heart of Jerusalem. Not the least hair of my body but may it be as a peg in a vessel, to broach blood with plucking out, so in the droppings of that blood Jerusalem will bathe herself. " O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, that stonest my prophets, and killest them I sent unto thee," ten thousand times adieu. I would never have bid thee adieu, or

been divorced from thee, but that thou thyself hast divorced thyself. Heaven no heaven hast thou made unto me, by endless performing thy obits. If my crimson tears on the cross may more prevail with thee, so it is, or else in vain I descended, or else to thy pain I descended.

Descend into the closet of thine own conscience, and enquire how oft I have come thither, and called upon thee to gather thee. Examine thy heart and thy reins, if I have not secretly communed with thee by night to convert and be turned unto me. Thou never withdrewest thyself and wert solitary, but my spirit was reproofing and disputing with thee. At length, shall I obtain of thee to remember and gather thyself? Though thou wilt not in respect of me, (whom thou shouldst respect) yet in respect of thine own benefit, remember and gather thyself, enter into meditation of thy lamentable estate: but hear thy physician, though thou intendest not to be ruled by him. Understand the nature of thy disease, which is the first step to recovery. Relieve my languor, by being less retchless of thy invisible aspiring infirmity. Glance but half a kind look at me, though thou canst not resolve to love me; by half a look my love may steal into thine eyes unlooked for. Thy sight is no way mis-spent or impaired by casting away one askance-regard on any.

The sun shineth as well on the good as the bad: God from on high beholdeth all the workers of iniquity, as well as the upright of heart. It behoveth thee to try all spirits: let my spirit be one of those (all) which thou bringest to the touchstone! I do not will thee, without trial, on my bare report, to be directed by it; but when thou hast tried it, and sifted it to the uttermost, then as it approves itself to entertain it. Upon uncertain experiments (having the least pretence of gain in thee) men will hazard and venture many thousands: try once an experiment to gain heaven with; venture or hazard but a few indifferent good thoughts of me. I say I am

thy Messiah, and am come to gather thee; condemn me not rashly; but await and see the end of my gathering whereto it sorts. Search the Scriptures and the prophets, whether I be a liar and impostor or no. I would give thee leave to hate me, so thy hate would make thee industrious and sedulous to hearken out and enquire whence I am. Were I notorious guilty, and unexamined, and unheard, you should sentence me, you should give to me amongst men an opinion of innocence; being not guilty, you make your judgments guilty of knowing I am not guilty, in proceeding against me without circumstance or proof. I speak all this while to the wind, or as a disconsolate prisoner that complaineth himself to the stone walls.

God is moved and mollified (though he be never so incensed) with often and unslacked intercessions: Gold (which is the sovereign of metals) bends soonest, only iron (the peasant of all) is most inflexible. Jerusalem with nothing is moved; therefore must her tabernacle be removed, therefore must her house be left desolate unto her. Often importunately, violently, eagerly have I intercessioned unto her, to gather herself unto me: I have kneeled, wept bitterly, lift up mine hands, hung upon her, and vowed never to let her go, till she consented to retire herself into my tuition, and answered pleasingly to my petition. Never did the widow in my parable so follow and tire the wicked judge with fury-haunting instancy, as I have done her. No where could she rest but I have alarmed in her ears her pride, murder, and hypocrisy; and with dismal crying, and vociferative inculcating unto her, drawn my throat so high into the roof of my mouth, that it hath quite swallowed up and unsheathed my tongue, and threatened to turn my mouth out of his office.

I have cracked mine eye-strings with excessive staring, and stedfast heaven-gazing, when with fast-fortified prayer, and ear-agonizing invocation, I have distressed my Father's soul for her; so

that (enraged) he hath bid me out of his sight, chid me, rebuked me, and impatiently said, as he said unto Moses, "Let me alone, that I may wreak mine anger on her, and consume her." None of these may overcome her; the blood of my prophets, and the hundred-voiced clamour of her multiplied mutinies against heaven, are far louder before my Father than I; they out-throat me, and put me down, I cannot be heard, even as one that howls puts down him that sings. Me would not Jerusalem hear, when with sweet songs I have allured, clucked, and wooed her to come under my wings; therefore will not my Father hear any man that once names her. When I pray for her, her sins fall a howling, that I should not be heard.

My wings her grey-headed sturdy disobedience hath now clean unpinioned and broken, so that (though I would) I cannot gather her. Besides, she hath steeled my soft impressive heart, and mirrored mine eyes, that they shall never give grief a tear more alms. Poor hens! there is nothing so tender as you are over your chickens; but had you, as I have, none but kites and kestrels to your chickens, such as fly against the wind as soon as they are born, and gather themselves in arms against you when you offer to gather them, you would learn of me to leave off to be so tender.

To desolation (Jerusalem) must I leave thee; desolation, that taketh his watch-word from "thou wouldst not;" desolation, the greatest name of vengeance that is; desolation, which hath as many branches of misery as hell belonging to it; desolation, the utmost arrow of God's indignation. I cannot in terms express the one-quarter this word desolation containeth. David, in the depth of his despair of God's mercy, said, "he was left as desolate as the pelican in the wilderness, or the owl on the house-top." This is the desolation of the pelican in the wilderness, that when she hath her bowels unnaturally torn out by her young ones, (into the world tyrannously entering), and they leave her in the extremity of her

torment, and will not deign her (for all her dear travail) one comforting aspect of compassion, to herself, (twixt living and dying), herself she complaineth. Blood and tears equally she spendeth, and as her womb is rent out with ungrateful fruitfulness, so now her heart she rents out with self-gnawing discontentment, and dieth, not decayeth by age, but destroyed by her offspring.

The melancholy owl (death's ordinary messenger), that never yieldeth his lazy leaden wings but by night, and in his huge lumpy head seemeth to have the house of sleep built, then is most solitary and desolate when (restrained from turning his own private disconsolations to the dark gloomy air) he is sent to sing on a desolate house-top a doleful dreary ditty of destiny : *Aliisque dolens fit causa dolendi*. Jerusalem, even as the pelican in the wilderness, so (by thine own progeny) shalt thou have thy bowels torn out; by civil wars shalt thou be more wasted than outward annoyance. Those whom thou most expectest love of, shall be most unnatural to thee. Not only tears shall they constrain thee to weep, but blood, and urge thee to rent out thine own heart, in ruing their irreligiousness. As the owl on the house-top evermore howlingly calls for some corse, and is the first mourner that comes to any funeral, so (Jerusalem) shalt thou, howling, sit like the owl on the high places and house-tops, and tune nothing but lays of ill luck and desolation, and funeral elegies of thy forlorn overthrow. Thus shalt thou sing, "Sodom is sunk, and I must succeed."

"God promised he would never more drown the world in water, but me he hath drowned in blood. All the eagles of the field feed their young ones with my young men's carcasses. Mine old sages and governors strew the streets with their white hairs like straws, their withered dead bodies serve to mend highways with, and turn standing quagmires to firm ground (rammed full of their corpses.) My virgins and matrons, instead of painting their faces ruddy, colour them with their kinsfolks' gore. Happy is that wife

which may entomb her slaughtered husband in her well or cistern; Happy is that sister that (for strewing herbs) may scatter her dishevelled maiden hair on her dead brother's trunk.

“ Even as there be many fowls that eat up their own eggs, so the children are feign to feed their mother: the infant which she travails with nine months in her belly, once again hunger thrusteth into her empty famished body. The babes in conception (being half entered out of the womb, and but with one eye beholding the miseries of their country) return crying back again whence they came, and chuse rather to tumble forth still born, than view the world in such hurly-burly.

“ So exceeding are mine adversities, that after-successions, which shall hear of them, will even be desolate and exiled from mirth with the hearing. Adam's fall never so woe-enwrapped the earth as the relation of them shall. Christ, the Son of God, (all men's saviour but mine), fore-propheſied ‘ I should thus be left desolate,’ but I believed it not; therefore is my desolation, unlooked for, come upon me, therefore am I made a scorn to the Gentiles of confusion.”

O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! all this mightest thou have avoided; I never sought the death of a sinner, my death thou hast sought, for I laboured to save thee. Save thyself as well as thou mayest, for I have forsaken thee, to desolation have I resigned thee. If in this world thou endurest thy punishment patiently, (and canst purge thy soul by repentance,) in my world of joy I shall be ready to receive thee; otherwise, I have nought to do with thee; thy soul, as thy house, be left desolate unto thee.

Here do I confine our Saviour's collachrimate oration, and, putting off his borrowed person, restore him to the triumphancy of his passion. Now privately (as mortal men) let us consider how his threats were after verified in Jerusalem's overture.

Should I write it to the proof, weeping would leave me no eyes;



like tragic Seneca I should tragedize myself, by bleeding to death in the depth of passion. Admirable Italian! tear eternizers, Ariosto, Tasso, and the rest, never had you such a subject to royalize your Muses with. Of a late destruction of Jerusalem Tasso thou wrotest, wherein thy Godfrey of Bulloin, the destroyer, beareth the chief part of honour. A counterfeit Melpomene (in comparison of this) was thy muse's midwife, when that child of fame was brought forth. Let no man think to enter into this history as he should, but a consumption of sorrow will cut him off ere he come to the end. God forbid I should be so Luciferous, passionative-ambitious to take upon me the full blast of this desolative trumpet of Jerusalem; a weak breath or two I will writhe into it, and with a hoarse sound (such as fitteth far spent languorment) manifest, as it were in a dead march, her untimely interment.

Forty years were expired after our Lord's lifting up into heaven, when the temple-boasting Jews (elate in their own strength) began to pretend a weariness of the Roman regiment, and coveted to reign entire lords over the lords that reigned over them. Eleazar, the son of Ananias, the high-priest, was the first that seminarized this hope of signiorizing and freedom amongst them. Proudly he controlled Agrippa and all the other lieutenants, drove them from their dignities to Rome to seek succour and rescue, and swayed over the multitude as the king and father of their lives. In the mean while the element was overhung with prodigies. God thought it not enough to have threatened them by his Son, but he emblazoned the air with the tokens of his terror. No star that appeared but seemed to sparkle fire. The sun did shine all day as it is wont at his evening going down. The moon had her pale silver face iron-spotted with freckle-imitating blood sprinklings; and for her dim frosty circle a black inky hood embayling her bright head.

Over the temple (at the solemn feast of the Passover) was seen

a comet, most coruscant, streamed and tailed forth, with glistening naked swords, which in his mouth (as a man in his hand all at once) he made semblance as if he shook and vambrished. Seven days it continued, all which time the temple was as clear and light in the night as it had been noon-day. In the *Sanctum Sanctorum* was heard clashing and hewing of armour. Whole flocks of ravens (with a fearful croaking cry) beat, fluttered, and clashed against the windows. A hideous dismal owl (exceeding all her kind in deformity and quantity) in the temple porch built her nest. From under the altar there issued penetrating plangorous howlings, and ghastly dead men's groans. A goodly young heifer, hauled thither for a burnt-offering, being knocked down and ready to be dressed, miraculously calved a lamb.

The sacrificing knives, that dived into her entrails, would afterwards by no means be cleansed, but from her blood (as from man's blood) took unto them an unremovable rust. In the Feast of Weeks, in the Inner Receipt of the temple, was heard one stately stalking up and down, and exclaiming with a terrible bass hollow voice, *Migremus hinc, Migremus hinc, è Templo emigremus*: Let us go hence, let us go hence, out of this temple let us hie us. What should I over-black mine ink, perplex pale paper, rumatize my reader's eyes, with the sad tedious recital of all the prognosticating signs of their ruin! Stories have lost and tired themselves in this story. Should I but make an index to any one writer of them, it would ask a book alone. Some few abbreviated allegements I will content myself with, and so pass onward to more necessary matter.

Above, and besides the prophetic apparitions in, over, and about the temple, in the city there happened no less note-worthy predictions. The east gate thereof, which was all iron, and never wont to be opened under twenty men together, (the dry rusty creaking of whose hooks and gymmes, as it was in the opening, might be heard a mile off,) now, of the own accord, burst wide ope and

being ope, was twice more hard than before to be shut. A base mechanical fellow there was, sprung out of the mud of the commonalty, who for four years together, before the wars begun, went crying up and down, "Woe to Jerusalem, and the sanctuary thereof, woe to every living thing that breatheth therein." The wars once entered, he got him on the walls, and often reiterating his stale worn note, add thereunto, "Woe, and thrice woe to myself," and with that, start a stone out of an engine in the camp and stopped his throat. Many monstrous births at this instant were brought forth; in divers places of the city sprung up founts of blood. The element every night was embattled with armed men, skirmishing and conflicting amongst themselves; and the imperial eagles of Rome were plainly there displayed to all men's sight. A burning sword also was set forth, visibly bent against the city. The strangest and horriblest tempests of thunder and lightning had they that ever was heard of.

The earth left to be so fruitful as it wont; no season but it exceeded his stinted temperature. Every thing rebelled against kind, as thinking scorn to accommodate themselves to their uses, that had so rebelled against the Lord. For all this there was no man that would gather himself, no man that would depart from the ill work he had in hand. *Ambulabant ut cæci quia Domino peccaverunt.* Their eyes were over filmed or blinded, because they obeyed not their Maker.

Now is the time that all rivers must run into the sea, that whatsoever I have in wit or eloquence, must be drained to the delineament of wretchedness.

The Romans, like a drove of wild boars, root up and forage fruitful Palestine. That which was called the Holy Land, is now unhallowed with their heathen swords. Wherefore you pilgrims, that spend the one-half of your days in visiting the Land of Promise, and wear the plants of your feet to the likeness of withered

roots, by bare-legged processioning (from afar) to the sepulchre, ungainfully you consume good hours, for no longer was Judea a land of promise than her temple stood. Vespasian's invasion hath prophaned it: a mount of dead bodies over that sepulchre is raised, which you peregrinate to adore; that sepulchre you see, is but a thing built up by Saracens to get money with, and beguile votive Christians. They delude your superstition, and make it their tributary slave.

No hog-sty is now so pollutionate as the earth of Palestine and Jerusalem. Our Saviour's steps are quite unsanctified in them, and trodden out of scent by the irruptive over-trampling of the Romans. A new story of flesh-manured earth have they cast upon it, and made it no more the walk of saints and prophets, but a poisonous nursery of beasts of prey and serpents.

O God, enlarge mine invention and my memory, sincerely and feelingly, to rehearse the disornamenting of this mother of cities.

Understand, that before the arrival of Vespasian there were in Jerusalem three factions: Eleazar's, which was the fundamente and first, Jehochanan next, and Simeon's the last. Eleazar and Jehochanan, the ungodliest that ever God made, Simeon except, (and he might well have been schoolmaster to Cain and Judas,) he was such a grand keysar of cut-throats. From the noblest of the Jews descended, but his nobility, ere he came to it, by his degenerate conditions he forfeited. A man he was that made a mockery of all laws and religion, and any thing which authority forbad most greedily would embrace; thinking, as the best pastures are hedged in, the best orchards walled about, the best metals hutch'd up, so there was nothing excellent but was forbidden, and whatsoever was forbidden was excellent. For malice or hatred he would not stab or murder men so much, as against he had just occasion to stab or murder, to keep his hand in ure. He held it was lawful for him (since all labouring in a man's vocation is but

getting), to get wealth as well with his sword by the high-way side, as the labourer with his spade or mattock, when all are but iron; besides, as there is none hath any wealth which he getteth not from another, so deemed he it as free for him as another to get from other men; concluding, as there is no better title to a kingdom than conquest, so there is no better claim unto wealth than by the conquest of a strong hand to compass it. Adultery, fornication, drunkenness, no sin but he would defend and offend in.

For the multitude of these and other his abominations, banished he was, and longer in Jerusalem might he not roost; wherefore no possibility had he to prevent beggary, or redeem his estate, but by proclaiming (in all places where he came) the trade he professed. The tenure of his proclamation was this: That if there were any that had duden old coughing miserly fathers they could not endure; if there were any that had repining victual-scanting masters, tyrannizing nevertheless for their work; if there were any that were creditor-crazed, and dead and buried in debt, and knew not which way to rise out of it, let them repair to him, and till doomsday they should have a protection. Yea, if there were ever a good fellow that loved a harlot as his life, would have letters patent to take purses, had a desire to kill and not be hanged, would swear and forswear for single money, and had not so much as a crumb of conscience to put in his pottage, let him or them, whatever, resort under his standard, and their humours should be maintained.

Twenty thousand of these dreggy lees of libertines hived unto him in a moment, whom he ycleped the "Flower of Chivalry;" for they feared no man, and cared neither for God nor the devil. With them he burnt the green corn in the fields, plucked down barns and storehouses, stubbed up orchards and vineyards, and made desolate havoc wherever he came.

To Jerusalem (after much slaughter and spoil), with this his outlaw army he reached, and there interleagued himself with

Eleazar and Jehochanan. The first thing, after their joining, they did, was the displacing of the Sanhedrim, which were the judges, and threescore and ten elders, and sharing the government equally amongst them. Then the sacrifice they silenced, put the high priest to death, and converted the temple to an armory. Long could they not agree, but as empiry admitteth no mateship, so did they envy one another, made heads against one another, mutually skirmished with one another. Their enemies were without, but within lurked the plague that went through stitch.

Twenty thousand in one day the internal civil sword eat up. The Edomites, let in by Jehochanan, of the wealthiest citizens slew eight thousand and five hundred in one night. Here begins the desolation Christ prophesied; within and without vengeance bestirreth her: within it raged most, for within sin reigned most. Let me suddenly wax old, and woe-wrinkle my cheeks before their time, by describing the deplored effects of their sins within. First, for the desolation of their ceremonial religion something I have said already; but the sum of all was this, that if any priest approached near the altar, the blood of him and his offering was blended together. The reverend ephods were made the slaughtermen's aprons: many venerable Levites they bound to the altar by the hair of beards. The vessels of the house of the Lord they put to vile uses; not any consecrated thing but they arrested and made booty of. Young children, whom their mothers led in their hands along with them to the temple to offer, (inhuman to be told,) they took and merciless cast into the sacrificatory flame, and on the same altar (after they were consumed) most sacrilegiously ravished their mothers. Some men (whom they could not otherwise draw into their danger) they would invite to treaty in the temple, saying, "There is the tabernacle of the Lord, there is the ark of his presence, there, if we should draw our blades, it were abomination unremissible. Why distrust you us? suppose you us to be without

God? carry we not the covenant of our father Abraham in our loins as well as you? By Him that owneth this temple we swear, and all mystical riches thereof, you shall depart thence unmolested." Whoso on their oaths, or their words affianced them, were sure to wash the pavement with the best juice of their breasts.

Not only those that came to offer, but those that but offered to kneel in the temple, they ran through. The marble floor of it they made so slippery, with their unrespited, and not so much as Sabbath-ceased blood-shed, and bowel-clinging fat of them that were slain, that a man might better swim than walk on it. The place without the city, where they carried their dung, and buried their entrails of beasts, half so pestilently stunk not as that stunk with dunghills of dead bodies. The entry of the court of the Lord was changed to a standing lake of blood. The silver gates of the temple no more were gates for devout worshippers to enter in at, but slimy flood-gates for thick jellied gore to sluice out by. Who hath seen a vault under a church full of dust-died skulls, and rusty dead men's bones, might (after that gross stream of gore a little was turned aside, and the blood dried up) rightly allude the temple thereunto; for now it was no more a prayer-prospering house, but a puddly vault of dead men's bones, and cast-out bodies kneaded to dirt. Her alabaster walls were all furred, and some painted, with the bespraying of men's brains dung out against them. Her high roof was mingle-coloured with mounting drops of blood, that seemed, by soaking into it, to seek for passage to heaven.

The siege growing hot, the seditious hearts somewhat quailed, and then they made shew as they would correct themselves, as they would renounce their tumultuous tyrannies; and whereas lately before they had deprived the high-priest both of life and office, now (dissemblingly remorseless) they would needs, in all haste, in his room set up another, and by lots he should be chosen. The lot fell upon a ploughman, or carter, one Pani, the son of Paniel, and

he, notwithstanding his ignorant baseness and base rudeness, as in a mockery, was installed in that dignity.

It is not my intent to run a right out race through all the accidents of their reprobation, only that which I lay down is to shew how infallibly Christ's words were fulfilled, as touching their ten times merited desolation. Judge, all those that have sense of misery ere they have occasion to use it in discerning their own miseries, whether this were not desolation or no. The Lord at one time visited their city with those four capital plagues, fire, famine, pestilence, and the sword. First, for fire, thus he visited it: There were a thousand and four hundred storehouses, filled up to the top with victuals, corn, wine, oil, sufficient to maintain two hundred thousand men for twenty years, all which, by the seditious, was set on fire, and consumed in one day. Divers gorgeous buildings they enflamed to smoke out their rich owners, and many goodly streets end-long to the very earth they encindered, for nothing but to have more room to bicker in.

Every corner of Jerusalem had a voice heard in it, as in Ramah, of weeping, mourning, and great lamentation. Scarce could one friend in communing hear another, for the howling, wringing of hands, sobbing and yelling of men, women, and children. Here lay they, half dead, baiting and bathing in their wounds, and roaring and ear-rentingly exclaiming for some melting-hearted man to come and rid them out of their lingering living death, and slay them outright. The sons, daughters, and servants of the elders thus unjustly massacred, went crying up and down the city like madmen, with eyes and hands to heaven extended, "Justice, Lord! justice, Lord! justice against the unjust deprivors of our friends and maintainers."

This was the seditious order, that if there were any man noted to be of more wealth than another, him they picked a quarrel against, and accused of treason to their sanctuary, and sending



letters to the Romans: false witnesses they had in pay, a camp royal: Simeon would not see them unprovided in that case. Not only he that mourned, but he that did not seem to rejoice at the martyrdom of those just men, was dismissed the same way. Not a few, in their minds benumbed with the massacrous monstrousness of this quick martial law, made themselves graves, and went into them alive. The channel of Jordan was so overburdened and charged with dead carcasses, that the waters contended to wash their hands of them, and lightly leapt over their banks, as shunning to mix themselves with so many millions of murders; but, after many days abstinence from their proper intercourse, observing they must live for ever banished from their bounds, except they made some riddance of them, they recollected their liquid forces, and putting all their wavy shoulders together, bare the whole shoal of them before them, as far as the sea of Sodom.

Had there been at that time a Red Sea new to be created, the blood that, like a river from a mountain foot, flowed forth of Jerusalem, would have made it rich in surges, and sufficient to wreck many ships. Even as Jordan, so the brook Cedron, and the waters of Siloam, in like sort were choaked. As dead cats and dogs into butts of sack and muscadine are thrown, for their fiery strength to feed on, so into wells and cisterns were dead corpses innumerable thrown, for their black waters to feed on. From the fury of the sword let me descend to famine and the pestilence, the two latter plagues of Jerusalem.

In giving them suitable phrase, had I the command of a thousand singular wits, I should bankrupt all in description: pluck up a good courage mine infant pen, and wearily struggle, as well as thou mayest, through this huge word-dearthing task!

The store-houses burnt, the siege hard plied, the waste of victuals great, the husbanding of them none at all: there fell such an infectious insatiable famine amongst them, that if all the stones

of Jerusalem had been bread, and they should have tired on them, yet would they have been behindhand with their appetite. Their watery wesands were like to leap out of their mouths for meat, and in their crawling up to seek passage, ready to have been seized on by their jaws for sustenance. Like an overhanging rock eaten in with the tide, or death, that is never pictured but with an upper chap only, so did their propendant breast-bones imminent over-canopy their bellies.

So many men as were in Jerusalem, so many pale, raw-bone ghosts you would have thought you had seen; even through their garments their rake lean ribs appeared; their sharp, embossed ancle-bones turned up the earth like a ploughshare, when in going their feet swerved. The empty air they would catch at instead of meat, like as a spaniel catcheth at a fly; the very dust they gnashed at as it flew, and their own arms and their legs they hardly forbear. Their teeth they would grind one against another, to a white powder like meal; the dirty moss on the pentisses of their houses, they gnawed off most greedily. Not a weed sprung up but, ere it aspired half to his growth, by them it was weeded and ravenously rauncht up. All the bushes and boughs within or round about Jerusalem were hewed down and felled, for men, like brute beasts, to browse on.

Within twelve miles compass of the city, where there were wont to be the most Elysian-like gardens, and flower-gilded fields under heaven, what for the Romans and them, was there not now left a crop of any gourd or green thing. The seditious and the soldiers would come running into the citizens' houses, and taking them by the bosoms, cry aloud, "Give us meat, give us meat; by the Lord we will have meat: rob, steal, run into the tents of our enemies for meat for us, or we will make meat of you and your children." Men's cellars and garrets for meat they searched. If there were but the blood of any thing spilt on the ground, like

hungry dogs they would lick it up. Rats, mice, weasels, scorpions, were no common men's junkets.

In the beginning of this scarcity, had any but a dish full of corn left to send to the mill, they were afraid to send it, for fear they should set all Jerusalem together by the ears for it. Wherefore, in their low under-earth vaults they digged lower caves, which covering with boards and formally paving over, there they eat their corn unground, closely, because they would not be circumvented.

Exceeding rich magnificos stole victuals one from another, and would lie in wait a whole week together to intercept but a chipping. The father stole from the son, and oftentimes tore the meat out of his mouth; the son could scarce refrain from biting out his father's throat-bowl, when he saw him swallow down a bit that he died for. The mother lurched from them both; her young weaned children, famished for want of nourishment, fastened their sharp-edged gums on her fingers, and would not let them go till she plucked the morsel out of her own maw to put into theirs. He that then had a kingdom, would have given it for a crust of bread.

Not a butterfly, grasshopper, worm, nevet, or canker, but was persecuted, and sought out to satisfy emptiness. You should have seen a hundred together, fighting and scrambling about a dead horse. Sometimes they would send their children far out of the city to gather roots and herbs, thinking that the Romans carried more honourable minds than to execute their utmost on them; but all was one, for they spared neither young nor old. Many noble-men eat the leather of their chariots as they rid. Miriam, a matron of great port, and of high lineage, having her receipt of digestion almost closed up with fasting, after she had sustained her life a large space by scraping in chaff and muck-hills for beast's dung, and that means forsaking her, she had no other refuge of fosterment, she was constrained, for her life's supportance, having but one only son, to kill him and roast him.

Mothers of London, each one of you to yourselves, do but imagine that you were Miriam, with what heart, suppose you, could you go about the cookery of your own children? Not hate, but hunger, taught Miriam to forget motherhood. To this purport conceit her discoursing with herself.

“It is better to make a sepulchre for him in mine own body, than leave him to be licked up by over-gorgers’ feet in the street. The wrath of God is kindled in every corner of the city, famine hath sworn to leave no breathing thing in her walls, without the walls the sword more usurpeth than famine. Our enemies are merciless, for we have no eyes to see our own misery. Not they alone besiege us, but our sins also. Fire and famine afflict us. We have wherewithal to feed fire and famine, but not wherewith to feed ourselves and our children. My son, my son, I cannot relieve thee; I have gold and silver to give thee, but not a paring of any repast to preserve thee. My son, my son, why should I not kill famine by killing thee, ere famine, in excruciating thee, kill me? O my dear babe, had I in every limb of me a several life, so many lives as I have limbs, to death would I resign, to save thine one life. Save thee I may not, though I should give my soul for thee. The greatest debt I have bound thee to me with is, by bearing thee in my womb. I’ll bind thee to me again; in my womb I’ll bear thee again, and there bury thee, ere famine shall confound thee; I will unswathe thy breast with my sharp knife, and break ope the bone-walled prison where thy poor heart is locked up to be pined; those chains and manacles of corruptive bowels wherewith thy soul is now fettered, will I free it from; I will lend death a false key to enter into the closet of thy breast.

“Even as amongst the Indians, there is a certain people, that when any of their kinsfolk are sick, save charges of physic, and rather resolve, unnaturally, to eat them up, than day-diversifying agues, or blood-boiling surfeits, should fit meal feed on them, so do

I resolve rather to eat thee up, my son, and feed on thy flesh royally, than inward imperishing famine should too untimely inage thee. Would God, as the men of Ephraim were not able distinctly to pronounce Shibboleth, so I could not distinctly pronounce the sweet name of my son ; it is too sweet a name to come in slaughter's mouth. Though David sung of mercy and judgment together, yet cannot I sing of cruelty and compassion together ; remember I am a mother, and play the murderess both at once. O therefore in my words do I strive to be tyrannous, that I may be the better able to enact with my hands. Seldom, or never, is there any that doth ill, but speaks ill first. The tongue is the encouraging captain, that, with danger glorifying persuasion, animates all the other corporal parts to be ventrous. He is the judge that dooms and determines ; the rest of our faculties and powers are but the secular executioners of his sentence. Be pressed, mine hands, as jail-guarding officers, to see executed whatsoever your superior tongue-slaying judge shall decree. Embrawn your soft-skinned enclosure with adamant dust, that it may draw nothing but steel unto it. Arm yourselves against my son, not as my son, but my bed-intercepting bastard, begotten of some strumpet. My heart shall receive an injunction imaginarily to disinherit him. No relenting thought of mine shall retain you with repentant affectionate humours.

“ I will blood-shot mine eyes, that all may seem sanguine they look on. Some dead man that is already slain I'll anatomize and embowel, the more to flesh my fingers in butchering. Ratified it is, bad-fated saturnine boy, that thou must be anthropophagized by thine own mother. Thou wert once the chief pillar of my posterity, and the whole reliance of my name. Well I hoped thou shouldst have revived and new grafted thy father's fame : I expected Jerusalem should have had a strong prop of thee ; and if at any time it were war threatened, thy right arm should have re-tran-

quillized and rejoiced it, that the young men, in their merry running madrigals, and sportive base-bidding roundelays for thee, should have honoured me; that the virgins, on their loud tinternelling timbrels, and ballad<sup>1</sup> singing dances, should have descanted on my praises.

“ Mine age of thee expected all life-expedient necessities. My sight put not on years’ dimness so soon as it would have done, only trusting thou shouldst seal it up when death had dusked it. My beauty-creasing cares, and frown-imitating wrinkles, were wholly buried in the monumental grave, which I, misdeeming, deemed thy sword might dig me. All these, my airy-bodied expectations, famine hath dispersed. I must enter thee, thou canst not entomb me. Thy little soul to heaven must be sent, to intelligence the calamity of Jerusalem: God will have pity of thee, and, perhaps, pity Jerusalem for thee. He surely will melt in remorse, and wither up the hand of his wrath, when in his ears it shall be clamoured how the desolation he hath laid on Jerusalem hath compelled a tender starved mother to kill and eat her only son. And yet his own only child, Christ Jesus (as dear to him as thou to me, my son), he sent into the world to be crucified.

“ O sorrow-conceiving mothers, look to have all your children crucified, to have none of them remitted, since our husbands have been so hardy to lay harmful hands on the Lord of Life. Can God be more grief-yielding with the loss and life-famishing of our innocent children, than he was at the giving up of his own only Son? That one deadly deed hath obdured him, and made him a hard God to all mothers. Famine, the Lord hath sent thee to heap a second curse upon mothers: Never shall it be said thou tookest from me my son; his father’s falchion shall send him to sleep with his fathers. Neither shall his death be recorded as my crime in

<sup>1</sup> A ballad, in French, is any song that is sung dancing.

heaven's judgment-book, when I but only rid him, that is as good as dead already, out of the tedious pain of dying.

"I have no meat, my son, to bring thee up with; I have no ears to give idle passage to the complaints of thy pining: the enemies without and within shall divide thy blood guilt betwixt them. Amongst the rabblement shalt thou not miscarry; I'll bear thee in my bosom to Paradise. Thy tomb shall be my stomach; with thy flesh will I feast me. This shall be all the child's tribute I will require of thee, for the six years' life I have given thee, to cherish me but six days; and, rather than, Famine, thou should consume me, to consume thyself in my sustenance. The foreskin of original sin shalt thou clean circumcise, by this one act of piety. Return into me, and see the mould wherein thou wert cast. As much pain in thy conception endured I for thee, as I will put thee to in thy departure. By nature we all desire to return to the soil from whence we came: wert thou of age to plead thine own desires, I know they would be accordant with mine. I am thy mother, and must desire for thee: I love thee more than thou canst thyself, therefore cannot my desires endamage thee. Into the garden of Eden I will lead thee, but one gap broke ope thy entrance is made. More shalt thou terrify the seditious by the constraintment of thy quartering, than if Jehovah out of a cloud should speak to them.

"Tis not thou, but I, shall be counted opprobrious. Lo, there goes the woman, shall they say, that hath sliced and eaten her own son. I am content to undergo any shame to abash and rebuke their faces. Sword, however I have flattered thee, look for no direction from mine eyes; for though with my hands I outrage, with mine eyes I cannot! Mine eyes are womanish, my hands are manly. Mine eyes will shed tears instead of shedding blood; they will regard pitiful looks, the white skin, the comely proportion, the tender youth, the quiet lying like a lamb; my hand beholdeth none of these, and yet it is my right hand which should do every

one right, much more mine own child. Right will I do thee, noble infant, in righting thee from the wrongs of famine. Never shall the Romans have thee for their ward. Thus, thus, like blindfold fortune, I right thee, mine eyes being veiled."

At one stroke (even as these words were speaking) she beheaded him; and when she had done, turning the apron from off her own face on his, that the sight might not afreshly distemper her, without seeing, speaking, deliberating, or almost thinking any more of him, she sod, roast, and powdered him; and having eat as much as sufficed, set up the rest.

The seditious, smelling the savour of a feast, which at that time was no ordinary matter in Jerusalem, roughly (in heaps) rushed and burst into the house, saying, "Wicked woman, thou hast meat, and traiterously concealest it from us; we'll tear thee in pieces if thou setst not part of it before us."

With some few words of excuse before them, what she had brought, entertaining them in these, or like terms.

"Eat, I pray you; here is good meat, be not afraid, it is flesh of my flesh, I bare it, I nursed it, I suckled it. Lo, here is the head, the hands, and the feet. It was mine own only son, I tell you. Sweet was he to me in his life, but never so sweet as in his death. Behold his pale parboiled visage, how pretty piteous it looks. His pure snow-moulded soft flesh will melt of itself in your mouths: who can abstain from these two round teat-like cheeks? Be not dainty to cut them up, the rest of his body have I cut up to your hands.

"Cravens, cowards, recreants, sit you mute and amazed! Never entered you into consideration of your cruelty before. It is you that have robbed me of all my food, and so consequently robbed me of my only son. Vengeance on your souls, and all the descending generations of the seed of your tribes, for thus mirroring me for the monarch-monster of mothers. No chronicle, that shall



write of Jerusalem's last captivity, but shall write of me also. Not any shall talk of God's judgment on this city, but for the cardinal judgment against it, shall recite mine enforcement to eat mine own child. I am a woman, and have killed him and eat of him; my womanish stomach hath served me to that, which your manlike stomachs are dastarded with. What I have done you have driven me to do; what you have driven me to do, now being done, you are daunted with. Eat of my son one morsel yet, that it may memorize against you; ye are accessory to his dismembering. Let that morsel be his heart, if you will, the greater may be your conviction.

"Men of war you are, who make no conscience of tearing out any man's heart for a morsel of bread. Most valiant captains, why forbear you, is not here your own diet, human blood? Here is my son's breast, pierce it once again, for once you have pierced it with famine. Are not you they that spoiled my house, and left me no kind of cherishment for me and my son? Feed on that you have slain, and spare not. O my son! oh, mine only son! these seditious are the devils that directed the sword against thy throat. They with their armed hands have crammed thy flesh into my palate; now poison them with thy flesh, for it is they that have supplanted thee. Renowned is thine end, for in Jerusalem is none hath resisted famine but thou: me thou hast fed, thyself thou hast freed; 'tis thou only that at the latter day shalt condemn these seditious. Excuse me, that only what I could not choose committed; I did all for the best: the best remedy of thine unreprieveable perverse destiny was death; therefore I devoured thee that fowls of the air might not rent thee. For sauce to thy flesh have I infused my tears; whoso dippeth in them shall taste of my sorrow."

The rebels, hearing this, were wholly metamorphosed into melancholy: yea, the chieftains of them were over-clouded in conceit.

Was never till this ever heard from Adam, that a woman eat her own child! Was never such a desolation as the desolation of Jerusalem!

As touching the pestilence, some short peroration is now to succeed. Of it there died more than a hundred thousand during the time of the siege. Out of the least gate of Jerusalem (which was that towards the brook Cedron) were carried forth to burial a hundred fifteen thousand a hundred and eight persons; all which were of the nobles, gentlemen, and substantiallest men of the Jews. Many fled to Titus, who when they came to meat could eat none of it, but died with the very sight thereof. Of those that fled, a great number swallowed up their gold and their jewels, which (being clearly escaped) they sought amongst their excrements. But when by the Aramites and Arabians (Titus' mercenary soldiers) it was perceived, they slew them outright, and ripped their bowels for their gold, and so left them to the eagles and ravens. Two thousand by this covetise slept their last. The princes of the Jews (which Titus, as submissioners and succour-suers, had received to mercy) he straightly examined, on their allegiance and fidelity, how many were dead in the city since he first besieged it; and the number was given up, (namely, of such as were carried forth at all gates to be buried, and were slain in battle,) seven hundred thousand five hundred seventy and five, besides many thousands that in the streets and temple lay unburied, and were cast down into the brook Cedron. The whole bill, when the siege was concluded, came to eleven hundred thousand, all which in fourteen months misfortuned.

Sixteen thousand Titus led prisoners to Rome, (those omitted which under Eleazar's conduct perished.) The *Sanctum Sanctorum* was set on fire, and the priests therein smothered. All the antique buildings were burnt and beaten down. Of David, Solomon, or the old kings of Israel, was there no trophy remaining, no stone

but dis-situate: Jerusalem was left, not as Jerusalem, but a naked plot of ground; and as it was said of Priam's town, *Jam seges est, ubi Troia fuit*, now is that corn-field that was first called Troy; so that is now a mount of stones that in years past was intitled Jerusalem.

O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! what shall I say to thee more but Christ foretold thy house should be left desolate unto thee; and lo, as he foretold, it is fallen out.

Of all thy gates, that were plated over with silver, is there not so much as one nail remaining. Thy streets were paved with marble, and thy houses jetted out with japhy and cedar; that pavement, those houses, thy habitation (like dust-engraved letters) is quite abraded and ploughed up. Thine enemies on thy sanctuary took compassion; (beholding the glory of it), thou tookest none. Titus, an infidel, understanding the multitude of thy profanations and contumacies, was afraid (having entered thee) to stay in thee, saying, "Let us hence, lest their sins destroy us." Nothing thou fearedst; in old wives' fables thou believedst; with th' almodistical dreams (that thy temple after her destruction should be built up in a day) thyself thou deludest. And whereas thou hadst a prophecy that thy sanctuary should not be prostituted, till out of thy quarters sprung a monarch of the whole earth, thou wert blinded, and wantedst the sense in Vespasian to pick out his expletement. For he, coming into Judea but as a subjected general to the Roman empire, by his own soldiers, against his will, was there consecrated emperor; and so out of thy dominions, or quarters, departed he, leaving his son Titus behind him to sack thee.

See with how many deceits thou art circumvented, for calling Christ a circumventer and deceiver. For "stoning him and his prophets<sup>1</sup>," and using such great injustice to St. James (his cousin according to the flesh), Josephus and Eusebius agree all those

<sup>1</sup> Math. 27. 25.

plagues were laid upon thee. But to the imprecation ascribe I it rather, wherewith when Pilate washed his hands thou cursedst thyself, saying, "His blood be upon us, and our children." Inhuman policy another cause I conjecture. Thou lettest Eleazar, a private man, take the sword of thy freedom into his hands unauthorised. Thou sufferedst him (unpunished) to resist the Roman provincial Florus: ill didst thou therein, for in government (though it be to resist public violence,) it is not safe to suffer a private man to undertake arms as general. The reasons hereafter I will open in some other discourse treating wholly of those matters.

The chief reason of thy confusion was the ripeness of thy sins, which were seeded for want of God's putting his sickle into them. Jerusalem, if I were to describe hell, some part of thy desolation description would I borrow to make it more horrorsome. Eleven hundred thousand for these few words, "but thou wouldst not," most wretchedly lost their lives. If but one line ("thy house shall be left desolate unto thee,") included all this, what doth the whole scripture include? Not a piece of a line in it that talks of the lake of fire and brimstone, but by a hundred thousand parts more importeth. It is a quiver of short arrows, which never shew their length till they be full shot out; a ball of wildfire round wrapt up together, which burneth not, but ast forth; a close winded clue, conducting those that deal unadvisedly with it into the Minotaur's labyrinth of pain everlasting.

I would wish no man to be too mild in expounding it. It has more edges to smite with than it shews: it is not silly in operation, though it be simple in appearance. Jerusalem, not all thy seventy Esdrean Cabalizers, who traditionally from Moses received the law's interpretation, could ever rightly teach thee to divine of the crucified Messias. The Scripture thou madest a too, too compound Cabalistical substance of, by canonizing such a multifarious genealogy of comments.

HITHERTO stretcheth the prosecution of thy desolation. Now to LONDON must I turn me, LONDON that turneth from none of thy left hand impieties. As great a desolation as Jerusalem hath LONDON deserved. Whatsoever of Jerusalem I have written was but to lend her a looking-glass. Now I enter into my true tears, my tears for London, wherein I crave pardon though I deal more searchingly than common soul-surgeons accustom; for in this book wholly have I bequeathed my pen and my spirit to the prostrating and ensorrowing the frontiers of sin. So let it be acceptable to God and his church what I write, as no man in this treatise I will particularly touch, none I will semovedly<sup>1</sup> allude to, but only attainit vice in general.

Pride shall be my principal aim, which in London hath platformed another sky-undersetting Tower of Babel. Jonathan<sup>2</sup> shot five arrows beyond the mark; I fear I shall shoot fifteen arrows behind the mark in describing this high towering sin.

O Pride, of all heaven-relapsing premunires the most fearful: thou that ere this hast disparadised our first parent Adam, and unrighteoused the very angels, how shall I arm mine elocution to break through the ranks of thy bily stumbling-blocks? After the destruction of Antwerp, thou being thrust out of house and home, and not knowing whither to betake thee, at hap hazard embarkedst for England. Where hearing rich London was the full streamed well-head, unto it thou hastedst, and there hast dwelt many years, begetting sons and daughters. Thy sons' names are these, Ambition, Vainglory, Atheism, Discontent, Contention. Thy daughters, Disdain, Gorgeous-Attire, and Delicacy. O had Antwerp still flourished, that thou hadst never come hither to mis-fashion us, or that there were any city would take thy children to halves with us!

Thy first son Ambition is waxed a great courtier, and maketh him wings of his long Furies' hair to fly up to heaven with: he hath

<sup>1</sup> Sic in Orig. *Editor.*

<sup>2</sup> 1 Kings 19. 22.

a throne raised up under his heels in every start-up he treads on. His back bandieth colours with the sun. The ground he thinketh extremely honoured and beholding to him, if he bless it but with one humble look. Nothing he talks on but kentals of pearl, the conquering of India, and fishing for kingdoms. Fame he makes his God, and men's mouths the limit of his conscience. So many greater as there are than himself, so many griefs he hath. The devil may command all his heart and soul, if he will rid him but of one rival. He that but crosseth him in the course of his ascension either killeth him outright (if he be above his reach), or is sure (kill he not first) in the end to be killed by him.

Poor men he looks should part with all their goods to have him but take knowledge of them. He seeks to get him a majesty in his frown, and do something to seem terrible to the multitude. Even courtesy and humility he perverteth to pride where he cannot otherwise pray. Hath no child of Pride so many disciples as this tiptoe Ambition? Why call I him Ambition, when he hath changed his name unto Honour? I mean not the honour of the field (Ambition's only enemy), which I could wish might be ever, and only honourably, but brokerly blown up honour, honour by antic fawning fiddled up, honour bestowed for damned deserts.

Of this kind of honour is this elf (we call Ambition) compacted. Yet will I not say but even in the highest noblest birth, and honourablest glory of arms, there may be ambition. David was ambitious when he caused the people to be numbered. Nebuchadnezzar eat grass for his ambition. Herod was ambitious when in angelical apparel he spoke to the people. The truest image of this kind of ambition was Absalom.

Julius Cæsar amongst the Ethnicks surmounted, who when he had conquered Gallia, Belgia, this our poor Albion, and the better part of Europe, and upon his return to Rome was crowned emperor, in the height of his prosperity he sent men skilled in geometry

to measure the whole world, that whereas he intended to conquer it all, he might know how long he should be in overrunning it. Letters had they directed to all the presidents, consuls, dukes, palatines, tetrarchs, and judges of provinces to assist them, and safe conduct them. Their commission was not only to measure the earth, but the waters, the woods, the seas, the shores, the vallies, the hills, and the mountains. In this discovery thirty years were spent, from his consulship to the consulship of Saturnius, when God wot, poor man, twenty years good before they returned, he was all to be poignarded in the senate-house, and had the dust of his bones in a brasen urn (no bigger than a bowl) barrelled up, whom (if he had lived) all the sea, and earth, and air, would have been too little for.

Let the ambitious man stretch out his limbs never so, he taketh up no more ground (being dead) than the beggar. London, of many ambitious busy heads hast thou beheld the rising and downfalling! In thy stately school are they first tutored in their art. With example thou first exaltest them, and still liftst them up, till thou hast lifted up their heads on thy gates.

What a thing is the heart of man, that it should swell so big as the whole world? Alexander was but a little man, yet if there had been a hundred worlds to conquer, his heart would have comprised them. Did men consider whereof they were made, and that the dust was their great-grandmother, they would be more humiliated and dejected. Of a brittler metal than glass is this we call ambition made, and to mischances more subject. Glass with good usage may be kept and continue many ages. The days of man are numbered; threescore and ten is the term; if he live any longer it is but labour and sorrow.

Glass feareth not sickness, nor old age; it gathereth no wrinkles with standing. It hath not so many that scout and lie in wait for his end as Ambition: for he (as all mankind) is con-

tinually liable to a million of mischances ; besides a legion of diseases lingering about him. Admit none of those meet with him, Time with his sickle will be sure not to miss him. A man may escape a sickness, a blow, a fall, a wild beast : he cannot escape his last destiny. External dangers (such as these be) every one is circumspect and careful to avoid. Not any one ponders in his thought how to avoid the death that grows inward.

From the rich to the poor (in every street in London) there is ambition, or swelling above their states : the rich citizen swells against the pride of the prodigal courtier ; the prodigal courtier swells against the wealth of the citizen. One company swells against another, and seeks to intercept the gain of each other ; nay, not any company but is divided in itself. The ancients, they oppose themselves against the younger, and suppress them and keep them down all that they may. The young men, they call them dotards, and swell and rage, and with many others swear on the other side they will not be kept under by such cullions, but go good and near to out-shoulder them.

Amongst their wives is like war. Well did Aristotle in the second of *Physics*, call sins monsters of nature ; for as there is no monster ordinarily reputed but in a swelling or excess of form, so is there no sin but is a swelling or rebelling against God. " Sin," saith Augustine, " is either thought, word, or deed, opposite to the eternal will of God." Then if all sins be opposing themselves against God, surely ambition (which is part of the devil's sin) cannot but be the cherishing of open enmity against God : and so immediate I conclude, that so many ambitious men as are amongst us, so many open enemies God hath.

Ambition is any puffed up greedy humour of honour or preferment. No puffing or swelling up in any man's body but is a sore ; when the soul doth swell with ambition, both soul and body (without timely physic of repentance) will smart full sore for it. Humi-



lity was so hard a virtue to beat into our heads, that Christ purposely came down from heaven in his own person to teach it us, and continued thirty years together, nothing but preaching and practising it here upon earth. "The foolish things of the world," saith Paul,<sup>1</sup> "God chooseth, and not the haughty or ambitious in conceit." God might have chosen kings and emperors, or the scribes and pharisees to be his disciples, but foolish fishermen he chose.

In worldly policy he used a foolish course to win credit to his doctrine: but foolish is the worldly policy, that only from the devil borrows his instance. Christ chose them, whom the devil scorned to look so low as to tempt, in whose hearts he had not yet laid one stone of his building. They were the only fit men to receive the impression of his spirit. Whether it be a blessing or no given to all fishermen (for the apostles' sake) I know not, but surely there is no one trade (in their vocation) lives so faithfully and painfully as fishermen, that in their apparel or diet less exceed. He that should have told the devil, Christ would cast his nets amongst fishermen, he would have laughed him out of his coat for a coxcomb. What reason, what likelihood was there? was he born in a fishing town? was he allied either by the father or the mother to fishermen? Nay, how should he come almost in all his life to hear of a fisherman? Tush, tush, he will be altogether in the temple amongst the doctors, the high priests, and the elders: them will I ply and waylay against him.

To their unbelief I will lend arguments. They have the seeds of ambition rooted in their hearts already. I will put in their heads that he cometh to destroy their law and their temple, and turn them all out of their stately chairs of authority; and this (I think) will tickle them thoroughly against him.

Simple devil, Christ deceived thee, and only in this he deceived

<sup>1</sup> 1 Cor. 8.

thee, that thou imaginedst his pride and ambition to be like thine, and never lookedst for him amongst net-menders. I dare swear for thee thou wouldst have sooner sought for him amongst carpenters. But when thou foundest how thou wert over-reached, I think thou rannest to them, from one to another, with cap in hand to request them to betray him. And every one shook thee off churlishly but Judas, and on him hadst thou not had power but that he carried the purse. It is a hard thing for him that carries the purse, that hath money and gold at command, not to be moved with ambition.

Peter, James, and John, had you been any thing but beggarly fishermen, and that you had ever lived but a-hungred and cold by the sea-side, or once come into the great towns where Ambition sits in her majesty, and bewitcheth all eyes (before Christ met with you), the devil had caught hold of you. For your sakes all other of your profession shall fare the worse. Beware, fishermen, the devil owes you an old grudge, he takes you for dangerous men. Till your predecessors the apostles so went beyond him, he never suspected you, he never tempted you; now he will sooner tempt you, and be more busy about you than kings and emperors.

Those that will shun ambition (for which the wrath of God hangeth heavy over this our city) must withdraw their eyes from vanities, have something still to put them in mind whereof they are made, and whether they must. My young novice, whatever thou be, not yet crept out of the shell, I say unto thee as the prophet said to the King of Israel, *Cave ne eas in locum illum, nam ibi insidie sunt*, Beware thou comest not in that place, for there thou art beset: so beware thou comest not to the court, or to London, for there thou shalt be beset. Beset with ambition, beset with vanity, beset with all the sins that may be. The way to know ambition when it invades thee, is to observe and watch thyself when thou first fallest into a self love; if self love hath seized on thee, she will

stand on no mean terms, nor be content to live as a common drudge. None, in any case, must stand in her light, the sun must shine on none but her. Whatsoever a man naturally desires is ambition. *Quod habere non vis est valde bonum, quod esse non vis hoc est bonum.* There is nothing is not ambition but that which a man would not have or would not be. "Having food and clothing," as Paul<sup>1</sup> willeth us, "let us be content:" what more we require to content is ambition. What more than the contented blessed state of an angel the devil gaped after, was that which cast him out of heaven. We are sent in warfare into the world to bear arms and fight it out with the devil's chief Basso, Ambition. Under Christ's standard we march; he is our leader, small is his army, and but a handful in comparison of the others: his outward pomp simple, his provision (in sight) slender or none at all.

If upon these considerations (as distrusting his providence,) we shall grow in mislike with him, and revolt to Ambition his enemy, and betray him, shall we ever look him in the face more, or will he ever after acknowledge us? O, no, not only he shall forsake us, but that rich braving Basso, Ambition, (like a wise prince that will trust no traitors.) As soon as ever they are come near him, down the hill they climbed up to him, shall he headlong reverse them.

Even in this dilatement against Ambition, the devil seeks to set in a foot of affected applause, and popular fame's ambition in my style, so as he incited a number of philosophers in times past to prosecute their ambition of glory, in writing of glory's contemptibleness. I resist it and abhor it; if any thing be here penned that may pierce or profit, heavenly Christ, not I, have the praise. London, look to Ambition, or it will lay thee desolate like Jerusalem. Only the ambitious shaking off the yoke of the Romans was the bane of Jerusalem. The dust in the streets (being come of the

<sup>1</sup> 1 Tim. 6.

same house that we are of, and seeing us so proud and ambitious, thinks with herself, why should not she, that is descended as well as we, raise up her plumes as we do; and that is the reason she borrows the wings of the wind so oft to mount into the air: and many times she dasheth herself in our eyes, as who should say, "Are you my kinsmen, and will not know me?" O, what is it to be ambitious, when the dust of the street, when it pleaseth her, can be ambitious?

The Jews, ever when they mourned, rent their garments, as it were to take revenge on them by making them proud and ambitious, and keeping them all the while from the sight of their nakedness. Then they put on sackcloth, and that sackcloth they sprinkled over with dust and overwhelmed with ashes, to put God in mind, that if he should arm his displeasure against them, he should but contend with dust and ashes: and what glory or praise could they afford him? "Shall the dust praise thee?" (saith David); "or those that go down to the pit glorify thee?" Besides, it signified, that whereas they had lifted themselves above their creation, and forgot by whom and of what they were made, now they repented and returned to their first image; in all prostrate humility they confessed, that the breath of the Lord, as easy as the wind disperseth dust, might disperse them, and bring them to nothing. Did ambition afford us any content, or were it ought but a desire of disquiet, it were somewhat.

O Augustine! now I call to mind the tale of thy conversion, in the sixth chapter of thy sixth book of Confessions, where describing thyself to be a young man, puffed up with the ambition of that time, thou wert chosen to make an oration before the emperor, in which (having toiled thy wits to their highest wrest) thou thoughtest to have purchased heaven and immortality.

Coming to pronounce it, thy tongue (like Orpheus' strings) drew all ears unto it; the emperor thou exceedingly pleasedst,

because thou exceedingly and hyperbolically praisedst. Admiration encompassed thee, and Commendation strove to be as eloquent as thou in thy commendation. But what was all this to the purpose? the bladder was burst that had so long swelled, wind thou spentedst, and nought but wind thou gainedst; for good words, good words were returned to thee, like one that gave Augustus Greek verses, and he for his reward gave him Greek verses again. The heaven thou dreamedst of, being attained, seemed so inferior to thy hopes, that it cast thee headlong into hell. Home again (in a melancholy) with thy companions thou returnedst, where by the way, in a green meadow, thou espiedst a poor drunken beggar (his belly being full) heighing, leaping, and dancing, fetching strange youthful frisks, and taking care for nothing. With that thou sighedst, and enteredst into this discourse with thy companions.

“ O what is ambition, that it should not yield so much content as beggary? Miserable is that life where none is happy but the miserable. Travail and care for wealth, riches, and honour, is but care and travail for travail and care. Mad and foolish are we who watch and study how to vex ourselves, and in hunting after a vain shadow of felicity, hunt and start up more and more causes of perplexity. This beggar hath not burnt candles all night a month together as I have done, he hath made no oration to the emperor to-day, and yet he is merry; I, that have pored out mine eyes upon books, and well nigh spit out all my brain at my tongue's end this morning, am dumpish, drowsy, and wish myself dead; and yet, if any man should ask me if I would willingly die, or exchange my state with the beggar, I fear I should hardly condescend. Such is my ambition, such is my foolish delight in my unrest.

“ He, having but a little money, and a few dunghill rags clouted together on his back, hath true content; I, with my grievous heart-breakings and painful complots, have laid to overtake it and cannot. He is jocund, I am joyless; he secure, I fearful. There is no learn-

ing or art leading to true felicity but the art of beggary. Ungrateful knowledge, that for all the body-wasting industry I have used in thy compassment, hast not blest me so much as this beggar! I, having thee, he, wanting thee, is preferred in heart's ease before me. No delight or heart's ease received I from thee, for I have spoke not to teach, but to please. Vile double-faced Oratory, that art good for nothing but to fatten sin with thy flattery, that callest it giving immortality when thou magnifiest vices for virtues, and challengest great deserts of kings and nobility for dissembling, here I renounce thee, as the parasite of arts, the whorish painter of imperfections, and only patroness of sin!"

To this scope, reverend Augustine, tended thy plaintive speech, though I have not expressed it in the same words: but the operation in thee it brought forth was, that from the meditation of beggarly content, thou wadedst by degrees into the depth of the true heavenly content. O singular work, contrived by weak means. O rarely honoured beggary, to be the instrument of recalling so rich a soul! "O, faithless and perverse generation", (saith Christ unto us as he said to the Jews,) how long shall I be with you? how long shall I suffer you, ere my miracles work in you the like meditation? All of you are ambitious of much prosperity, long life, and many days for your bodies; none of you have care of the posterity of your souls."

There is a place in the isle of Paphos, where there never fell rain; there is a place within you called your hearts, where no drops of the dew of grace can have access. Your days are as swift as a post, yea, swifter than a weaver's shuttle they fly and see no good thing: yet, fly you swifter to hell than they. *Veniunt anni ut eant*, (saith Austine) *non veniunt ut stant*; years come, that they may travel on, and not stand still: passing by us they spoil us, and lay us open to the tyranny of a cruel enemy, Death. O, if we love

' Matth. 11.

so this miserable and finite life, how ought we to love that celestial and infinite life, where we shall enjoy all pleasures so plentiful, that ambition shall have nothing overplus to work on.

Here we labour, drudge, and moil; yet for all our labouring, drudging, and moiling, cannot number the things we lack. We are never long at ease, but some cross or other afflicteth us. As the earth is compassed round with waters, so are we, the inhabitants thereof, compassed round with woes. We see great men die, strong men die, witty men die, fools die, rich merchants, poor artificers, ploughmen, gentlemen, high-men, low-men, wearish-men, gross-men, and the fairest complexioned men die, yet we persuade ourselves we shall never die. Or if we do not so persuade ourselves, why prepare we not to die? Why do we reign as gods on the earth, that are to be eaten with worms? Should a man, with Xerxes, but enter into this conceit with himself, that as he sees one old man carried to burial, so within threescore years not one of all our glistering courtiers, not one of all our fair ladies, not one of all our stout soldiers and captains, not one of all this age throughout the world should be left, what a damp and deadly terror would it strike! Temples of stone and marble decay and fall down; then think not, Ambition, to outface Death, that art but a temple of flesh. Dives died and was buried, Lazarus died and was buried; brazen-forehead Ambition, thou shalt die and be buried; king or queen, whatever, thou shalt die and be buried!

Alas! what mad hair-brained sots we are; we will take up a humour of ambition which we are not able to uphold, and know assuredly, ere many years, we must be thrown down from; yet come what will, at all adventures, we will go through with it: we will be gods and monarchs in our life, though we be devils after death. Over and over I repeat it double and treble, that the spirit of monarchizing in private men, is the spirit of Lucifer. Christ said to his disciples, "He that will be greatest amongst you, shall

be the least." So say I, that he which will be the greatest in any state, or seeketh to make his posterity greatest, shall be the least; the least accounted of, the least revered, for none that is getting ambitious but is generally hated. His posterity, though he establish them never so, shall not hold out. Fools shall squander in an hour all the avarice of their ambitious wise ancestors.

Ambition, on the sands thou buildest, regard thy soul more than thy sons and daughters; let poor men glean after thy cart, cast thy bread upon the waters. Thy greediness of the world teacheth the devil to be greedy of thy soul. He accuseth his spirits and upbraideth them of sloth by thee, saying, Mortal men in these and these many years can heap together so many thousands, and what is it that they have a mind to, which they get not into their hands: but you Drones and Dormice, (that in celerity and quickness should outstart them,) lie sleeping and stretching yourselves by the hearth of hell-fire, and have no care to look about for the increase of our kingdom. Heaven-gate is no bigger than the eye of a needle, yet ambitious worldly men, having their backs like a camel's, bunched with cares, and betrapped with bribes and oppressions, think to enter in at it.

Ambition, Ambition, hearken to me; there will be a black day when thy ambition shall break his neck, when thou shalt lie in thy bed as on a rack, stretching out thy joints, when thine eyes shall start out of thy head, and every part of thee be wrung as with the wind-cholic! In midst of thy fury and malady, when thou shalt laugh and trifle, falter with thy tongue, rattle in thy throat, be busy in folding and doubling the clothes, and scratching and catching whatsoever comes near thee; then (as the possessed with the calen-tura) thou shalt offer to leap, and cast thyself out of the top of thine house; thou shalt burst thy bowels and crack thy cheeks in striving to keep in thy soul. When thou shouldst look up to heaven



thou shalt be overlooking thy will, and altering some clause of it; when thou shouldst be commending thy spirit.

In thy life hast thou sought more than what is needful, therefore at thy death shalt thou neglect that is needful. Ambition, like Jerusalem, thou knowest not the time of thy visitation; for thou hast sought in this world to gather great promotions unto thee, and not gather thyself under Christ's wing: "Thy house shall be left desolate unto thee."

A special branch of this ambition is Avarice; as riches or covetise there is nothing that so engenders ambition. Every tree, every apple, every grain, every herb, every fruit, every weed, hath his several worm: the worm of wealth is ambition, the spur to ambition is wealth. Ambition's self we have displayed sufficiently; his supporter we will now call in question. *Dificile est* (saith an ancient Father), *ut non sit superbus qui dives, tolle superbiam, divitie non nocebunt*: It is a very difficult thing for him not to be proud or ambitious that is rich; take away his ambition, his riches never hurt him.

Riches have hurt a great number in England, who, if their riches had not been, had still been men, and not Timonists. Riches, as they have renowned, so they have reproached London. It is now grown a proverb, "That there is no merchandise but usury." I dare not affirm it, but, questionless, Usury crieth to the children of prodigality in the streets: "All you, that will take up money or commodities on your land or possibilities, to banquet, riot, and be drunk, come unto us, and you shall be furnished; for gain we will help to damn both your souls and our own." God in his mercy never call them to their audit. God in his mercy rid them all out of London; and then it were to be hoped the plague would cease; else never.

Jeremy saith, "Woe be to him that buildeth his house with

unrighteousness, and his chambers without equity, whose eyes and whose heart are only for covetousness, and to shed innocent blood.'” The eyes and the heart of Usurers are only for covetousness and to shed innocent blood. More gentlemen, by their entanglement and exactions, have they driven to desperate courses, and so, consequently, made away and murdered, than either France, the Low Countries, or any foreign siege or sea voyage this forty years. Tell me, at most, what gentleman hath been cast away at sea, or disasterly soldierized it by land, but they have enforced him thereunto by their fleecing. What is left for a man to do, being consumed to the bare bones by these greedy horse-leeches, and not having so much reserved as would buy him bread, but either to hang at Tyburn, or pillage and reprisal where he may? Huge numbers in their stinking prisons they have starved, and made dice of their bones, for the devil to throw at dice for their own souls.

This is the course now-a-days, every one taketh to be rich. Being a young trader, and having of old Mumpsimus, his avaricious master, learned to be his crafts-master, for a year or two he is very thrifty and husbandly; he pays and takes as duly as the clock strikes; he seemeth very sober and precise, and bringeth all men in love with him? When he thinketh he hath thoroughly wrung himself into the world’s good opinion, and that his credit is as much as he will demand, he goes and tries it, and on the tenter-hooks stretches it. No man he knoweth but he will scrape a little book courtesy of; two or three thousand pounds, perhaps, makes up his mouth. When he hath it all in his hands, for a month or two he revels it, and cuts it out in the whole cloth.

He falls acquainted with gentlemen, frequents ordinaries and dicing-houses daily, where, when some of them, in play, have lost all their money, he is very diligent at hand, on their chains, or bracelets, or jewels, to lend them half the value. Now, this is the

<sup>1</sup> Jerem. 22.

nature of young gentlemen, that where they have broke the ice and borrowed once, they will come again the second time; and that these young foxes know, as well as the beggar knows his dish. But at the second time of their coming it is doubtful to say, whether they shall have money or no. The world grows hard, and we all are mortal; let them make him any assurance before a judge, and they shall have some hundred pounds, *per consequence*, in silks and velvets. The third time, if they come, they shall have baser commodities; the fourth time, lutestrings and grey paper; and then, I pray, pardon me, I am not for you; pay me that you owe me, and you shall have any thing.

When thus this young usurer hath thrust all his pedlary into the hands of novice heirs, and that he hath made of his three thousand, nine thousand in bonds and recognisances (besides the strong faith of the forfeitures), he breaks, and cries out amongst his neighbours, that he is undone by trusting gentlemen; his kind heart hath made him a beggar, and warns all men, by his example, to beware how they have any dealings with them. For a quarter of a year or thereabouts, he slips his neck out of the collar, and sets some grave man of his kindred (as the father-in-law or such like), to go and report his lamentable mischance to his creditors, and what his honest care is, to pay every man his own as far as he is able. His creditors (thinking all is gospel he speaks, and that his state is lower ebb'd than it is) are glad to take any thing for their own; so that, whereas three thousand pound is due, in his absence all is satisfied for eight hundred (his father-in-law making them believe he lays it out of his own purse).

All matters thus under hand discharged, my young merchant returns, and sets up fresher than ever he did. Those bonds and statutes he hath, he puts in suit amain. For a hundred pound commodity (which is not forty pound money) he recovers, by relapse, some hundred pound a year. In three terms, of a bankrupt he

waxeth a great landed man, and may compare with the best of his company. O intolerable Usury! not the Jews, whose peculiar sin it is, have ever committed the like.

What I write is most true, and hath been practised by more than one or two. I have a whole book of young gentlemen's cases lying before me, which, if I should set forth, some grave ancients, within the hearing of Bow bell, would be out of charity with me. However I fly from particularities, this I will prove, that never in any city, (since the first assembly of societies) was ever suffered such notorious cozenage and villainy, as is shrouded under this seventy-fold usury of commodities. It is a hundred parts more hateful than *Coney-Catching*; it is the nurse of sins, without the which the fire of them all would be extinguished, and want matter to feed on.

Poets talk of enticing Syrens in the sea, that on a sunny day lay forth their golden trammels, their ivory necks, and their silver breasts, to entice men, sing sweetly, glance piercingly, play on lutes ravishingly; but, I say, there is no such syrens by sea as by land, nor women as men; those are the Syrens that hang out their shining silks and velvets, and dazzle pride's eyes with their deceitful haberdashery. They are like the Serpent that tempted Adam in Paradise, who, whereas God stinted him what trees and fruits he should eat on, and go no further, he enticed him to break the bonds of that stint, and put into his head what a number of excellent pleasures he should reap thereby; So, whereas careful fathers send their children to this city, in all gentleman-like qualities to be trained up, and stint them to a moderate allowance, sufficient (indifferently husbanded) to maintain their credit every way, and profit them in that they are sent hither for; what do our covetous city bloodsuckers, but hire pandars, and professed parasitical epicures, to close in with them, and, like the serpent, to alienate them from that civil course wherein they were settled? 'Tis riot and mis-

government that must deliver them over into their hands to be devoured.

Those that here place their children to learn wit, and see the world, are like those that in Afric present their children, when they are first born, before serpents, which, if the children they so present, with their very sight scare away the serpents, then are they legitimate, otherwise they are bastards. A number of poor children and sucklings, in comparison, are, in the Court and Inns of Court, presented to these serpents, and stinging extortioners of London, who never fly from them, but with their tail wind them in, and suck out their souls without scarring their skin. Whether they be legitimate or no, that are so exposed to these serpents, I dare not determine, for fear of envy; but sure, legitimately (or as they should) they are not brought up, that are manumitted from their parents' awe, as soon as they can go and speak.

Zeuxes having artificially painted a boy carrying grapes in a hand-basket, and seeing the birds (as they had been true grapes) come in flocks and peck at them, was wonderfully angry with himself and his art, saying: "Had I painted the boy (which was the chief part of my picture) as well as I have done the grapes, (which were but by accident belonging to it), the birds durst never have been so bold:" so, if fathers would have but as much care to paint and form the manners of their children, when they come to man's estate, as they have well to proportion out trifles, to instruct and educate them in their trivial infant years, sure these ravenous birds, such as brokers and usurers, would never fly to them, and peck at them as they do.

O country gentlemen, I wonder you do not lay your heads together, and put up a general supplication to the parliament against those privy canker-worms and caterpillars! Which of you all but, amongst them, hath his heir cozened, fetched in, and almost

consumed past recovery : besides, his mind is clean transposed from his original ; all deadly sin he is infected with ; all diseases are hanging about him.

If one tice a prentice to rob his master, it is felony by the law ; nay, it is a great penalty if he do but relieve him and encourage him, being fled from his master's obedience and service ; and shall we have no law for him that ticeth a son to rob his father ? Nay, that shall rob a father of his son ; rob God of a soul ? Every science hath some principles in it, which must be believed, and cannot be declared. The principles and practices of usury exceed declaration, believe them to be lewder than pen can with modesty express ; enquire not after them, for they are execrable. *De rebus male acquisitis, non gaudebit tertius heres* : ill gotten goods never trouble the third heir. " Every plant," saith Christ, " my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted out." Plant they never so their posterity with the revenues of oppression, since God hath not planted them, they shall be ruined and rooted out. As they have supplanted other men's posterity, so must they look to have their own posterity supplanted by others.

Augustine, in the fourth chapter of his second book of Confessions, pitifully complaineth how heinously he had offended when he was a young man in leading his companions to rob a pear-tree in their next neighbour's orchard : "*Amavi perire, O Domine,*" he exclaims, "*amavi perire, amavi defectum turpis animæ et desiliens a firmamento : malitiæ me causa nulla esset nisi malitia :*" " I loved to perish, O Lord, I loved to perish, in my ungraciousness I delighted (foul of soul that I was), and quite sliding from the firmament : of my malice there was no cause but malice." Of the stealing and beating down of a few pears this holy Father makes such a burdensome matter of conscience, as that he counted it his utter perishing and backsliding from the firmament : usurers make no

conscience of cozening and robbing men of whole orchards, of whole fields, of whole lordships; of their malice and theft there is some other cause than malice, which is avarice.

If the stealing of one apple in paradise brought such an universal plague to the world, what a plague to one soul will the robbing of a hundred orphans of their possessions and fruit-yards bring? In the country the gentleman takes in the commons, racketh his tenants, undoeth the farmer. In London the usurer snatcheth up the gentleman, gives rattles and babies for his over-racked rent, and the commons he took in he makes him take out in commodities. None but the usurer is ordained for a scourge to pride and ambition. Therefore it is that bees hate sheep more than any thing, for that when they are once in their wool, they are so entangled that they can never get out. Therefore it is that courtiers hate merchants more than any men, for that being once in their books they can never get out. Many of them carry the countenances of sheep, look simple, go plain, wear their hair short; but they are no sheep, but sheep-biters: their wool or their wealth they make no other use of but to snarl and enwrap men with. The law, which was instituted to redress wrongs and oppressions, they wrest contrarily to oppress and to wrong with. And yet that is not so much wonder, for law, logic, and the Switzers may be hired to fight for any body; and so may an usurer, for a halfpenny gain, be hired to bite any body. For as the bear cannot drink but he must bite the water, so cannot he cool his avaricious thirst, but he must pluck and bite out his neighbour's throat.

*Bursa avari os est diaboli*, the usurer's purse is hell mouth. He hath "*hydropem conscientiam*," as Augustine saith, a dropsy conscience, that ever drinks and ever is dry. Like the fox, he useth his wit and his teeth together; he never smiles but he seizeth, he never talks but he takes advantage. He cries with the ill hus-

bandman (to whom the vineyard was put out in the gospel), "This is the heir, come let us kill him, and we shall have his inheritance<sup>1</sup>." Other men are said to go to hell; he shall ride to hell on the devil's back (as it is in the old moral), and if he did not ride he would swim thither in innocents' blood whom he hath circumvented. No men so much as usurers, coveteth the devil to be great with; he is called Mammon, the god or prince of this world; that is, the god and prince of usurers and penny-fathers. Nay more, every usurer of himself is a devil, since this word Dæmon signifieth naught but *Sapiens*, a subtile worldly wiseman.

When a legion of devils, in the land of the Gargasens, were cast forth of two men that came out of graves, they desired they might go into hogs or swine (which are usurers); many of those hogs and swine they tumbled into the sea: many of our hoggish usurers the devil tumbles for gain into the sea. Usurers, with the draff of this world, so feed and fatten the devils, that now they almost pass not of possessing any man else. The Jews were all hogs, that is, usurers, and therefore if there had been no divine restraint for it, yet nature itself would have dissuaded them from eating swine's flesh, that is, from feeding on one another. The prodigal child in the gospel is reported to have fed hogs, that is, usurers, by letting them beguile him of his substance.

As the hog is still grunting, digging, and rooting in the muck, so is the usurer still turning, tossing, digging, and rooting in the muck of this world; like the hog he carries his snout ever more downward, and ne'er looks up to heaven.

Christ said, "It was not meet the children's bread should be taken from them and given unto dogs;" no more is it meet that the children's living and substance should be taken from them and given unto hogs. Paul saith, "We must not do evil that good may come of it<sup>2</sup>:" there is no evil which a hoggish usurer will not,

<sup>1</sup> Matth. 21.

<sup>2</sup> Rom. 3.



do, so that goods or profit may come of it. They will be sure to verify our Saviour's words, "The poor have you always with you<sup>1</sup>:" for they will make all poor that they deal with. Such unnatural dealing they use towards their poor brethren as though they came naturally into the world, but like those that were called *Cæsares, quasi cæsi ex matris utero*, they were also cut out of their mother's womb, when they came into the world. For this, O London! if, like Zaccheus, thou repentest not, and restorest tenfold, "Thy house shall be left desolate unto thee." The cries of the fatherless and widow shall break off the angel's hosannas and allelujahs, and pluck the stern of the world out of God's hand, till he hath acquitted them. Oppression is the price of blood; into your treasures you put the price of blood, which the Jews that killed Christ feared to do. You having many flocks of sheep of your own, and your poor neighbour but one silly lamb (which he nursed in his own bosom), that lamb have you taken away from him, and spared far better fatlings of your own.

By your swearing and forswearing in bargaining, you have confiscated your souls long ago. There is no religion in you but love of money. Any doctrine is welcome to you, but that which beats on good works. The charity and duty that God exacts of you, you think discharged if in speech you neither meddle nor make with him: the charity to your neighbour you conjecture only consisteth in bidding good even and good morrow. Beguile not yourselves, for as there is no prince but will have his laws as well not broken, as not spoken against, so will God revenge himself as well against the breakers of his laws, as against those that speak against them.

It is not your abrupt graces, "God be praised," "Much good do it you," or saying, "We are naught, God amend us," "Sir, I drink to you," that shall stop God's mouth: but he will come and

<sup>1</sup> Matth. 26.

not hold his peace; he will scatter your treasure and your store, and leave you nothing of that you have laid up, save the kingdom of heaven and the righteousness therefore. Rich usurers, be counselled betimes, surcease to enrich yourselves with other men's loss. Hold it not enough to fall down and worship Christ, except (with the wise men of the east,) you open your treasures, and present him with gold, myrrh, and frankincense.

Bring forth some fruits of good works in this life, that we may not altogether despair of you as barren trees, good for nothing but to be hewn down and cast into hell fire. *Pasce fame morientem quisquis pascendo servare poteris: si non pavaris fame occidisti*<sup>1</sup>: Feed him that dies for hunger: whatsoever thou art that canst preserve and dost not, thou art guilty of famishing him. Christ at the latter day in his behalf shall upbraid thee, "When I was hungry thou gavest me not meat, when I was thirsty thou deniedest me drink: depart from me thou accursed!" *Erogando pecuniam auges justitiam*, by laying out thy money thou increasest thy righteousness. Again, *Nil dives habet de divitiis, nisi quod ab illo postulat pauper*. A rich man treasures up no more of his riches, than he giveth in alms.

My masters, I will not dissuade, but give you counsel to be usurers: put out your money to usury to the poor here on earth, that you may have it a hundred fold repaid you in heaven. As it is in the psalms, "A good man is merciful and lendeth; he giveth, he disperseth, he distributeth to the poor, and his righteousness remaineth for ever."

So that we see, by that which we give we gain and not lose, and yet what do we give, but that we cannot keep? For giving but back again what was first given us, and which if we should not give, death would take from us, we shall purchase an immortal inheritance that can never be plucked from us. With half the pains

<sup>1</sup> Ambro. de offici.

<sup>2</sup> Matth. 25.

<sup>3</sup> Psal. 112.

we put ourselves to in purchasing earthly wealth, we may purchase heaven.

Wealth many times flies from them that with greatest solicitude and greediness seek after it. For heaven, it is no more but seek and it is yours, knock and it shall be opened. With less suit, I assure you, is the kingdom of heaven obtained, than a suit for a pension or office to an earthly king, which though a man hath twenty years followed, and hath better than three parts and a half of a promise to have confirmed, yet if he have but a quarter of an enemy in the court, it is cashiered and nonsuited. God will not be corrupted, he is not partial as man is, he hath no parasites about him, he seeth with his own eyes, and not with the eyes of those that spake for bribes. He is not angry, or commands us to be driven back when we are importunate: but he commands us to be importunate, and is angry if we be not importunate. In the parable of the Godless Judge and the importunate Widow, he teacheth that importunity may get any thing of him.

So in the similitude of the man that came to his friend at midnight to desire him to lend him three loaves<sup>1</sup>, and his friend answered him, His door was shut, his children and servants in bed, and he could not rise himself to give them him; at length (he still continuing in knocking, and that for him neither he nor his might rest,) to be rid of his importunity (not for he was his friend), he rose up, and gave him as many as he needed. How much more shall our God give us what we ask, that asketh no other trevage at our hands for giving, but asking and thanksgiving. We must hunger and thirst after righteousness, and we shall be satisfied. Hunger and thirst makes the lion to roar, the wolves to howl, oxen and kine to bellow and bray; and sheep (of all beasts the most silly and timorous,) to bleat and complain: can man then (that in spirit and audacity exceedeth all the beasts of the field), hun-

<sup>1</sup> Luke 21.

gering and thirsting after righteousness, hold his peace? Would God ever have encouraged him with a blessing to hunger and thirst, but that the extremity of hunger and thirst might drive him to the extremity of importunity and prayer? "I cried unto the Lord," saith David, "and he heard me:" he did not coldly, bashfully, or formally only cry to the Lord, as not caring whether he were heard or no, but he cried unto him with his whole heart: even to the Lord he cried, and he heard him. Ezekias cried unto the Lord, and he heard him. The blood of the saints under the altar (as all blood) is said to cry unto the Lord for vengeance. "Thy brother Abel's blood hath cried unto me<sup>1</sup>," said God to Cain. The prayer of the fatherless and widow, which God heareth above all things, is called a cry.

Usurers, you are none of these criers unto God, but those that hourly unto God are most cried out against. God hath cried out unto you by his preachers, God hath cried out unto you by the poor; prisoners on their death-beds have cried out of you, and when they have had but one hour to intercessionate for their souls, and sue out the pardon of their numberless sins, the whole part of their hour (saving one minute when in two words they cried for mercy,) have they spent in crying for vengeance against you. After they were dead, their coffins have been brought to your doors in the open face of Cheapside, and ignominious ballads made of you, which every boy would chaunt under your nose: yet will not you repent, nor with all this crying be awaked out of your dream of the devil and Dives. Therefore look that when on your death-beds you shall lie, and cry out of the stone, the strangullion, and the gout, you shall not be heard, your pain shall be so wrestling, tearing, and intolerable, that you shall have no leisure to repent or pray: no nor so much as lift up your hands, or think one good

<sup>1</sup> Gen. 4.

thought. Even as others have cursed you, so shall you be ready to curse God, and desired to be swallowed quick, to excorse the agony you are in.

As the devil in the second of Job being asked from whence he came, answered, "From compassing the earth," so you being asked at the day of judgment from whence you come, shall answer, "From compassing the earth." For heaven you have not compassed or purchased, therefore shall hell-fire be your portion. "Every man shall receive of God according to that in his body he hath wrought." If in your bodies you have done no good works, of God you shall receive no good words. The words of God are deeds, he spake but the word and heaven and earth were made. He shall speak but the word and to hell shall you be had. Good deeds derived from faith are rampiers or bulwarks raised up against the devil: he that hath no such bulwark of good deeds to resist the devil's battery, cannot choose but have his soul's city soon razed.

Good deeds are a tribute which we pay unto God for defending us from all our ghostly enemies, and planting his peace in our consciences. Instead of the ceremonial law, burnt offerings and sacrifices (which are ceased), God hath given us a new law, "To love one another:" that is, to shew the fruits of love, which are good deeds to one another. The widow's oil was increased in her cruse, and her meal in her tub, only for doing good deeds to the prophet of the Lord. Few be there now-a-days that will do good deeds, but for good deeds, that is for rewards. If seats of justice were to be sold for money, we have them among us that would buy them up by the wholesale, and make them away again by retail. He that buys must sell, shrewd alchymists there are risen up, that will pick a merchandise out of every thing, and not spare to set up their shops of buying and selling even in the temple: I would to God they had not sold and plucked down church and temple to

build them houses of stone. God shall cut them off that enrich themselves with the fat of the altar.

“*Oves pastorem non judicent,*” saith an ancient writer, “*quia non est discipulus supra magistrum, multo minus deglubent.*” Let not the sheep judge their shepherd, because the scholar is not above his master, much less are they to pluck from their master the shepherd: to shave or to pelt him to the bare bones, to whom (for feeding them) they should offer up their fleeces. “*Dīs parentibus et magistris,*” saith Aristotle, “*non potest reddi equivalentes:*”—To the gods, our fathers, and our schoolmasters can never be given as they deserve. He was an Ethnick that spoke thus, we Christians (only because he hath spoken it) will do any thing against it: from God, our parents, and our schoolmasters (which are our preachers,) say we, can never be plucked sufficient. To make ourselves rich, we care not if we make our church like hell, where, as Job saith, “*umbra mortis, et nullus ordo est,*” there is the shadow of death, and confusion without order.

O Avarice, that breaketh both the law of Moses and the law of Nature, in taking usury or incomes for advowsons, and not letting the land of the priests be free from tribute: those to whom thou leavest that ill-gotten usury or tribute, shall be a prey to the irreligious. “Fire shall consume the house of bribes<sup>1</sup>.”

No cart that is overladen or crammed too full, but hath a tail that will scatter. Beware lest hogs come to glean after your cart's tail: that your heirs come not to be wards unto usurers; for they will put out their lands to the best use of seven score in the hundred, and make them serve out their wardship in one prison or other. The only way for a rich man to prevent robbing, is to be bountiful and liberal. None is so much the thieves' mark as the miser and the carle. Give while you live, rich men, that those you leave behind you, may be free from cormorants and caterpillars.

<sup>1</sup> Job 15.

If there be in your bags but one shilling that should have been the poor's, that shilling will be the consumption of all his fellows: one rotten apple marreth all the rest, one scabbed sheep infects the whole flock.

Even as a prince out of his subjects' goods hath loans, dismes, subsidies, and fifteenths, so God out of our goods demandeth a loan, a tenth, and a subsidy to the poor. "Lo, the one half of my goods," saith Zaccheus, "I give to the poor." Is not he an ill servant that when his master shall into his hands deliver a large sum of money to be distributed among the needy and impotent, shall purse it up into his own coffers, and either give them none at all, or but the hundredth part of it? Such ill servants are we. The treasure and possessions we have are not our own, but the Lord hath given them us to give to the poor, and spend in his service: we (very obsequiously) give to the poor only the mould of our treasure, and will rather detract from God's service than detract from our dross. Nowhere is pity, nowhere is pity, our house must needs "be left desolate unto us."

The idolatrous Gentiles shall rise up against us, that bestowed all their wealth on fanes and shrines to their gods, and presents and offerings to their images: to the true image of God (which are the poor,) we will scarce offer our bread-parings. The Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was two hundred years in building by all Asia. There was none that obtained any victory, but built a temple at his return to that god, as he thought, which assisted him. Not so much as the fever quartan, but the Romans built a temple to, thinking it some great god, because it shook them so: and another to ill fortune, in Exquilliis, a mountain in Rome, because it should not plague them at cards and dice. No fever quartans, ill fortune, or good fortune, may wring out of us any good works. Our devotion can away with any thing but this Pharisaical almsgiving.

He that hath nothing to do with his money but build churches,

we count him one of God Almighty's fools, or else, if he bear the name of a wise man, we term him a notable braggart. Tut, tut, alms-houses will make good stables, and, let out in tenements, yield a round sum by the year. A good strong-bar'd hutch is a building worth twenty of those hospitals and alms-houses. Our rich chuffes will rather put their helping hands to the building of a prison, than a house of prayer. Our courtiers lay that on their backs, which should serve to build their churches and schools. Those preachers please best, which can fit us with a cheap religion, that preach faith, and all faith, and no good works, but to the household of faith.

Ministers and pastors (to some of you I speak, not to all) 'tis you that have brought down the price of religion; being covetous yourselves, you preach nothing but covetous doctrine; your followers seeing you give no alms, take example by you, to hold in their hands too, and will give no alms. That text is too often in your mouths: "He is worse than an infidel that provides not for his wife and family." You do not cry out of the altar, cry out for money to maintain poor scholars; cry out for more living for colleges; cry out for relief for them that are sick and visited: you rather cry out against the altar, cry out against the living the church hath already.

It were to be wished, that order were taken up amongst you, which was observed in St. Augustine's time; for then it was the custom, that the poor should beg of none but the preacher or minister, and if he had not to give them, they should exclaim and cry out of him, for not more effectually moving and crying out to the people for them. Had every one of you, all the poor of your parishes hanging about your doors, and ready to rend your garments off your backs, and tear out your throats for bread, every time you stirred abroad, you would bestir you in exhortation to charity and good works, and make yourselves hoarse in crying out against covetise and hardness of heart.



London, thy heart is the heart of covetousness ; all charity and compassion is clean banished out of thee : except thou amendest, Jerusalem, Sodom, and thou shalt sit down and weep together.

From Ambition and Avarice, his suborner, let me progress to the second son of Pride, which is Vain-glory. This Vain-glory is any excessive pride or delight which we take in things unnecessary : much of the nature is it of ambition, but it is not so dangerous, or conversant about so great matters, as Ambition ; it is, as I may call it, the froth and seething up of Ambition ; Ambition that cannot contain itself, but it must hop and bubble above water. It is the placing of praise and renown in contemptible things ; as he that takes a glory in estranging himself from the attire and fashions of his own country ; he that taketh a glory to wear a huge head of hair like Absalom ; he that taketh a glory in the glistening of his apparel and his perfumes, and thinks every one that sees him, or smells him, should be in love with him ; he that taketh a glory in hearing himself talk, and stately pronouncing his words ; he that taketh a glory to bring an oath out with a grace, to tell of his cosenages, his surfeitings, and drunkenness, and whoredoms ; he that, to be counted a cavalier, and a resolute brave man, cares not what mischief he do, whom he quarrels with, kills, or stabs.

Such was Pausanias, that killed Philip of Macedon only for fame or vain-glory. So did Herostratus burn the temple of Diana, whereof I talked in the leaf before, to get him an eternal vain-glory ; the Spaniards are wonderful vain-glorious ; many soldiers are most impatient vain-glorious, in standing upon their honour in every trifle, and boasting more than ever they did ; they are vain-glorious also in commending one another for murders and broils, which, if they weighed aright, is the most ignominy that may be. By a great oath they will swear he is a brave, delicate, sweet man, for he killed such and such a one ; as if they should say, Cain was a brave, delicate, sweet man, for killing his brother Abel. He was the first that invented this going into the field, and now it is grown to a

common exercise every day after meat. Many puny poets, and old ill poets, are mighty vain-glorious, of whom Horace speaketh: *Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina verum. Gaudent scribentes et se venerantur et ultro. Si taceas laudunt quicquid scripsere beati.* They are of all men had in derision, saith he, that bungle and bodge up wicked verses; but yet they do honey and tickle at what they write, and wonderfully to themselves applaud and praise themselves, and of their own accord, if you do not commend them, they will openly commend themselves, and count their pens blessed, whatsoever they invent. Many excellent musicians are odd, fantastic, vain-glorious. There is vain-glory in building, in banqueting, in being Diogenical and dogged; in voluntary poverty and devotion. Great is their vain-glory, also, that will rather rear themselves monuments of marble, than monuments of good deeds in men's mouths. In a word, as Paul saith, *Non est Domine in quo gloriari possim, sed in Cruce Domini Jesu Christi*: There is no true glory, all is vain glory, but in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. The Jews' vain glory and presumptuous confidence in their temple, was one of the chief sins that plucked on their desolation. In that chapter where our Saviour gave judgment over Jerusalem, how bitterly did he inveigh against the hypocrisy and vain-glory of the Scribes and Pharisees.

Let us examine what this hypocrisy and vain-glory was he inveighed so against, and see if there be any such amongst us here in London.

First, he accuseth them, "Of binding heavy burdens and too grievous to be borne, and laying them on other men's shoulders, and not moving them with one finger themselves." That is as much to say, as States of a country should make burdenous laws, to oppress and keep under the commonalty, and look severely to the observation of them, but would keep none of them themselves, nor will not so much as deign with one finger to touch them.

Secondly, "They did all their works to be seen of men." So do they that will do no good work, but to be put in the chronicles after their death; so do they that publicly will seem the most precise justiciaries under heaven, but privately mitigate their sentence for money and gifts, "which blind the wise, and subvert the words of the just." The especial thing Christ in the Pharisees reproveth, that they did to be seen of men, was the wearing of their large Philacteries. Those Philacteries (as St. Jerome saith<sup>1</sup>) were broad pieces of parchment, whereon they wrote the ten commandments, and folding them up close together, bound them to their forehead, and so wore them always before their eyes, imagining thereby they fulfilled that which was said: "they shall be always immoveable before thine eyes." That which they had always vain-gloriously before their eyes, that have we always vain-gloriously in our mouths, but seldom or never in our hearts. Never was so much professing, and so little practising, so many good words, and so few good deeds.

The third objection against the Pharisees was, that they loved the highest places at feasts, the chief seats in assemblies, and greeting in the market-place; which is as much to say, as that they were arrogant, haughty-minded, and insolent; that they had no spirit of humility or meekness in them; they were besotted with the pride of their own singularity; they thought no man worthy of any honour but themselves. By intrusion and not standing on courtesy, they got to sit highest at feasts, and be preferred in assemblies, which appeareth by that which followeth some few verses after: "For whosoever will exalt himself shall be brought low, and whosoever will humble himself shall be exalted." Which inferreth, that they did intrude or exalt themselves, and were not exalted otherwise, therefore they should be humbled or brought low. Diverse like Pharisees have we, that will proudly exalt themselves.

<sup>1</sup> Exod. 23.

<sup>2</sup> Jerome on the 23d of Matthew.

After this our Saviour breathes out many woes against them; First, "For shutting up the kingdom of Heaven from before men, and neither entering themselves, nor suffering those that would to enter." Next, "For devouring widows' houses under pretence of long prayers." Thirdly, "For compassing sea and land to seduce." Fourthly, "For their false and fond distinction and interpretation of oaths." Fifthly, "For tithing mint and anniseed, and cummin; and leaving weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and fidelity, foreslowed; for straining at a gnat, and swallowing a camel." Sixthly, "For making clean the outside of the cup or the platter, when within they were full of bribery and excess." Seventhly, "For they were like unto whited tombs, which appear beautiful outward, but within are full of dead men's bones, and all filthiness." Eighthly, "For they built the tombs of the prophets, and garnished the sepulchres of the righteous, whose doctrine they refused to be ruled by." Which of all these eight woes but we have incurred?

Peculiarly apply them I will not, for fear their reference might be offensive; but let every one that is guilty in any of them apply them privately to himself, lest every child in the street apply them openly to his reproof.

London, look to thyself, for the woes that were pronounced to Jerusalem are pronounced to thee. Thou, transgressing as grievously as she, shall be punished as grievously. Fly from sin, take no pride nor vain-glory in it; for pride or vain-glory in sin is a horrible sin, though it be without purpose of sin. Ah, what is sin, that we should glory in it? To glory in it, is to glory that the devil is our father. Doth the peacock glory in his foul feet? Doth he not hang down the tail when he looks on them? Doth the buck, having be-filthed himself with the female, lift up his horns and walk proudly to the lawns? O no, he so hateth himself, by reason of the stench of his commixture, that, all drooping and languishing, into some solitary ditch he withdraws himself, and takes soil, and batheth

till such time as there fall a great shower of rain, when, being thoroughly washed and cleansed, he posteth back to his food.

Of the peacock, of the buck, nor any other brute beast, can we be taught to lothe our filth, but, contrary to nature, far worse than brute beasts, we are enamoured of the savour of it. *Omne vitium eo ipso quod vitium est, contra naturam est.*<sup>1</sup> Every vice, as it is a vice, is contrary to nature. Takes the devil a vain-glory or pride that he is exiled out of Heaven? No, he rueth, he curseth, he envies God, men, and angels, that they should live in the kingdom of light, and he in the valley of darkness.

What coward is there that will brag or glory he was beaten and disarmed? If we had the wit to conceive the baseness of sin, or from what abject parentage it is sprung, we would hate it as a toad, and fly from it as an adder. Not without reason have many learned writers called it bestial, for it is all derived and borrowed from beasts. Pride and inflammation of heart we borrow from the lion; avarice from the hedgehog, luxury, riot, and sensuality, from the hog; and therefore we call a lecherous person a boarish companion. Envy from the dog, ire or wrath from the wolf, gluttony or gormandise from the bear, and, lastly, sloth from the ass; so, that as we apparel ourselves in beast's skins, in self-same sort we clothe our souls in their skins. But if we did imitate aught but the imperfections of beasts (or of the best beasts, but the worst beasts) it were somewhat: if we had any spark or taste of their perfections, we were not so to be condemned. We have no spark, no taste; we are nothing but a compound of uncleanness.

Let us not glory that we are men, who have put on the shapes of beasts. Thrice blessed are beasts, that die soon, and after this life feel no hell. Woe unto us, we shall, if we appear to God in the image of beasts, and soon redeem not from Satan the image of our creation he hath stolen from us. O singular subtlety of our

<sup>1</sup> Aug. lib. 8. de lib. arbit.

enemy, so to sweeten the poison of our perdition, that it should be more relishsome and pleasant unto us, than the nectarized *aqua cœlestis* of water-mingled blood, sluiced from Christ's side. We glory, in that we are in the highway to be thrown from glory; we will not hear our folders or shepherds, that would gather us to glory. Our Lord rode upon an ass when he governed the laws; under the law, in comparison of us, we are the unbroken colt, including the Gentiles, which he commanded, with the ass, to be brought unto him. This thousand and odd hundred years hath he been breaking us to his hand, and now, when he had thought to have found us fit for the saddle, we are wilder and further off than ever we were. We kick and winch, and will by no means endure his managing; wherefore, though utterly wearied with both, better he esteemeth of his old obstinate slow ass, the Jews, which therefore he cast off, for they had tired him with continual beating, than of the untoward colt, us the Gentiles, that will not be bridled.

Ambition and Vain-glory make us bear up our necks stiffly, and bend our heads backward from the rein; but age will make us stoop thrice more forward, and warp our backs in such a round bundle, that, with declining, our snouts shall dig our graves.

England, thou needst not be ambitious, thou needst not be vain-glorious, for ere this thou hast been bowed and burdened till thy back cracked. As the Israelites were ten times led into captivity, so seven times hast thou been over-run and conquered. In thy strength thou boastest; God with the weak confoundeth the strong. The least lifting up of his hand makes thy men of war fall backward. Say thou art walled with seas, how easy are thy walls overcome? Who shall defend thy walls, if the civil sword waste thee? With more enemies is not India beset than thou art. Ungratefully hath God given thee long peace and plenty, since, whereas war can but breed vices, thy peace and plenty hath begot more sins than war ever heard of, or the sun hath *atomi*.

Yet learn to leave off thy vain-glory, that God may glory in thee; learn to despise the world, despise vanity, despise thyself, to despise despising, and, lastly, to despise no man. If you be of the world, you will affect the vain-glory of the world; if you be not of the world, look for no glory but contempt from the world. It lies in your election to draw lots, whether you will be heirs of the glory eternal, or enjoy the short breath of vain-glory amongst men.

The third son of Pride is Atheism, which is when a man is so tympanized with prosperity, and entranced from himself, with wealth, ambition, and vain-glory, that he forgets he had a Maker, or that there is a heaven above him which controls him. Too much joy of this world hath made him drunk. I have read of many whom extreme joy and extreme grief hath forced to run mad; so with extreme joy runs he mad, he waxeth a fool and an idiot, and then he says in his heart, "There is no God." Others there be of these soul-benumbed atheists, (who, having so far entered in bold blasphemies, and scripture-scorning irons against God, that they think, if God be a God of any justice and omnipotence, it cannot stand with that his justice and omnipotence to suffer such despatch unpunished), for their only refuge, persuade themselves there is no God; and with their profane wits invent reasons why there should be no God.

In our Saviour's time there were Sadducees, that denied the Resurrection; what are these atheists but Sadducean sectaries, that deny the resurrection? They believe they must die, though they believe not the Deity. By no means may they avoid, what they will not admit. In the very hour of death shall appear to them a God and a devil. In the very hour of death, to atheistical Julian, who mockingly called all Christians Galileans, appeared a grizly, shaggy-bodied devil, who, for all at his sight he recantingly cried out, *Vicisti, Galilæe, vicisti*; Thine is the day, thine is the victory, O man of Galilee; yet would it not forbear him to give him over,

till it had stripped his soul forth of his fleshy rind, and took it away with him.

Those that never heard of God or the devil in their life before, at that instant of their transmutation shall give testimony of them.

This I assure myself, that however in pride of mind, (because they would be different in paradoxism from all the world,) some there be that phantasy philosophical probabilities of the Trinity's unexistence, yet in the inmost recourse of their conscience they subscribe to him and confess him.

Most of them, because they cannot grossly palpabrizize or feel God with their bodily fingers, confidently and grossly discard him. "Those that come to God, must believe that God is, and that he is a rewarder of them that seek him." They, coming against God, believe that he is not, and that those prosper best, and are best rewarded, that set him at naught. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handywork; one generation telleth another of the wonders he hath done:" yet will not these faithless contradictors suffer any glory to be ascribed to him. Stoutly they refragrate and withstand, that the firmament is not his handywork, nor will they credit one generation telling another of his wonders. They follow the Pironicks, whose position and opinion it is, that there is not hell or misery, but opinion. Impudently they persist in it, that the late discovered Indians are able to shew antiquities, thousands before Adam.

With Cornelius Tacitus, they make Moses a wise, provident man, well seen in the Egyptian learning, but deny he had any divine assistance in the greatest of his miracles. The water, they say, which he struck out of a rock in the wilderness, was not by any supernatural work of God, but by watching to what part the wild-asses repaired for drink.

With Albumazar, they hold that his leading the children of Israel over the Red-sea, was no more but observing the influence of



stars, and waning season of the moon, that withdraweth the tides. They seek not to know God in his works, or in his son Christ Jesus, but by his substance, his form, or the place wherein he doth exist. Because some late writers of our side have sought to discredit the story of Judith, of Susanna and Daniel, and of Bel and the Dragon, they think they may thrust all the rest of the Bible, in like manner, into the Jewish Talmud, and tax it for a fabulous legend.

This place serveth not to stand upon proofs, or by confutation to confirm principles; neither dare I, with the weak prop of my wit, offer to uphold the high throne of the Godhead, since he that but stretched out his hand to underprop the ark falling, was presently stricken dead. O Lord! thou hast ten thousand stronger pillars than I am: I am the unworthiest of all worm-reserved wretches once to speak of thee, or name thee: my sins are always before me. Princes will not let those come before them with whom they are displeased. I am afraid the congealed clouds of my sin will not let my prayers come near thee: O favour thy glory, though I have displeased thee with folly. I will not be so unweaponed-jeopardous to overthrow both thy cause and my credit at once, by over-Atlasing mine invention; that which I undertake shall be only to throw one light dart at their faces from afar, and exhort all able pens to arm themselves against thine Atheistical maledictors.

Of Atheists this age affordeth two sorts, the inward and the outward: the inward Atheist is he that devours widows' houses under pretence of long prayers, that, like the panther, hideth his face in a hood of religion, when he goeth about his prey. He would profess himself an Atheist openly, but that, like the Pharisees, he feareth the multitude. Because the multitude favours religion, he runs with the stream, and favours religion; because he would be captain of a multitude. To be the god of gold, he cares not how many gods he entertains. Church rites he supposeth not amiss to busy the common people's heads with, that they should not fall

aboard with princes' matters. And as Numa Pompilius in Rome, and Minos in Athens, kept the people in awe, and thrust what tyrannous laws they list upon them, (the one under pretence he did nothing without conference of the nymph Egeria, the other, under colour he was inspired in a certain hollow cave by Jupiter,) so he makes conscience and the spirit of God a long side-cloak for all his oppressions and policies. A holy look he will put on when he meaneth to do mischief, and have Scripture in his mouth even while he is in cutting his neighbour's throat.

The propagation of the gospel, good saint-like man, he only shoots at, when, under suppressing of popery, he strives to overthrow all church livings; so that even as the Gospel is the power of God to salvation, to every one that believeth, so is it in him the devil's power of beguiling and undoing, to every one that believes him. He it is that turneth the truth of God to a lie, and buildeth his house by hypocrisy; that hath his mouth swept and garnished, but in his heart a whole legion of devils.

The outward Atheist, contrariwise, with those things that proceed from his mouth, defileth his heart; he establisheth reason as his God, and will not be persuaded that God (the true God) is, except he make him privy to all the secrecies of his beginning and government. Straightly he will examine him where he was, what he did before he created heaven and earth; how it is possible he should have his being from before all beginnings? Every circumstance of his providence he will run through, and question why he did not this thing, and that thing, and the other thing, according to their humours.

Being earthly bodies, unapt to ascend, in their ambitious cogitation they will break ope and ransack his closet; and if (continually) they may not come to it, then they will derogate and deprave him all they can. Little do they consider, that as the light which shined before Paul made him blind, so the light of

God's invisible mysteries, if ever it shine in our hearts, will confound and blind our carnal reason.

Philosophy's chief fulness, Wisdom's adopted father next unto Solomon, unsatiable art-searching Aristotle, that in the round compendiate bladder of thy brain conglobedst these three great bodies, heaven, earth, and the wide world of waters, thine Icarian-soaring comprehension, tossed and turmoiled but about the bounds and beginning of Nilus, in Nilus drowned itself, being too silly and feeble to plunge through it.

If knowledge's second Solomon had not knowledge enough to engrasp one river, and allege probability of his beginning and bounding, who shall engrasp or bound the heaven's body? Nay, what soul is so metaphysical subtle, that can humorously sirenize heaven's soul, JEHOVAH, out of the concealments of his Godhead? He that is familiar with all earthly states, must not think to be familiar with the state of heaven. The very angels know not the day or hour of the last judgment: if they know not the day or hour of the judgment, which is such a general thing, more private circumstances of the Godhead, determinately, they are not acquainted with; and if not angels, his sanctified attendants, much less are they revealed to sinners. Idle-headed Atheist, ill wouldst thou, as the Romans, acknowledge and offer sacrifice to many gods, that will not grant one God. From thy birth to this moment of thine unbelief, revolve the diary of thy memory, and try if thou hast ne'er prayed and been heard, if thou hast been heard and thy prayer accomplished, who hath heard thee, who hath accomplished it? Wilt thou ratifiedly affirm, that God is no God, because, like a noun substantive, thou canst not essentially see him, feel him, or hear him?

Is a monarch no monarch, because he reareth not his resiant throne amongst his utmost subjects? We, of all earthlings, are God's utmost subjects, the last, in a manner, that he brought to his

obedience: shall we then forget that we are any subjects of his, because, as amongst his angels, he is not visibly conversant amongst us? Suppose our monarch were as far distanced from us as Constantinople, yet still he is a monarch, and his power undiminished. Indeed so did our fathers rebel, and forgot they had a king: when Richard Cœur de Lion was warring in the Holy Land, his own brother, king John, forgot that he had a brother, and crowned himself king. But God is not absent, but present continually amongst us, though not in sight, yet as a spirit at our elbows everywhere; and so delight many kings to walk disguised amongst their subjects. He treads in all our steps, he plucketh in and letteth out our breath as he pleaseth, our eyes he openeth and shutteth, our feet he guideth as he listeth.

'Tis nothing but plenty and abundance that maketh men Atheists. Even as the snake, which the husbandman took out of the cold and cherished in his bosom, once attained to her lively heat again, and grown fat and lusty, singled him out at the first, whom she might ungratefully envenom with her forked sting; so God, having took a number of poor outcasts, (far poorer than poor frost-bitten snakes,) forth of the cold of scarcity and contempt, and put them in his bosom, cherished and prospered them with all the blessings he could: they, having once plentifully picked up their crumbs, and that they imagine without his help they can stand of themselves, now fall to darting their stings of derision at his face; and finding themselves to be as great as they can well be amongst men, grow to envy and extenuate their Maker.

A servant that of nothing is waxed great under his master, if his master look not to him, proves the greatest enemy he hath; efts-  
soons he will draw all men from him, and, underhand, disgrace him, to engross all in his own hand. None are so great enemies to God, as those that of small likelihoods have waxed greatest under him, and have most tasted the gracious springs of his providence. Oft

have we seen a beggar, promoted, forget and renounce his own natural parents; no marvel then, if these mounted beggars forget, and will not acknowledge God, their common parent and foster-father.

I cannot be persuaded any poor man, or man in misery, be he not altogether desperate of his estate, is an Atheist; misery (maugre their hearts) will make them confess God. Who heareth the thunder that thinks not of God? I would know who is more fearful to die, or dies with more terror and affrightment than an Atheist? Discourse over the ends of all Atheists; and their deaths, for the most part, have been drunken, violent, and secluded from repentance. The black sooty visage of the night, and the shady fancy thereof, ascertains every guilty soul there is a sin-hating God.

How can bellows blow, except there be one that binds and first imprisons wind in them? How can fire burn if none first kindle it? How can man breathe, except God puts first the breath of life into him? Who leadeth the sun out of his chamber, or the moon forth her cloudy pavilion, but God? Why doth not the sea swallow up the earth, when as it overpeers it, and is greater than it, but that there is a God that snaffles and curbs it?

“There is a path which no fowl hath known, neither the kite’s eyes seen: the lion himself hath not walked in it, nor the lion’s whelps past thereby<sup>1</sup>.” Who then knows it; who is there to trace it? Hath the vast-azured canopy nothing above it, whereunto it is perpendicular knit? then why do not all things wheel and swerve topsy-turvy? Why break not thunder-bolts through the clouds instead of threads of rain? Why are not frost and snow incessantly in arms against the summer?

The excellent compacture of man’s body is an argument of force enough to confirm the Deity.

O, why should I but squintingly glance at these matters, when

<sup>1</sup> Job 28.

they are so admirably expiated by ancient writers? In the *Resolution* most notably is this tractate enlarged. He which peruseth that, and yet is Diagorized<sup>1</sup>, will never be Christianized. University-men, that are called to preach at the cross and the court, arm yourselves against nothing but Atheism; meddle not so much with sects and foreign opinions, but let Atheism be the only string you beat on, for there is no sect in England so scattered as Atheism. In vain do you preach, in vain do you teach, if the root that nourisheth all the branches of security, be not thoroughly digged up from the bottom. You are not half so well acquainted as them that live continually about the court and city, how many followers this damnable paradox hath; how many high wits it hath bewitched. Where are they, that count a little smattering in liberal arts, and the reading over the Bible with a late comment, sufficient to make a father of divines? What will their disallowed<sup>2</sup> Bible, or late comments help them, if they have no other reading to resist Atheists? Atheists, if ever they be confuted, with their own profane authors they must be confuted.

I am at my wits end when I view how coldly, in comparison of other countrymen, our Englishmen write; how in their books of confutation they shew no wit or courage, as well as learning: in all other things Englishmen are the stoutest of all others; but being scholars, and living in their own native soil, their brains are so pestered with full platters that they have no room to bestir them. Fie, fie, shall we, because we have lead and tin mines in England, have lead and tin Muses? For shame, bury not your spirits in beef-pots. Let not the Italians call you dull-headed Tramontani. So many dunces in Cambridge and Oxford are entertained chief members into societies, under pretence, though they have no great learning, yet there is in them zeal and religion, that scarce the least hope

<sup>1</sup> Diagoras primus Deos negans.

<sup>2</sup> Disallowed by Atheists.

is left us, we should have any hereafter but blocks and images to confute blocks and images. That of Terence is oraculized, *Patres æquum censere nos adolescentulos, ilico a pueris fieri senes*. Our fathers are now grown to such austerity, as they would have us straight of children to become old men; they will allow no time for a grey beard to grow in. If, at the first peeping out of the shell, a young student sets not a grave face on it, or seems not mortifiedly religious, (have he never so good a wit, be he never so fine a scholar,) he is cast off and discouraged. They set not before their eyes how all were not called at the first hour of the day, for then had none of us ever been called: that not the first son, that promised his father to go into the vineyard, went, but he that refused and said he would not, went; that those blossoms, which peep forth in the beginning of the spring, are frost-bitten and die ere they can come to be fruit; that religion, which is soon ripe, is soon rotten.

Too abortive, reverend Academians, do you make your young plants. Your preferment (following the outward appearance) occasioneth a number of young hypocrites, who else had never known any such sin as dissimulation, and had been more known to the Commonwealth. It is only ridiculous dull preachers, who leap out of a library of catechisms into the loftiest pulpits, that have revived this scornful sect of Atheists. What king's embassy would be made account of, if it should be delivered by a meacock and an ignorant? Or if, percase, he send variety of ambassadors, and not two of them agree in one tale, but be divided amongst themselves, who will hearken to them? Such is the division of God's ambassadors here amongst us; so many cow-baby bawlers, and heavy-gaited lumberers, into the ministry are stumbled, under this College or that Hall's commendation, that a great number had rather hear a jarring black-sant, than one of their bald sermons.

They boldly will usurp Moses' chair, without any study or preparation. They would have their mouths revered as the mouths

of the Sybils, who spoke nothing but was registered; yet nothing comes from their mouths but gross full-stomached tautology. They sweat, they blunder, they bounce and plunge in the pulpit, but all is voice, but no substance; they deaf men's ears, but not edify. Scripture, peradventure, they come off thick and threefold with; but it is so ugly daubed, plastered, and patched on, so peevishly specked and applied, as if a botcher, with a number of sattin and velvet shreds, should clout and mend leather-doublets and cloth-breeches.

Get you some wit in your great heads, my hot-spurred divines; discredit not the gospel; if you have none, dam up the oven of your utterance; make not such a big sound with your empty vessels: at least, love men of wit, and not hate them so as you do, for they have what you want. By loving them, and accompanying with them, you shall both do them good and yourselves good; they of you shall learn sobriety and good life, you of them shall learn to utter your learning and speak movingly.

If you count it profane to art-enamel your speech to empierce, and make a conscience to sweeten your tunes to catch souls, religion, through you, shall reap infamy. Men are men, and with those things must be moved, that men wont to be moved. They must have a little sugar mixed with their sour pills of reproof; the hooks must be pleasantly baited that they bite at; those that hang forth their hooks and no bait, may well enough entangle them in the weeds, (enwrap themselves in contentions), but never win one soul. Turn over the ancient Fathers, and mark how sweet and honeysome they are in the mouth, and how musical and melodious in the ear. No orator was ever more pleasingly persuasive than humble Saint Augustine. These Atheists, with whom you are to encounter, are special men of wit. The Romish seminaries have not allured unto them so many good wits as Atheism. It is the superabundance of wit that makes Atheists; will you then hope to beat them down



with fusty brown bread dorbellism? No, no; either you must strain your wits an ell above theirs, and so entice them to your preachings, and overturn them, or else with disordered hailshot of scriptures shall you never scare them.

Skirmishing with Atheists, you must behave yourselves as you were converting the Gentiles: all antique histories you must have at your finger's end; no philosopher's confession, or opinion of God, that you are to be ignorant in; Ethnicks with their own Ethnick weapons you must assail. Infinite labyrinths of books he must run through, that will be a complete champion in Christ's church. Let not sloth-favouring Innovation abuse you. Christ, when he said, "you must forsake all, and follow him," meant not you should forsake all arts and follow him.

Luke was a physician, and followed him; physicians are the only upholders of human arts. Paul was a Pharisee, and brought up in all the knowledge of the Gentiles, and yet he was an apostle of Jesus Christ. Though it pleased our loving crucified Lord, during his residence here upon earth, miraculously to inspire poor fishermen, and disgregate his gifts from the ordinary means, yet since his ascension into heaven, meaningless miracles are ceased. Certain means he hath assigned us, which he hath promised to bless, but without means no blessing hath he warrantized.

When the devil would have had him of stones to make bread, he would in no kind consent; no more will he consent of blocks and stones, in these days, to make distributors of the bread of life. What are asses, that will take upon them to preach without gifts, but bread made of stones? Even as God said unto Adam, "He should get, or earn, his bread with the sweat of his brows," so they that will have heavenly bread enough to feed themselves and family (which is a congregation or flock), must earn it, and get it with the sweat of their brows, with long labour, study, and industry, toil and search after it.

No one Art is there, that hath not some dependence upon another, or to whose top or perfection we may climb, without steps or degrees of the other. Human Arts are the steps and degrees Christ hath prescribed and assigned us, to climb up to heaven of Arts by, which is Divinity. He can never climb to the top of it, which refuseth to climb by these steps. No knowledge but is of God. Unworthy are we of heavenly knowledge, if we keep from her any one of her handmaids. Logic, Rhetoric, History, Philosophy, Music, Poetry, all are the Handmaids of Divinity: she can never be curiously dressed, or exquisitely accomplished, if any one of these be wanting.

“God delighteth to be magnified in all his creatures, especially in all the excellentest of his creatures<sup>1</sup>.” Arts are the excellentest of his creatures; not one of them but descended from his throne. What saith David? “Praise the Lord, Sun and Moon; praise him, ye bright Stars; praise him, Heaven of Heavens, and Waters that be above the heavens.” That is, praise the Lord, metaphysical philosophy, which are conversant in all these matters. Into the majesty and glory of the sun and moon thou seest; the bright stars’ predominance and moving thou knowest; the heaven of heavens, and waters that be above the heavens in part, though not at large, thou comprehendest; therefore praise him in all these. Take occasion, Preachers, in your sermons, from the wonders and secrets these two include, to extol his magnificent name, and by human Art’s abstracts to glorify him. “Praise ye the Lord,” thus David proceeds, “ye dragons and all deeps; fire, hail, snow and vapours, stormy winds and tempests, execute his word. Mountains and hills, fruitful trees and all cedars, beasts and cattle, creeping things and feathered fowls, princes and judges of the world, young men and maidens, old men and children, praise ye the name of the Lord.”

So that it is lawful to execute his word; that is, in preaching.

<sup>1</sup> Psal. 148.

of his words by similitudes and comparisons, drawn from the nature and property of all these, to laud and amplify the eternity of his name. Christ, he drew comparisons from the hairs of a man's head, from vineyards, from fig-trees, from sparrows, from lilies, and a hundred such like. We, in this age, count him a heathen divine, that allegeth any illustration out of human authors, and makes not all his sermons concloutments of scripture.

Scripture we hotch-potch together, and do not place, like pearl and gold lace on a garment, here and there to adorn, but pile it, and dung it up on heaps, without use or edification. We care not how we mis-speak it, so we have it to speak. Out it flies, east and west: though we lose it all it is nothing, for more have we of it than we can well tell what to do withal. Violent are the most of our packhorse pulpit-men in vomiting their duncery; their preachings seem rather pestilential frenzies than any thing else. They writhe texts like wax, and where they envy, scripture is their champion to scold; and though a whole month together so they should scold, they would not want allegations to cast in one another's teeth. *Non fuit sic a principio*; I wis it was not so in the primitive church; but in our church every man will be primate, every man will be lord and king over the flock that he feeds, or else he will famish it. This is erring from my scope; of the true use of scripture I am to talk.

Scripture, if it be used otherwise than as the last seal to confirm any thing, if it be trivially, or without necessity, called unto witness, it is a flat taking of the name of God in vain. The phrase of Sermons, as it ought to agree with the scripture, so heed must be taken that their whole sermons seem not a banquet of broken fragments of scripture; that it be not used but as the corner-stone to close up any building; that they gather fruit and not leaves, proofs and not phrases only out of the Bible. As in battle we use the weapons and engines of all nations, so embattling ourselves against

sin, we must use the weapons and arts of all nations. Scripture must be reserved as the last volley of the victory. It is the great ordnance which must play upon our enemies in the end and chief hazard of the fight. If we refuse with Demosthenes, to reserve all our weighty arguments till the latter end, like the Frenchmen we shall fight valiantly at the first, but quail in the midst.

Scripture is the chief power of God to salvation. Generals in a pitched field will not thrust forth their chief power first. By little and little they will train their enemy out of order with light onsets. He that will ascend must from the low valleys creep up higher and higher; with one caper, or jump, is not the mountain of theology to be scaled. This is it, I contend, that stars have their thrones of illumination allotted them in the firmament as well as the sun and moon: that human writers have their use of reproving vices as well as the Scriptures. It is an easy matter to praise God in that wherein he hath placed the especial state house of his praises. He which out of the barrenest and barest parts of his lord's dominion shall accumulate and levy to his treasury a greater tribute than he hath out of his richest provinces, shall he not (of all other) do him the most remunerablest service? Malicious and malevolent are they that will exclude any one art, or Athenian, or Roman author, any one creeping worm or contemptible creature from bearing witness of God.

Paul alleged divers verses out of heathen poets, as out of Epe-menides, Aratus, Menander, Theocritus: nay, what place is it in the Scripture where the Holy Ghost doth not stoop himself to our capacities by human metaphors and similitudes. Our Atheist we have in hand, with nothing but human reasons will be rebutted. Vaunt you ye speak from the Holy Ghost never so, if you speak not in compass of his five senses, he will despise you and flout you. He hearing every one (that in the pulpit talks affectedly, coldly, crabbedly, or absurdly,) say, "He talks from the mouth of

God," makes both an obloquy of God's mouth and the ministry. But ill shall his scoffs prosper with him: when he thinks he hath won the greatest prize to his wit in putting down God, God in judgment shall arise and reprove him. At the day of death, and at the day of judgment, he shall reprove him; sight-killingly with his clustered brows, and cloud-begetting frowns, he shall teach him both that he is, and what he is.

Reverend Ecclesiastical Fathers, and other special titled church substitutes, you it concerneth; your kingdom (by these Atheists) is called in question, in calling God's kingdom in question. Prosecute with all your authority these Prophirian deriders. Imitate the Athenians, who committed Anaxagoras to prison, and but for Pericles had put him to death, for writing but a book of the moon's eclipses, after by them she was received for a Goddess. If they so far pursued the disgrace of a feigned Goddess, be you twice as zealous in revenging the disparagement of the true and ever living God.

Proclaim disputations, threaten punishments, be vehement in your sermons: whatsoever you write or speak, intend it against Atheism. Atheism hath overspread us; our overthrow, your overthrow it will be, except in time you prevent it. Fall England, farewell Peace, woe-worth our weal and tranquillity, if Religion bids us farewell. Our house shall be left desolate unto us, for Christ of us is left desolate and forsaken.

The fourth son of Pride is Discontent, which whomsoever it thoroughly inhabiteth, it carrieth clean away to extremes. If it light on a poor man that hath no means to prosecute it, it cutteth him off presently. If on a man of puissance (be he not more than mother-witted circumspect,) to him and his family it is no less fatal. Generally it is grounded on pride, as when a man taketh unto him a mind above his birth or fortune, and is not able to go through with it. When he hath resolved to prize himself thus

great, and some man (as proud as himself) comes and under-bids him, and out-braves him. And thirdly, when on just demerits he hath builded but mean hopes, and those not only die in the dust, but his just demerits, indignantly, draw unto him unjust hatred. For such is great men's manner, any one that is troublesome to them, or that they were indebted to and cannot well recompense, they come to hate deadly.

There is discontent proceeding from a natural melancholy humour, or caused by surfeit or misdiet. Some by over studying come to be discontent and dogged. I have known many whom shrewd or light housewives to their wives, unthrift obstinate children, suits in law overruled by letters from above, have cause to languish and droop away in discontent. The fruits of discontent are bannings, cursings, secret murmurings, outrage, murder, injustice, all which are high treasonous trespasses against God.

The Devil is the father of Discontent. One of the greatest miseries of the damned shall be discontent. Nothing so much provoketh God to judgment as discontent. He destroyed the children of Israel whilst the meat was in their mouths; in the wilderness, for murmuring or being discontent: their discontent was said to afflict him, "Many a time and oft have they afflicted me even from my youth up," saith David, in God's person, speaking of their repining at the waters of strife. Therefore whosoever is discontent with any cross or calamity the Lord layeth upon him afflicteth God, and must look for speedy confusion. Nothing in this life revengeth so much as it. Hence it is so many stab, hang, and drown themselves, and thereby endanger their own souls beyond mercy. It is the grievousest sentence God can pronounce against man, as to be his own executioner: whereby it appeareth that discontent is the grievousest sin that man can commit.

When did you ever hear of any but the discontented man that offered violence to himself? What is the sin against the Holy Ghost

(which Augustine concludeth to be nothing but *desperatio morientis*, to give up a man's soul in despair,) but a special branch of discontent? Wherefore did our Saviour thunder forth such a terrible woe against the causers of offence, or discontent, but that it was the most heinous scourge-procuring transgression of all others?

Jonas, the Lord's anointed prophet, for he was discontent, and grudged when he should have been sent unto Nineveh, had a torment like hell (for the time) inflicted upon him. In the whale's belly, full of horror, despair, stench, and darkness, three days and three nights he was shut. Hardly can God abstain from throwing any man down into hell that is upbraidingly discontent. As the merry man (of all other) best thriveth in that he goes about, so the discontented man (of all other) is most fore-spoken and unlucky in his enterprises. Few discontented men shall you observe, that give up the ghost in their beds.

There is a discontent contrary to pride which is most pleasing to God: which is, when a man grieves and is discontent, because he cannot choose but sin and rebel against God. Also, when he is wearied and discontent with the vanities of the world. So was the preacher when he cried, "Vanity of vanities, and all thing is vanity."

There is a tolerable discontent likewise which David and Job had when they complained that the tabernacles of robbers did prosper, and they were in safety that provoked God. But so little of this true discontent is there in London, that (almost) there is no content in it but in robbing and provoking God. "Sin is no sin," saith an ancient Father, "except it be voluntary, and we take a content in committing it." Who is there that oppresseth, committeth adultery, is prodigal, sweareth or forswearth, but taketh a content in committing it? There we place content, where we should take up discontent; and there are we discontent, where we should repose our whole gladness and felicity. We are discontent,

if we hear our sins ripped up sharply. We are discontent, if we be detained in the service of God but half an hour extraordinary. We are discontent, if we be constrained to give to the poor. Every man here in London is discontent with the state wherein he lives. Every one seeketh to undermine another. No two of one trade, but as they are of one trade, envy one another. Not two conjoined in one office, but overthwart and emulate one another, and one of them undoes what the other has done.

The court is the true kingdom of discontent. There pride raging most, discontent cannot choose but be a hanger on. No conspiracy, or war, civil or outward, but first springeth from discontent. What makes a number of our wanton wives in London conspire the deaths of their old doting husbands, but the discontent of a death-cold bed? Discontent makes heretics, discontent is the cause of all the traitors beyond sea. Discontent caused Jerusalem's house to be left desolate unto her. Discontent, O London! will be thy destitution, if thou takest not the better heed.

The fifth son of Pride is Contention, which being the youngest son he hath, is harder to be yoked or kept in than any of the other four. It is ever in arms, never out of brabblements. Look what Ambition, Vain-glory, Atheism, Discontent, shall consult or devise, it enacteth and goes through with. It is the lawyer's living, the heretic's food, the Switzer's house and land. No crown but he challengeth a share in. No church but he will be of. On words, amphibologies, equivocations, quiddities, and quantities, he stands. He hunteth not after truth, but strife. He coveteth not so much to overcome as contend.

These two little words, *ex* and *per*, as Cornelius Agrippa hath observed, held the Greek and Latin churches play many years together; they litigiously debating whether the Holy Ghost proceeded of the Father and the Son, or not of the Son, but of the Father by the Son. So this word *nisi* in this sentence, *nisi manducaveritis carnem*, set all the council of Basil in the uproar. This



word *donec*, as, *Joseph non agnovit uxorem suam donec*, Joseph knew not his wife until, caused the Antidicomariatans and Eludians to deny the perpetual virginity of the Virgin Mary. With a thousand such errors Contention raiseth his kingdom.

Our divines in these days, though they yet retain many contentions of the old churches, have found out certain new ones of their own. They contend about standing and sitting, about forms and substances, about prescription and confusion of prayers. They argue, *An ater sit contrarius albo*, whether it be better to wear a white surplice or a black gown in ministering the sacraments? Which is like the conflict in Rome betwixt the Augustine Friars and the vulgar Chanons, whether Augustine did wear a black weed upon a white coat, or a white weed upon a black coat. Like the geometricians, they square about points and lines, and the utter shew of things. As, this point is too long, this point is too short, this figure is too much affected, this line runs not smooth, this syllogism limpeth. As preachers, they labour not to speak properly, but intricately. Instead of bread, they give the children of their ministry stones to throw at one another: and instead of fish, serpents to sting one another. In the 13th of Matthew, the sower that went forth to sow, scattered some seed by the highway side, which the fowls of the air picked up: not unlike to them whose hawks and field-sports pick up all the seeds of christianity that should be sown in their hearts; and a million of others whose eyes the fowls of the valley peck out, before the seed of salvation can have any rooting in their souls.

Other seed the sower scattered amongst stones, and the sun arising, it withered for want of earth, resembling these stony streets of London, where nothing will spring up but oppression, avarice, and infidelity. Other seed he disperst amongst thorns, and the thorns crept aloft and choked it. To those thorns I compare these thorny contentioners, that choke the word of God with foolish controversies, and frivolous questions. Even as the spirit led our Sa-

viour aside into the wilderness to be tempted, so are there wicked spirits of contention amongst us, that lead men aside into the woods and solitary places to be tempted. Let any (be he the veriest blockhead under heaven) raise up a faction, and he shall be followed and supported. Englishmen are all for innovation ; they are clean spoiled if once in twenty years they have not a new fashion of religion. Sometimes *Vitia sunt ad virtutem occasio*, contention is the occasion of seeking out the truth : but our contentions (for the most part) are the seeking to prove truth no truth, after she is once found out ; and preferring probability before manifest verity. We will not try her by her peers (which are the best expositors), and ancient Fathers, but by the literal law, either not expounded, or new expounded, without any quest of church, decretals, or canons.

Were it not that in reproving contention, I might haply seem contentious, I would wade a little farther in this subject. Yet it were to no end, since fire the more it is stirred up the more it burneth : and heresy, the more it is stirred and strove with, the more untoward it is. Naught but sharp discipline is a fit disputant with snarling schismatics. The Israelites, for they rooted not out the remnant of the Gentile nations from amongst them, they were as goads in their sides, and thorns in their nostrils ; so if we root not out these remnants of schismatics from amongst us, they will be as goads in our sides, and thorns in our nostrils. *Melius est ut pereat unus, quam ut pereat unitas* : it is better that some few perish than unity perish.

London, beware of contention ; thou art counted the nursing mother of contention. No sect or schism but thou affordest disciples to. If thou beest too greedy of innovation and contention, the sword of invasion and civil debate shall leave thy house desolate unto thee.

Now come I to the daughters of Pride; whereof Disdain is the eldest.

Disdain is a vice, in comparison of which ambition is a virtue. It is the extreme of ambition. It is a kind of scorn, that scorneth to be compared to any other thing. None are more subject unto it than fair women, for they disdain any one should be held as fair as they. They disdain any should go before them, or sit above them. They disdain any should be braver than they, or have more absolute pens entertained in their praises than they. This woman disdains any but she should carry the credit of wit: another, that any should sing so sweet as she: a third, that any should set forth the port and majesty in gait and behaviour like unto her. Only for disdain and pre-eminence, their husbands and their loves they draw sundry times into never-dated quarrels.

Such disdain and scorn was betwixt the wives of Jacob; Rachel and Leah, because the one had children and the other none. Such disdain was betwixt Sarah and Hagar. There was a disdain of shouldering amongst the disciples, who should be greatest. Joseph's brethren disdained their father should love him better than he did them. Dives disdained Lazarus. In London the rich disdain the poor. The courtier the citizen. The citizen the countryman. One occupation disdaineth another. The merchant the retailer. The retailer the craftsman. The better sort of craftsmen the baser. The shoemaker the cobbler. The cobbler the carman. One nice dame disdains her next neighbour should have that furniture to her house, or dainty dish, or device, which she wants. She will not go to church, because she disdains to mix herself with base company, and cannot have her close pew by herself. She disdains to wear that every one wears, to hear that preacher which every one hears. So did Jerusalem disdain God's prophets, because they came in the likeness of poor men. She disdained Amos because he was a

keeper of oxen<sup>1</sup>, as also the rest, for they were of the dregs of the people: but their disdain prospered not with them, their house for their disdain was left desolate unto them.

London, thy house (except thou repentst) for thy disdain shall be left desolate unto thee.

The second daughter of Pride is Gorgeous Attire. Both the sons and daughters of Pride delight to go gorgeously. As Democritus set up his brazen shield against the sun to the intent that (continually gazing on it,) he might with the bright reflection of his beamy radiation sear out his eyes, and see no more vanities, so set they their rich embroidered suits against the sun, to dazzle, daunt, and spoil poor men's eyes that look upon them. Like idols, not men, they apparel themselves. Blocks and stones by the Paynims and Infidels are over-gilded to be honoured and worshipped: so over-gild they themselves to be more honoured and worshipped.

The women would seem angels here upon earth, for which (it is to be feared) they will scarce live with the angels in heaven. The end of gorgeous attire, both in men and women, is but more fully to enkindle fleshly concupiscence, to assist the devil in lustful temptations. Men think that women (seeing them so sumptuously pearled and bespangled,) cannot choose but offer to tender their tender souls at their feet. The women, they think, that (having naturally clear beauty, scorchingly blazing, which enkindles any soul that comes near it, and adding more bayns unto it of lascivious embolsterings,) men should even flash their hearts at first sight into purified flames of their fair faces.

Ever since Evah was tempted, and the serpent prevailed with her, women have took upon them both the person of the tempted and the tempter. They tempt to be tempted, and not one of them, except she be tempted, but thinks herself contemptible. Unto the greatness of their great-grandmother Evah they seek to aspire, in

<sup>1</sup> Amos 1.

being tempted and tempting. If not to tempt, and be thought worthy to be tempted, why dye they and diet they their face with so many drugs as they do, as it were to correct God's workmanship, and reprove him as a bungler, and one that is not his craft's master? Why ensparkle they their eyes with spiritualized distillations? Why tip they their tongues with *Aurum potable*? Why fill they up age's frets with fresh colours? Even as roses and flowers in winter are preserved in close houses under earth, so preserve they their beauties by continual lying in bed.

Just to dinner they will arise, and after dinner, go to bed again and lie until supper. Yea, sometimes (by no sickness occasioned) they will lie in bed three days together, provided every morning before four o'clock they have their broths and their cullises, with pearl and gold sodden in them. If haply they break their hours, and rise more early to go a banquetting, they stand practising half a day with their looking-glass how to pierce and to glance, and look alluringly amiable. Their feet are not so well framed to the measures, as are their eyes to move and bewitch. Even as angels are painted in church windows with glorious golden fronts beset with sun-beams, so beset they their foreheads on either side with glorious borrowed gleamy bushes, which rightly interpreted should signify beauty to sell, since a bush is not else hanged forth but to invite men to buy. And in Italy, when they set any beast to sale, they crown his head with garlands, and bedeck it with gaudy blossoms, as full as ever it may stick.

Their heads, with their top and top-gallant lawn baby caps, and snow-resembled silver curlings, they make a plain puppet stage of. Their breasts they embusk up on high, and their round roseate buds immodestly lay forth, to shew at their hands there is fruit to be hoped. In their curious antic-woven garments, they imitate and mock the worms and adders that must eat them. They shew the swellings of their mind, in the swellings and plumpings out of their

apparel. Gorgeous ladies of court, never was I admitted so near any of you as to see how you torture poor old Time with spunging, pinning, and pouncing: but they say his sickle you have burst in twain, to make your periwigs more elevated arches of.

I dare not meddle with ye, since the philosopher that too intently gazed on the stars, stumbled and fell into a ditch: and many gazing too immoderately on our earthly stars, fall in the end into the ditch of all uncleanness. Only this humble caveat let me give you by the way, that thou look the devil come not to you, in the likeness of a taylor or painter; that however you disguise your bodies, you lay not on your colours so thick, that they sink into your souls. That your skins being too white without, your souls be not all black within.

It is not your pinches, your pearls, your flowry jaggings, superfluous enterlacings, and puffings up, that can any way offend God, but the puffing up of your souls, which therein you express. For as the biting of a bullet, is not that which poisons the bullet, but the lying of the gunpowder in the dint of the biting: so it is not the wearing of costly burnished apparel, that shall be objected unto you for sin, but the pride of your hearts, which (like the moth) lies closely shrouded amongst the threads of that apparel. Nothing else is garish apparel, but pride's ulcer broken forth. How will you attire yourselves, what gown, what head-tire will you put on, when you shall live in hell amongst hags and devils?

As many jaggs, blisters, and scars, shall toads, cankers, and serpents make on your pure skins in the grave, as now you have cuts, jaggs, or raisings upon your garments. In the marrow of your bones snakes shall breed. Your morn-like crystal countenances shall be netted over, and (masker like) cawl-visarded, with crawling venomous worms. Your orient teeth, toads shall steal into their heads for pearl; of the jelly of your decayed eyes, shall they

engender them young. In their hollow caves (their transplendent juice so pollutionately employed) shelly snails shall keep house.

O what is beauty more than a wind-blown bladder, that it should forget whereto it is born! It is the food of cloying concupiscence living, and the substance of the most noisome infection being dead. The mothers of the justest men are not freed from corruption; the mothers of kings and emperors are not freed from corruption. No gorgeous attire, man or woman, hast thou in this world, but the wedding garment of faith; thy winding-sheet shall see thee in none of thy silks or shining robes. To shew they are not of God, when thou goest to God, thou shalt lay them all off; then shalt thou restore to every creature what thou hast robbed him of. All the leases which dust let out to life, at the day of death shall be returned again into his hands. In skins of beasts Adam and Eve were clothed; in nought but thine own skin, at the day of judgment, shalt thou be clothed. If thou beest more deformed than the age wherein thou diedst should make thee, the devil shall stand up and certify, that with painting and physicing thy visage, thou so deformest it; whereto God shall reply, "What have I to do with thee, thou painted sepulchre? Thou hast so differenced and divorced thyself from thy creation, that I know not thee for my creature.

"The print of my finger thou hast defaced, and with arts-vanishing varnishment made thyself a changeling from the form I first cast thee in. Satan, take her to thee; with black boiling pitch rough-cast over her counterfeit red and white; and whereas she was wont in asses' milk to bathe her, to engrain her skin more gentle, pliant, delicate, and supple, in bubbling scalding lead, and fatty flame-feeding brimstone, see thou incessantly bathe her. With glowing hot irons, singe and suck up that adulterised sinful beauty, wherewith she hath branded herself to infelicity."

O Female Pride, this is but the dalliance of thy doom, but the intermissive recreation of thy torments. The greatness of thy pains I want portentous words to pourtray. Whereinsoever thou hast took extreme delight and glory, therein shalt thou be plagued with extreme and spiteous malady. For thy flaring frounzed periwigs, low dangled down with love locks, shalt thou have thy head side dangled down with more snakes than ever it had hairs. In the mould of thy brain shall they clasp their mouths, and gnawing through every part of thy scull, ensnarl their teeth amongst thy brains, as an angler ensnarleth his hook amongst weeds.

For thy rich borders shalt thou have a number of discoloured scorpions rolled up together, and cockatrices that kill with their very sight, shall continually stand spirting fiery poison in thine eyes. In the hollow cave of thy mouth, basilisks shall keep house; and supply thy talk with hissing when thou strivest to speak. At thy breasts, as at Cleopatra's, aspisses shall be put out to nurse. For thy carcanets of pearl, shalt thou have carcanets of spiders, or the green venomous flies cantharides. Hell's torments were no torments, if invention might conceit them. As no eye hath seen, no ear hath heard, no tongue can express, no thought comprehend the joys prepared for the elect, so no eye hath seen, no ear hath heard, no thought can comprehend, the pains prepared for the rejected.

Women, as the pains of the devils shall be doubled, that go about hourly tempting, and seeking whom they may devour, so except you soon lay hold on grace, your pains in hell; (above men's,) shall be doubled, for millions have you tempted, millions of men, both in soul and substance, have you devoured; to you half your husbands' damnation, as to Evah, will be imputed; pride is your natural sin; that woman you account as common, which is not coy and proud. Womanhead you deem nothing else but a disdainful majestical carriage. Being but a rib of man, you will think to over-



rule him you ought to be subject to. Watch over your paths, look to your ways, lest the serpent, long since having over-mastered one of you, over-master all of you, one after another. Banish pride from your bowers, and the lineal descents of your other sins are cut off, you will seem saints and not women. But for you, men would never be so proud, never care to go so gorgeously; never fetch so many new fangles from other countries; you have corrupted them, you have tempted them; half of your pride you have divided with them. No nation hath any excess, but they have made it theirs. Certain glasses there are, wherein a man seeth the image of another, and not his own; those glasses are their eyes, for in them they see the image of other countries, and not their own. Other countries' fashions they see, but never look back to the attire of their forefathers, or consider what shape their own country should give them.

Themistocles put all his felicity in being descended from a noble lineage; Simonides, to be well beloved of his people or citizens; Antistines, in renown after his death. Englishmen put all their felicity in going pompously and garishly; they care not how they impoverish their substance, to seem rich to the outward appearance. What wise man is there, that makes the case or cover of any thing, richer than the thing itself which it containeth or covereth? Our garments, which are cases and covers for our bodies, we compact of pearl and gold; our bodies themselves are naught but clay and putrefaction.

If, as the case or cover of any thing keeps it from dust or from soiling, so our costly skin-cases could keep us from consuming to dust, or being sin-soiled, it were somewhat; but they, contrariwise, resolve into dust; they are no armours against old age, but such as are harmed by old age; they wear away with continuance, even as time doth wear and forewalk us; our souls they keep not from sin-soiling, but are the only instruments so to soil and sin-eclipse them;

they are a second flesh-assisting prison, and further corrupting weight of corruption, cast on our souls to keep them from soaring to heaven.

Deck ourselves how we will, in all our royalty, we cannot equalize one of the lilies of the field; as they wither, so shall we wane and decay, and our place no more be found. Though our span-long youthly prime blossoms forth eye-banqueting flowers, though our delicious gleaming features make us seem the sons and daughters of the graces, though we glisten it never so in our worm-spun robes, and gold flourished garments, yet in the grave shall we rot: from our redolentest refined compositions, air-pestilencing stinks, and breath-choaking poisonous vapours shall issue.

England, the players' stage of gorgeous attire, the ape of all nations' superfluities, the continual masquer in outlandish habiliments, great plenty-scanting calamities art thou to await, for wanton disguising thyself against kind, and digressing from the plainness of thine ancestors. Scandalous and shameful is it, that not any in thee, fishermen and husbandmen set aside, but live above their ability and birth; that the outward habit, which in other countries is the only distinction of honour, should yield in thee no difference of persons; that all ancient nobility, almost, with this gorgeous prodigality should be devoured and eaten up, and upstarts inhabit their stately palaces, who from far have fetched in this variety of pride to entrap and to spoil them. Those of thy people that in all other things are miserable, in their apparel will be prodigal. No land can so infallibly experience the proverb, "The hood makes not the monk," as thou; for taylors, serving-men, make-shifts, and gentlemen, in thee are confounded. For the compassment of bravery, we have them that will rob, steal, cozen, cheat, betray their own fathers, swear and forswear, or do any thing. Take away bravery, you kill the heart of lust and incontinency. Wherefore do men make themselves brave, but to riot and to revel? Look

after what state their apparel is, that state they take to them and carry, and, after a little accustoming to that carriage, persuade themselves they are such indeed.

Apparel, more than any thing, bewrayeth his wearer's mind; all sorts covet in it to exceed. Old age I exclude, for that covets nought but gold covetise. None, in a manner, forecast for their souls; they suffer them to go naked; with no good deeds will they clothe them; they let them freeze to death for want of the garment of faith; they famish and starve them in not supplying them with ghostly cherishment. O soul, of all human parts the most divinest and sovereignest, of all the rest art thou the most despicable and wretched? Not any part of the body but thou consultest and carest for: to every part is thy care more available than thyself. Impart but the tenths of it on thyself; be not more curious of a wimple or spot in thy vesture, than thou art of spotting and thorough staying thy dear-bought spirit with ten thousand abominations. Whilst the good angel of mercy stirs about the blood-springing pool of expiation, haste thou to bathe in it. Thou canst not bathe in it effectually, unless thou strip thyself clean out of the attire of sin. All gorgeous attire is the attire of sin.

The frail flesh wherein thou art invested is nothing but a sin-battered armour, with many strokes of temptations assaulted and bruised, to break into thee and surprise thee. Watch and pray, that thou be not surprised. In vain is thy prayer against sin; except thou watchest also to prevent sin. We here in London, what for dressing ourselves, following our worldly affairs, dining, supping, and keeping company, have no leisure, not only not to watch against sin, but not so much as once to think of sin. In bed, wives must question their husbands about housekeeping, and providing for their children and family. No service must God expect of us, but a little in Lent, and in sickness and adversity. Our gorgeous attire, we make not to serve him, but to serve the flesh.

If he were pleased with it, why did they ever in the old law (when they presented themselves before him in fasting and prayer,) rend it off their backs, and put on coarse sackcloth and ashes? No lifting up a man's self that God likes, but the lifting up of the spirit in prayer.

One thing it is for a man to lift up himself to God, another thing to lift up himself against God. In pranking up our carcasses too proudly, we lift up our flesh against God. In lifting up our flesh, we depress our spirits. London, lay off thy gorgeous attire, and cast down thyself before God in contrition and prayer, lest he cast thee down in his indignation into hell-fire.

Grievously hast thou offended, and transgressed against his divine majesty, in turning that to pride, which was allotted thee for a punishment. His workmanship thou hast scorned, and counted imperfect without thine own additions put to it. Thou hast contended, to be a more beautiful creator and repolisher of thyself, than he. His own workmanship thou hast made him out of love with, by altering and deforming it at thy pleasure. There is no workman, that regardeth or esteemeth his own workmanship, after it is translated and transposed by others. Except thou quickly undoest and withdrawest all thy over working, he will (in wreakful recompense that thou hast so disgraced him,) alter thee, deform thee; translate thee, transpose thee, and leave thy house desolate unto thee.

The last daughter of Pride is Delicacy, under which is contained gluttony, luxury, sloth, and security. But properly, Delicacy is the sin of our London dames. So delicate are they in their diet, so dainty and puling fine in their speech, so tiptoe nice in treading on the earth, as though they walked upon snakes, and feared to tread hard, lest they should turn again. Their houses, so pickedly and neatly must be tricked up and tapestried, as if (like Abraham or Lot,) they were to receive angels. The floor under

foot, glisteningly rubbed and glazed, that a Jew (if he should behold it) would suspect it for holy ground.

Nothing about them, but is wealth boastingly and elaborately beautified: only their souls they keep poor and beggarly. Job scraped his sores with a potsherd; if they have any sore or noisome malady about them, they will over-gild it, and make it seem more amiable than any other part of the body. Their habitations they make so resplendent and pleasurable on earth, that they have no mind to go to heaven. Into heaven's pleasures they cannot see, for their eyes are dazzled with terrestrial delights. Those that will have their hearts thoroughly inflamed with the joys of the world to come, must place no joy in this world, nor frame to themselves any object that may too much content. They must have something evermore to amate and check their felicity, and with Macedon Philip, to remember them of mortality.

Delicacy is nought but the art of security, and forgetting mortality. It is a kind of alchymical quintessencing a heaven out of earth. It is the exchanging of an eternal heaven, for a short momentary imperfect heaven. Blessed are they, that by pining and excruciating their bodies, live in hell here on earth to avoid the hell never ending. Many of the saints and martyrs of the primitive church, when they might have spent their days in all affluence and delicacy, and lived out of gunshot of misery, have notwithstanding took unto them the contemptiblest poverty that might be.

They have abandoned all their goods and possessions, and in the wilderness conversed with penury and scarcity, to beat down and keep under their rebellious flesh. Some of them have drunk puddle water, and fed on the lothsome things that might be, to bring their affection out of love with this transitory infelicity. Some of them have grated and rawed their smooth tender skins, with hair shirts and rough garments, that they might live in uncessant smart, and take no ease or rest in this life, where no rest or ease is to be

taken up, but only a watchman's lodge to sojourn in for a night, or such a house as the moth buildeth in a garment.

Others all naked, on sharp shreds of broken flint, and fragments of potsherds, have spread their weary limbs, that lust in their sleep might not assail them. Holy St. Jerome, in the desert thou builtest thee a cell to live out of the haunts of concupiscence, where, parched and broiled in summer with the raging beams of the sun, and quivering and quaking in winter, all rivelled and weather-beaten, with the sharp driving showers and freezing northern wind, thou drunkenest no kind of liquor, but the ice-chilled water from the cold fountain, nor eatest any meat but tough dried roots. On the bare ground thou lodgedst, and with abstinence and want of sleep lookedst pale and wan. This didst thou to mortify thy insurrective mass of corruption. This didst thou to teach mortification and sobriety, to these licentious times of ours.

No course do we take to mortify the law of our members: all mortification we censure by the name of superstition, our fasts are no fasts, but preparatives to evening feasts: our mourning is like the mourning of an heir, who then laughs inward, when he weeps most outward. It is not prayer alone may kill the old man in us; either it must be sanctified and assisted with fasting and abstinence, or it cannot cast out a spirit of such might. It is heavenly policy as well as human policy to weaken our enemy before we fight with him. We must weaken our enemy and God's enemy, the flesh, with abstinence and fasting, before we fight with him, or else he will be too strong for us.

Physicians minister purgations before they apply any medicine. Surgeons lay corrosives to any wound, to eat out the dead flesh ere they can cure it. Abstinence and fasting, are as corrosives to eat out the dead flesh of gluttony, and drunkenness, and concupiscence in our loins, which so projected and eaten out, Christ is that kind Samaritan that will come and bind up our wounds, and

carry us home with him to his house or kingdom everlasting. Thus much of delicacy in general: now more particularly of his first branch, gluttony; which if any country under heaven be culpable of, England is.

All our friendship and courtesy, is nothing but gluttony. Great men shew their state and magnificence in nothing so much as gluttony. The birthday of our Saviour, his resurrection, and ascension, we honour only with gluttony. How many cooks, apothecaries, confectioners, and vintners in London grow pursy by gluttony? Under gluttony, I shroud not only excess in meat, but in drink also. Our full platters and our plentiful cups, unapt us to any exercise of christianity or prayer. We do nothing but fatten our souls to hell-fire. Our bodies we bombast and ballast with engorging diseases. Diseases shorten our days, therefore whosoever englutteth himself, is guilty of his own death and damnation.

*Qui diligit epulas, saith Solomon, in egestate erit*<sup>1</sup>. He that loveth dainty fare shall feel scarcity. *Venter mæro æstuans dispumat libidinem*. The belly abounding with wine and good cheer, vomiteth forth lust. Gluttony were no sin, or not so heinous as it is, did it not pluck on a number of other heinous sins with it: or that we so engorging ourselves, infinite of our poor brethren, hungered and starved not in the streets, for want of the least dish on our tables. Very largely have I inveighed against this vice elsewhere, wherefore here I will truss it up more succinct; text upon text I could heap to shew the inconvenience of it. In London I could exemplify it by many note-worthy specialties; but in so doing I should but lay down what every one knows, and purchase no thank for my labour.

To my journey's end I haste, and descend to the second continent of delicacy, which is lust, or luxury. In complaining of it I am afraid I shall defile good words, and too long detain my readers. it is a sin that now serveth in London instead of an afternoon's

<sup>1</sup> Prov. 21. Jerom. ad Eustoch.

recreation. It is a trade that heretofore thrived in huggermugger, but of late days walketh openly by daylight, like a substantial grave merchant. Of his name or profession he is not ashamed: at the first being asked of it he will confess it. Into the heart of the city is uncleanness crept. Great patrons it hath got: almost none are punished for it that have a good purse. Every Quean vaunts herself of some or other man of nobility.

London, what are thy suburbs but licenced stews? Can it be so many brothel houses of salary sensuality, and sixpenny whoredom (the next door to the magistrates), should be set up and maintained if bribes did not bestir them? I accuse none, but certainly justice somewhere is corrupted. Whole hospitals of ten times a day dishonested strumpets, have we cloistered together. Night and day the entrance unto them is as free as to a tavern. Not one of them but hath a hundred retainers. Prentices and poor servants, they encourage to rob their masters. Gentlemen's purses and pockets they will dive into and pick, even while they are dallying with them.

No Smithfield ruffianly swashbuckler will come off with such harsh hell-raking oaths as they. Every one of them is a gentlewoman, and either the wife of two husbands, or a bed-wedded bride before she was ten years old. The speech-shunning sores, and sight-irking botches of their unsatiate intemperance, they will unblushingly lay forth, and jestingly brag of, wherever they haunt. To church they never repair. Not in all their whole life would they hear of God, if it were not for their huge swearing and forswearing by him.

I am half of belief it is not a reasonable soul, which affecteth motion and speech in them, but a soul imitating the devil, who (the more to despight God), goes and enliveth such licentious shapes, and (in them) enacteth more abomination and villany than he could in the evilest of evil functions, which is, in devilling it simply. I



wonder there is any of these she-retailing body-traffickers, which when a man cometh to try them, will easily credit him to be a man, and not rather suspect him to be a form-shifting devil, disguised in man's likeness. Utterly are they given over to the devil, and he is their God, since they serve him and not God. With many of their mercenary predecessors, in the proportion of men, have devils had carnal copulation. A guilty conscience hath occasion to distrust every thing.

Satan would think it a dishonour to him, if he should not tempt and win unto him, those whom weak-witted man can tempt and win unto him. Never will they resist Satan's temptations, that cannot resist the temptations of a fleshly tongue. In a damnable state are you, O ye excremental vessels of lust! In selling your bodies to sin, you sell them to the devil, and with a little money he buys them at your hands from Christ, that paid so dear a price for them. Half a crown or little more (or sometimes less) is the set price of a strumpet's soul. The devil needeth never to tempt her, when for so small a value he may have her. We hate and cry out against them, that like Turks and Moors sell their christian brethren as slaves: how much more ought we to hate and cry out against them that sell themselves and their souls unto sin as slaves? Those skin-plastering painters (of whom in the treaty of gorgeous attire we dilated), do not so much alter God's image, (by artificial over-beautifying their bodies,) as these do by debasing themselves to every one that brings coin.

Ere they come to forty you shall see them worn to the bare bone. At twenty their lively colour is lost, their faces are sodden and parboiled with French surfeits. That colour on their cheeks you behold superficialized, is but Sir John White's, or Sir John Red-cap's livery. The alchymist, of quicksilver makes gold. These (our openers to all comers) with quickning and conceiving get gold. The souls they bring forth, at the latter day shall stand up and give

evidence against them. The devil to enfranchise them of hell, shall do no more but produce the misbegotten of their loins. Those that have been daily fornicatresses, and yet are unfruitful, he shall accuse of ten thousand murders, by confusion of seeds, and barrening their wombs by drugs. There is no such murder on the face of the earth as a whore. Not only shall she be arraigned and impeached, of defeating an infinite number of God's images, but of defacing and destroying the mould, wherein he hath appointed them to be cast.

“To whom much is given, of them shall much be required.” God having given them excellent gifts of beauty and wit, requireth at their hands excellent increase of them, which when he shall find contrary, he will convert the excess of his graces and gifts, to the excess of scourges and curses. Tell me, you dissolute harlots, what increase do you render to God of your wits, or your beauties, but wantonness? The unworthiest are you of life of any that live. All your lifetime you do nothing but spoil others, and spoil yourselves. You mar your minds and your beauties both at once, by putting them out to bad uses. What are you but sinks and privies to swallow in men's filth?

If God, as in Esay, should ask our watchman, the devil, *Custos, quid de nocte*<sup>1</sup>? Watchman, what seest thou? what seest thou in London by night? He would answer, I see a number of whores making men drunk to cozen them of their money. I see others of them, sharing half with the bawds their hostesses, and laughing at the punies they have lunched. Others meeting with their cutpurse paramours in the dark, to whom they deliver what they have been getting all day from a dozen. I see revelling, dancing, and banquetting till midnight. I see a number of wives cuckolding their husbands, under pretence of going to their next neighbour's labour. I see gentlewomen, baking in their painting on their faces, by the

<sup>1</sup> Esay 21.

fire, and burning out many pounds of candle in pinning their treble rebaters, when they will not bestow the snuff of a light in looking on any good book. I see theft, murder, and conspiracy, following their business very closely. What would you have more? Those whom the sun sees not in a month together, I now see in their cups and their jollity.

Well conceited was the Italian, who wrote the Supplication to Candle-light, earnestly desiring her by writing to disclose unto him the rare secrets she saw in her empery.

One judgment day is scarce enough for God to take the confession alone of candle-light. He had need of a night judgment as well as a day, to indict the sinners of the night.

Provident justices, to whom these abuses' redress appertaineth, take a little pains to visit these houses of hospitality by night, and you shall see what courts of good fellowship they keep. Hoise up bawds in the subsidy book, for the plenty they live in, is princely. A great office is not so gainful as the principalship of a college of courtezans. No merchant in riches may compare with those merchants of maidenheads, if their female inmates were not so fleeting and uncertain. This is a trick amongst all bawds, they will feign themselves to be zealous catholics; and whereas they dare not come to church, or into any open assembly, for wondering and hooting at, they pretend scrupulosity of conscience, and that they refrain only for religion. So if they be imprisoned or carried to Bridewell for their bawdry, they give out they suffer for the church.

Great cunning do they ascribe to their art, as the discerning (by the very countenance) a man that hath crowns in his purse: the fine closing in with the next justice, or alderman's deputy of the ward: the winning love of neighbours round about, to repel violence if haply their houses should be environed, or any in them prove unruly (being pilled and pouled too unconscionably). They forecast for back doors, to come in and out by undiscovered;

sliding windows also, and trap-boards in floors to hide whores behind and under, with false counterfeit panes in walls, to be opened and shut like a wicket. Some one gentleman generally acquainted they give his admission unto, sans fee, and free privilege thence forward in their nunnery, to procure them frequentance. Awake, you wits, grave authorized law distributors, and shew yourselves as insinuitive subtle, in smoking this city-sodoming trade out of his starting holes, as the professors of it are in underpropping it. Either you do not or will not descend into their deep juggling legerdemain. Any excuse or unlikely pretext goes for payment. Set up a shop of incontinency whoso will, let him have but one letter of an honest name to grace it. In such a place dwells a wise woman that tells fortunes, and she (under that shadow) hath her house never empty of forlorn unfortunate dames, married to old husbands.

In another corner inhabiteth a physician and a conjuror, who hath corners and spare chambers to hide carrion in, and can conjure up an unphysical drab at all times. In a third place is there a gross-pencilled painter, who works all in oil colours, and under colour of drawing of pictures, draws more to his shady pavilion, than depart thence pure vestals. Lodge these bawds any suspicious gentlewoman, and being asked what she is (be she young and brave), they will answer, that she is an esquire's or knight's daughter, sent up to be placed with I wot not what lady or countess. Be she of middle years, she is a widow that hath suits in law here at the term, and hath been a long council-table petitioner. Be she but civilly plain, and in her apparel citizenized, she is the good wife's niece, or near kinswoman.

Thus have they evasions for all objections, and are never (lightly) brought in question, but when they break and jar with their neighbours. Monstrous creatures are they! marvel is it, fire from heaven consumes not London, as long as they are in it. A

thousand parts better were it to have public stews, than to let them keep private stews as they do. The world would count me the most licentiate loose strayer under heaven, if I should unrip but half so much of their venereal Machiavelism, as I have looked into. We have not English words enough to unfold it. Positions and instructions have they to make their whores a hundred times more whorish and treacherous, than their own wicked affects (resigned to the devil's disposing) can make them. Waters and receipts have they to enable a man to the act after he is spent, dormative potions to procure deadly sleep, that when the hackney he hath paid for lies by him, he may have no power to deal with her, but she may steal from him whilst he is in his deep memento, and make her gain of three or four other.

I am weary of recapitulating their roguery. I would those that should reform it, would take but half the pains in supplanting it, that I have done in disclosing it. Repent, repent, you ruins of intemperance, recover your souls, though you have sudded your bodies. Let not your feet be fast locked in the mire of pollution. Meditate but what a brutish thing it is, how short lasting, and but a minute contentive. If you should lend it (from the beginning to the ending) but suitable descriptionate politure, or if with your eyes, you could but view the meeting of venoms, I know it would work in some of you an abjuring dislike.

Consider but what lothsome things are engendered of the excess of it, and how the soul, which was made to mount upward, in the heat of it descends downward. Sin enough of yourselves (Women) have you, you need have no sin put into you. Your flesh of the own accord, will corrupt faster than you would, though you corrupt it not before his time with inordinate carnal sluttishness. Make not your bodies stinking dungsons for diseases to dwell in; imprison not your souls in a sink.

.. To you, men, this admonition I will give, be prodigal any way,

rather than give a whore an earnest penny of her perdition. Solomon saith, *Qui nutrit scortum perdit substantiam*<sup>1</sup>; he that keepeth a harlot squandereth his substance. Paul saith, *Qui fornicatur in corpus suum peccat*<sup>2</sup>; he which committeth fornication, sinneth against his own flesh. In the Acts it is said, *Abstinete vos a fornicatione*<sup>3</sup>; abstain from fornication. In the Epistle to the Galatians, "The works of the flesh are adultery, fornications," &c. In the Epistle to the Ephesians, "No whoremonger, adulterer, or covetous person, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven<sup>4</sup>." Hebrews the 13th, "Adulterers God will judge." Deuteronomy the 23d, "There shall not be a harlot of the daughters of Israel." Matthew the 10th, "Whom God hath joined, let no man separate." An adulterer goes betwixt, or separates whom God hath joined. *Cum cetera possit Deus*<sup>5</sup>, &c. when God can do all things else, he cannot restore a virgin after she is deflowered. *Læsa pudicitia*, saith Ovid, *deperit illa semel*; chastity, being once scarred, is never salved.

Agamemnon defiling Briseis, his wife Clytemnestra played false with Egisthus in the meantime. On the other side, Ulysses, shunning the enchantments of Circe, the sweet descant of the Sirens, and immortality of Calypso, to live with his constant wife Penelope, she, notwithstanding all the gallant troops of Grecian wooers' enticements, that in her house kept a standing court a long time, kept herself chaste for him twenty years. Solon ordained that the adulterer should be put to death. The tale of Seleucus and his son is stale: I have made my book too great already, only in displaying the sins of London. Whosoever they be that have souls, and would in no means have them miscarry, let them remember that of St. Augustine, *In pollutione anima fit tota caro*. In adultery or fornication the soul is made all flesh, and is wholly employed in impoverishing and debilitating the flesh. *Quidam dixit olim, dives*

<sup>1</sup> Prov. 29.    <sup>2</sup> 1 Cor. 6.    <sup>3</sup> Acts 15.    <sup>4</sup> Ephes. 5.    <sup>5</sup> Jerom super Amos.

*eram nudum, sed tria me fecerunt nudum, alea, vina, venus, tribus his factus sum egenus.* There was a man said late, he was in rich estate; but three things have undone him, froward dice, wine, and women: only from these three things, all his confusion springs.

The third derivative of Delicacy is sloth, of which I will say a word or two, and so shake hands with all the sons and daughters of Pride. Security, the last dividend of delicacy, it includeth in it; for security is nothing but the effect of sloth, therefore will I handle both under one. It is a sin which is good for nothing, but to be dame Lechery's keeper when she lies in. He or she that is possessed with sloth, is slow in good works, slow in coming to sermons, slow in looking after thrift, slow in resisting temptations, slow in defending any good cause. And of these fore-slowers it is said, "Those that be neither hot nor cold, I will spew them out of my mouth." Rev. the 3d.

There is a certain kind of good sloth, as to be slow to anger, slow to judgment, slow to revenge. But there is a sloth unto judgment, which is also an ill sloth; as when a poor man's cause hangs so long in court, ere it can be decided, that through the judge's sloth he is undone with following of it. There is a sloth also in punishing sin, as when magistrates will have their eyes put out with gifts, and will not see it, but wink at it, till they be broad waked with the general cry of the commonwealth. There is a sloth of soldiery; as of those that come from the wars, and will not fall to any thing afterward, but cozen, beg, and rob. There is a sloth of the ministry; as of those, that after they be beneficed, will never preach. "Doth the wild ass bray," saith Job, "when he hath grass, or loweth the ox when he hath fodder<sup>1</sup>?" No more do a great sort of our divines after they have living: they have learned to spare their tongue against they are to plead for greater prefer-

<sup>1</sup> Job 6.

ment. So have a number of lawyers learned to spare their ears, against golden advocates come to plead to them. They cannot hear except their ears be rubbed with the oil of angels; they must have a spur to prick on an old dog, a few spurrials to remedy deafness.

Others there are, though not of the same order, that can never hear but when they are flattered, and they cry continually to their preachers, *Loquere novis placentia, Loquere nobis placentia*<sup>1</sup>. Speak to us nothing but pleasing things; and even as Archabius, the trumpeter, had more given him to cease than to sound, (the noise that he made was so harsh,) so will they give them more to cease than to sound, to corrupt them than to make them sound, feed their sores than to launch them. The noise of judgment which they pronounce soundeth too harsh in their ears; they must have Orpheus' melody, whom the Ciconian women tore in pieces, because with his music he corrupted and effeminated their men. Guido saith, "There are certain devils that can abide no music<sup>2</sup>;" these are contrary devils, for they delight in nothing but the music of flattery. Moving words please them, but they hear them but as passion in a play, which maketh them ravishedly melancholy, and ne'er renteth the heart. The delicacy, both of men and women in London, will enforce the Lord to turn all their plenty to scarcity, their tunes of wantonness to the alarums of war, and to leave their house desolate unto them.

How the Lord hath begun to leave our house desolate unto us, let us enter into the consideration thereof with ourselves. At this instant is a general plague dispersed throughout our land: no voice is heard in our streets but that of Jeremy, "Call for the mourning of women, that they may come and take up a lamentation for us, for death is come into our windows, and entered into our palaces<sup>3</sup>."

<sup>1</sup> Isaiah 30.

<sup>2</sup> Guido in Musica.

<sup>3</sup> Jerem. 9. 5.



God hath stricken us, but we have not sorrowed; of his heaviest correction we make a jest. We are not moved with that which he hath sent to amaze us; as it is in Ezekiel, "they will not hear thee, for they will not hear me<sup>1</sup>." So they will not, nor cannot, hear God in his visitation, which have refused to hear him in his preachers. For your contempt and neglect of hearing God's preachers, even as St. John Baptist said, "There was one come into the world more mighty than he, that carried his fan in his hand." So say I, there is one come into the world, more mighty than the word preached; which is, the Lord in this present visitation: he carrieth his fan in his hand to purge his floor. All the chaff of carnal gospellers, that are blown from him in every wind of vanity or adversity, he shall purge from amongst you.

A time of springing and growing have we had, now is our merciful Father come to demand fruit of us. The fruit of faith, the fruit of good works, the fruit of patience and long suffering. If he find no fruit on us, he will say to us as he said to the fig-tree, on which he found nothing but leaves, "Never fruit grow on thee henceforward<sup>2</sup>." And incontinent it withered, and incontinent death shall seize on us. From the mouth of the Lord I speak it, "Except in time you convert, and bring forth the fruits of good life, the kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a nation bringing forth worthy fruits thereof<sup>3</sup>." With the two blind men that sat by the highway side, when Christ came from Jericho, we have cried a long time, "Lord have mercy upon us, Lord have mercy upon us, O Son of David have mercy upon us:" and lo, our eyes have been opened, the light of the Gospel hath appeared unto us; but, like those blind men, after our eyes were opened, after the light of the Gospel hath appeared unto us, we have refused to follow Christ.

<sup>1</sup> Ezek. 3.<sup>2</sup> Matth. 21. 19.<sup>3</sup> Matth. 20. 19.

You usurers and engrossers of corn, by your hoarding up of gold and grain, till it is mouldy, rusty, moth-eaten, and almost infects the air with the stench, you have taught God to hoard up your iniquities and transgressions, till mouldiness, putrefaction, and mustiness, enforceth him to open them; and being opened, they so poison the air with their ill savour, that from them proceedeth this perilsome contagion. "The land is full of adulteries, and for this cause the land mourneth<sup>1</sup>." "The land is full of extortions, full of proud men, full of hypocrites, full of murderers<sup>2</sup>." This is the cause why the sword devoureth abroad, and the pestilence at home: wicked deeds have prevailed against us. "How long," saith Jeremy, "shall the land mourn, and the herbs of every field wither, for the wickedness of the inhabitants that dwell therein?" Our land mourns for the sickness, the herbs of the field have withered for want of rain, yet will no man depart from his wickedness. Post over the plague to what natural cause you will, I positively affirm, it is for sin. "For sin," said the Lord by the forenamed Jeremy, "I will smite the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and man and beast shall die of a great pestilence. I will bring a plague upon you, that whosoever heareth of it, his ears shall tingle<sup>4</sup>." Either take away the cause, or there is no removing of the effect.

London, thou art the seeded garden of sin, the sea that sucks in all the scummy channels of the realm: the honestest in thee, for the most, are either lawyers or usurers; deceit is that which advanceth the greater sort of the chiefest: let them look that their riches shall rust and canker, being wet and dewed with orphans' tears. The Lord thinketh it were as good for him to kill with the plague, as to let them kill with oppression: he beholdeth from on high all subtle conveyances and recognizances; he beholdeth how they pervert foundations, and will not bestow the bequeathers free.

<sup>1</sup> Jerem. 23.    <sup>2</sup> Isaiah 24.    <sup>3</sup> Jerem. 12.    <sup>4</sup> Jerem. 21. 19.

alms, but for bribes, or for friendship. I pray God they take not the like course, in preferring poor men's children into their hospitals, and converting the impotent's money to their private usury.

God likewise beholdeth how to beguile a silly young gentleman of his land; they will crouch cap in hand, play the brokers, bawds, apron-squires, pandars, or any thing. Let us leave off the proverb which we use to a cruel dealer, saying: "Go thy ways, thou art a Jew:" and say, "Go thy ways, thou art a Londoner." For than Londoners are none more hard hearted and cruel. Is it not a common proverb amongst us, when any man hath cozened or gone beyond us, to say, He hath played the merchant with us? But merchants, they turn it another way, and say, he hath played the gentleman with them. The snake eateth the toad, and the toad the snail. The merchant eats up the gentleman, the gentleman eats up the yeoman, and all three do nothing but exclaim one upon another.

The head of Daniel's<sup>1</sup> image was of beaten gold, but his feet iron. Our head or our sovereign is all gold; golden in her looks, golden in her thoughts, in her words and deeds golden; we, her feet or her subjects, all iron. Though for her virtue's sake, and the prayers of his dispersed congregation, God prorogueth our desolation for a while, yet we must not think, but at one time or other, he will smite us and plague us. He shall not take away our sin, because we will not confess with David, that we have sinned: or if we do so confess, we hold it full satisfaction for it, without any reformation or amendment. In this time of infection we purge our houses, our bodies, and our streets, and look to all but our souls.

The Psalmist<sup>2</sup> was of another mind, for he said, "O Lord, I have purged and cleansed my spirit." Blessed are they that are

<sup>1</sup> Dan. ii. 23.

<sup>2</sup> Psal. 76. Matth. 8.

clean in heart, however their houses be infected. There were then in the heat of the sickness, that thought to purge and cleanse their houses, by conveying their infected servants forth by night into the fields, which there starved and died, for want of relief and warm keeping. Such merciless cannibals, instead of purging their spirits and their houses, have thereby doubled the plague on them and their houses. In Gray's Inn, Clerkenwell, Finsbury, and Moorfields, with mine own eyes have I seen half a dozen of such lamentable outcasts. Their brethren and their kinsfolks have offered large sums of money to get them conveyed into any out-house, and no man would earn it, no man would receive them. Cursing and raving by the highway side, have they expired, and their masters never sent to them, nor succoured them. The fear of God is come amongst us, and the love of God gone from us.

If Christ were now naked and visited, naked and visited should he be, for none would come near him. They would rather forswear him and defy him, than come within forty foot of him. In other lands they have hospitals, whither their infected are transported presently after they are stricken. They have one hospital for those that have been in the houses with the infected, and are not yet tainted; another for those that are tainted, and have the sores risen on them, but not broken out; a third for those that both have the sores, and have them broken out on them. We have no provision but mixing hand over head, the sick with the whole. A halfpenny a month to the poor man's box, we count our utter impoverishing. I have heard travellers of credit avouch, that in London is not given the tenth part of that alms a week, which in the poorest besieged city of France is given in a day. What, is our religion all avarice, and no good works? Because we may not build monasteries, or have masses, dirges, or trentals, sung for our souls, are there no deeds of mercy that God hath enjoined us?

Our dogs are fed with the crumbs that fall from our tables.

Our Christian brethren are famished for want of the crumbs that fall from our tables. Take it of me, rich men, expressly, that it is not your own which you have purchased with your industry, it is a part of it the poor's, part your prince's, part your preacher's; you ought to possess no more than will moderately sustain your house and your family. Christ gave all the victuals he had to those that flocked to hear his sermons. We have no such promise-founded plea, at the day of all flesh, as that in Christ's name we have done alms-deeds. How would we with our charity sustain so many mendicant orders of religion, as we heretofore have, and as now, at this very hour, beyond sea are, if we cannot keep and cherish the casual poor amongst us? Never was there a simple liberal reliever of the poor, but prospered in most things he went about. The cause that some of you cannot prosper is, for you put out so little to interest to the poor.

No thanks-worthy exhibitions, or reasonable pensions, will you contribute to maimed soldiers, or poor scholars, as other nations do, but suffer other nations, with your discontented poor, to arm themselves against you. Not half the priests that have been sent from them into England had hither been sent, or ever fled hence, if the cramp had not held close your purse-strings. The livings of colleges by you are not increased, but diminished: because those that first raised them had a superstitious intent, none of us ever after will have any Christian charitable intent.

In the days of Solomon, gold and silver bare no price: in these our days, which are the days of Satan, nought but they bear any price. God is despised in comparison of them. Demas forsook Christ for the world: in this our deceasing covetous world, Demas hath more followers than Christ. An old usurer that hath not an heir, rakes up thirty or forty thousand pounds together in a hutch, will not part with a penny, fares miserably, and leaves those the fruits of niggardize to them that never thank him.

He that bestoweth any thing on a college or hospital, to the world's end shall have his name remembered in daily thanksgiving to God for him : otherwise he perisheth as the pellitory on the wall, or the weed on the house top, that groweth only to wither. Of all his wealth no good man reaping any benefit, none but cankers, prisons, and barred chests, live to report he was rich. Those great barred chests he carries on his back to Heaven gates, and none so burdened is permitted to enter.

There is no male of any kind hath appearance of breasts but man, and he having them, gives no suck with them at all. Such dry nurses are our English curmudgeons, they have breasts, but give no suck with them ; they have treasure innumerable, but do no good with it. All the abbey lands that were the abstracts from impertinent alms, now scarce afford a meal's meat of alms. A penny bestowed on the poor is abridged out of housekeeping. All must be for their children, that spend more than all. More prosperous children should they have, were they more open-handed. The plague of God threatens to shorten both them and their children, because they shorten their hands from the poor. To no cause refer I this present mortality but to covetise.

Let covetise be enlarged out of durance, the infected air will uncongeal, and the wombs of the contagious clouds will be cleansed. Pray and distribute, you gorbellied Mammonists : without prayer and distribution, or almost thinking of God, have you congested those refulgent masses of substance. With the distribution of them, if you look for salvation, your souls must you ransom from Belial. And fortunate are you, if, with long intercessions and prayers, you may get your ransom accepted of. Nothing of all your dross, going down into the earth, should you take with you : you shall carry no more hence, *Nisi parva quod urna capit*, but a coffin and a winding sheet.

They have slept their sleep, saith David<sup>i</sup>, and all the men of

<sup>i</sup> Psalm 75.

riches have found none of their treasure in their own hands after their sleep was ended. Poor men, to you I speak (for rich men have their country granges to fly to from contagion); humble your souls with fasting and prayer. Elias and Moses, by their fasting and prayer, were filled with the familiarity of God. Entreat the Lord that he would pass over your houses, as in Egypt he past over the houses of the Israelites' first-born: beseech him, with the Gergasens, into whose herds of swine the devils were sent, to depart, with his heavy judgments, out of your quarters. Though he seemeth a little to sleep, as when he was on the sea with his disciples, and the tempest arose, yet if you awake him with your outcrying prayers, as the apostles did, saying: "Lord save us, Lord save us, or we perish," he will command the winds and the sea, control the contagion and the sickness, and make a calm ensue, heal every disease and languor amongst you.

"In the day of my trouble," saith the forenamed prophetic king, "I sought unto the Lord, my sore ran and ceased not in the night, my soul refused comfort. I did think upon God, and was troubled; I prayed, and my spirit was full of anguish<sup>1</sup>." Let us seek unto the Lord in like sort, let our souls refuse comfort, let us think upon him and be troubled, let us pray, and fill our spirits full of anguish, till such time as he turneth our affliction from us. If we be not thus troubled, if our spirits be not possessed with anguish, but we make a sport and flea-biting of his fearful visitation, and think, without our prayers, the season of the year will cease it, he will send a rougher-stringed scourge amongst us, a desolation that shall furrow deeper in our sides, and root out the memorial of us.

"If," saith the apostle to the Hebrews, "they escaped not which refused him that spake on earth, much more shall they not escape, that turn away from him that speaketh to them from heaven<sup>2</sup>." Now it is that God speaketh to us from heaven; now,

<sup>1</sup> Psalm 77.

<sup>2</sup> Heb. 12.

if we turn away from him, or will not turn to him, there shall not one of us escape.

In the time of Gregory Nazianzene, if we may credit ecclesiastical records, there sprung up the direfulest mortality in Rome that mankind hath been acquainted with; scarce able were the living to bury the dead, and not so much but their streets were digged up for graves, which this holy Father (with no little commiserate heart-bleeding) beholding, commanded all the clergy (for he was at that time their chief bishop) to assemble in prayer and supplications, and deal forcibly beseeching with God, to intermit his fury and forgive them. For all this not any whit is abated, he took no pity on them. Therewith that reverend pastor, entranced to hell in his thoughts for the distress of his people, caused all the citizens, young and old, to be called forth their houses, and attend him in a howling procession. Up and down the streets, from one end of the city to the other he led them, and preachers, as captains over multitudes, were set to direct and encourage them in their invocations and orisons. Four days together, in this fervent exercise he detained them. In those places where the mortality raged most, a stand would he make half a day, and with reiterated solicitings, and prostrate voice-crazing vehemency, break ope a broad cloud-dispersing passage to the throne of mercy.

The four days concluded, and that with their bellowing clamours, and breast embolning sighs, they had enforced a sufficient breach in the firmament, there appeared a bright sun-arrayed angel, standing with a reeking bloody sword in his hand, in the chief gate of their city, which, they coming near, in all their sights, on his arm he wiped and put up; and, in that very instant, throughout the city the plague ceased. Some, peradventure, may take exceptions against the certainty thereof, but if we will authorise any thing in the Roman or ecclesiastical histories, we must ascribe truth as well unto this. I would see him that could give me any



other reason but this of the building of the yet extant gate and castle of St. Angelo's, on both which the angel with his sword drawn is artificially engraven. True or not true, the example can do no harm: we will not be too hasty to imitate it.

Instead of humbling ourselves after this manner, and wearying God with our cries and lamentations, we fall a drinking and boozing, and making jests of his frowning castigation. As babes smile and laugh in their sleep, so we (surprised with a lethargy of sin) do nothing but laugh and jest in the midst of our sleepy security. We scoff and are jocund, when the sword is ready to go through us. On our wine-benches we bid a fico for ten thousand plagues.

Him as a timorous milksop we deride, that takes any antidote against it. Upon the point of God's sword we will run as he is in striking; rush into houses that are infected, as it were to outface him. "My son," saith the apostle, "despise not the chastisement of the Lord<sup>1</sup>." The Lord's chastising we think to escape by despising it. *Quod in communi possidetur ab omnibus negligitur*. That which is dispersed, of all is despised. *Est tentatio adducens peccatum, et tentatio probans fidem*. There is a temptation leading to sin; and a temptation trying our faith. The temptation of this our visitation hath both led us to sin, and tried our faith. It hath led us to sin in that it hath hardened our hearts, and we have not humbled ourselves under it as we should. It hath tried our faith to be a presumptuous and rash faith, and that it is built on no firm foundation. "Blessed is the man," saith Job, "whom God correcteth<sup>2</sup>." Cursed are we, for God correcteth us and we regard it not.

As the Holy Ghost willeth us not to despise the chastising of God, so he would have us not to faint when we are rebuked of him, and therefore he giveth a reason, "For whom the Lord loveth he chastiseth, and he scourgeth every son he receiveth." As there be

<sup>1</sup> Heb. 12. 5.

<sup>2</sup> Job 5. 17.

drunken despisers of God's present chastisement, so are there them that faint too much under it; that think it lies not in the Lord's power to restore them; that no prayers or repentance may relieve them; that imagine (since God in this world hath forsook them,) he will for ever forsake them. Thus they argument against themselves. He that denieth us a small request of the prolongment of a few earthly days, he will surely stop his ears, when in a greater suit (for the life eternal) we shall importune him.

O, no, foolish men, you err; though long life on earth be a blessing, yet it follows not by contradiction, that God curseth all those whose days he shortens. Many except their days were shortened, would never be saved. Many in their prime and best years, are caught hence because the world is unworthy of them, and they are more worthy of heaven than the world. The good King Josias was taken away in his youth. Our Saviour was taken up in his best youthly age. Others for their sins the Lord by untimely death punisheth in this world, that they may be absolved in the world to come. A large account of them shall he demand, to whom he lendeth long life. Whom God chastiseth or cutteth off he loveth, half his account he cuts off. Every son he scourgeth that he receiveth.

Hath God chastised or scourged such a man by the sickness, he is not a greater sinner than thou whom he hath not chastised, but he loveth him better than thee, for in his chastising, he hath shewed more care over him than he hath over thee. Few men defamed with any notorious vice can I hear of, that have died of this sickness. God chastiseth his sons and not bastards. No sons of God are we, but bastards, until we be chastened<sup>1</sup>. The fathers of our earthly bodies for a few days chastise us at their pleasure, but God chastiseth us for our profit, that we may be partakers of his holiness. The fathers of our earthly bodies, though they beat us

<sup>1</sup> Heb. 12. 8. 9.

and chastise us, yet cannot (for all the pain they put us to) enfeeble us in glory perpetual: for how should they do that for us, which they cannot do for themselves? Only because they are to benefit us with a little transitory chaff, they tyrannise and reign over us: and therefore more austere are they to keep us in obedience, for we should not (after their death) lavishly mispend the labours of their parsimony.

The guerdon they give us (for all their inflicted sorrow and smart,) is that which they must leave in spite of their hearts, and cannot themselves keep any longer. They give us place, that in self-same sort we may give place to others. But God, our redeemer, chastiser, and father, corrects us, that we may receive no corruptive inheritance (such as in this life we receive by the waning of our earthly fathers,) but a never-failing inheritance, where we shall have our Father himself for our inheritance.

O what a blessed thing it is to be chastised of the Lord! Is it not better, O London! that God correct thee, and love thee, than forbear thee, and forsake thee? He is a just God, and must punish either in this life or in the life to come. Though thou considerest only the things before thee, yet he being a loving foreseeing father for thee, and knowing the intolerableness of the never quenched furnace (which for sin he hath prepared,) will not consent to thine own childish wishes of winking at thee here on earth (where, though he did spare thee, thou shalt have no perfect tranquillity,) but with a short light punishment acquitteth thee from the punishment eternal, and eternally incomprehensible tortures.

When preachers threaten us for sin with this adjunct eternal; as pains eternal, eternal damnation, eternal horror and vexation, we hear them as words of course, but never dive right down into the bottomless sense. A confused model and misty figure of hell have we conglomerate in our brains, drowsily dreaming that it is a place under earth incessantly vomiting flames like *Ætna* or *Mongibell*,

and fraught full of fire and brimstone; but we never follow the meditation of it so far (were it nothing else,) as to think what a thing it is to live in it perpetually.

It is a thousand thousand times worse than to be stacked on the top of *Ætna* or *Mongibell*. A hundred thousand thousand times more than thought can attract, or supposition apprehend: But eternally to live in it, that makes it the hell, though the torment were but trifling. Signified this word eternal, but some six thousand years (which is about the distance from Adam,) in our comprehension it were a thing beyond mind, insomuch as we deem it an impatient spectacle to see a traitor but half an hour groaning under the hangman's hands. What then is it, to live in threescore times more grinding dis-cruciamment of dying; a year, a hundred years, a thousand years, six thousand years, sixty thousand years, more thousands than can be numbered in a thousand years; so much importeth this word eternal, or for ever.

Though all the men that ever God made were hundred-handed like *Briareus*, and should all at once take pens in their hundred hands, and do nothing in a whole age together but set down in figures and characters as many millions or thousands as they could, so many millions or thousands could they never set down, as this word of three syllables, eternal, includeth; an ocean of ink would it draw dry to describe it. Hell is a circle which hath no breakings off or discontinuing. Hence blasphemous witches and conjurors, when they raise up the devil, draw a ringed circle all about him, that he should not rush out and oppress them: as also to humble and debase him, in putting him in mind by that circle, of the eternal circle of damnation, wherein God hath confined and shut him. What dullards and blockheads are we, that hearing these terms of hell and eternal, so often sounded in our ears, sound them so shallowly, or if we sound them as we should, are no more confounded with them? It should seem we are not too much ter-

rified with them, when for an hour's pleasure (which hath no taste of true pleasure in it,) we will dare them both to their utmost.

Fowls of the air, though never so empty-stomached, fly not for food into open pit-falls. *Quæ nimis apparent retia vitat avis.* Too open snares even simple birds do shun. No beast of the forest, spying a gin or a trap laid for him, but eschews it. We spy and foresee the pit-fall, the net, the gin, the trap that Satan (our old entrapper) lays for us, yet wilfully we (without any flattering hope of food, without any excellent allurement to entice us, or hunger to constrain us,) with full race will dart ourselves into them. Yea, though Christ from the skies hold out never so moving lures unto us, all of them (haggard like) we will turn tail to, and haste to the iron fist, that holds out nought but a knife to enthrill us.

O, if there were no heaven, methinks (having that understanding we ought) we should forbear to sin, if it were but for fear of hell. Our laws, with nothing but proposed penalty, from offending cohibit us, they allow no reward to their temperate observants: God's laws (proposing both exceeding reward and exceeding penalty,) are every day violated and infringed. Either we suppose him not able to execute his laws, or that (like one of Rome's Epicure Emperors) he more favoureth their breakers than obeyers: advancing men sooner for oppugning than observing them. Far is he from that mad-brain fondness; of his laws he is not only not careless, but jealous and zealous, and to the fourth generation pursueth their neglecters.

None of them he pardons, though for a space he may respite. If he delayeth or respiteth, his delaying or respiting is but to fetch up his hand higher that he may let it fall on them heavier. His deferring is the more to infer. Of no ill payment shall he complain, that hath the wages of his wickedness held from him in this world to receive them by the whole sum in hell. Could the least and senselessest of our senses, into the quietest corner of hell be

transported in a vision but three minutes, it would breed in us such an aghasting terror and shivering mislike of it, that to make us more wary of sin-meriting it, we would have it painted in our gardens, our banquetting-houses, on our gates, in our galleries, our closets, our bed-chambers.

Again, were there no hell but the accusing of a man's own conscience, it were hell, and the profundity of hell, to any sharp transpiercing soul, that had never so little inkling of the joys of heaven, to be separate from them ; to hear and see triumphing and melody, and, Tantalus like, not be suffered to come near them, or partake them ; to think when all else were entered, he should be excluded. Our best method to prevent this excluding, or separating from God's presence, is here on earth (whatsoever we go about) to think we see him present. Let us fancy the firmament as his face, the all-seeing sun to be his right eye, and the moon his left, (although his eyes are far more fiery pointed and subtle,) that the stars are but the congemmed twinklings of those his clear eyes, that the winds are the breath of his nostrils, and the lightning and tempests the troubled action of his ire ; that his frowns bring forth frost and snow, and his smiles fair weather ; that the winter is the image of the first world, wherein Adam was unparadised, and the fruit-fostering summer the representation of the seed of woman's satisfying, for the unfortunate fruit of life which he plucked. Who is there, entertaining these divine allusive cogitations, that hath not God unremovable in his memory ? He that hath God in his memory, and advanceth him before his eyes evermore, will be bridled and plucked back from much abusion and bestialness. Many sins be there, which if none but man should over-eye us offending in, we would never exceed or offend in. In the presence of his prince, the dissolutest mis-liver that lives will not offend or mis-govern himself ; how much more ought we, abiding always in God's presence,

precisely to straighten our paths? Hard is it, when we shall have our Judge an eye-witness against us. There is no demurring, or exceptioning against his testimony.

Purblind London, neither canst thou see that God sees thee, nor see into thyself. How long wilt thou cloud his earthly prospect with the misty night of thy mounting iniquities? Therefore hath he smitten thee and struck thee, because thou wouldest not believe he was present with thee. He thought if nothing else might move thee to look back, at least thou wouldest look back to thy striker. Had it not been, so to cause thee to look back and repent, with no cross or plague would he have visited or sought to call thee. He could have been revenged on thee superabundantly at the day of thy dissolution, and souls' general law-day, though none of thy children or allies by his hand had been sepulchred. His hand I may well term it, for on many that are arrested with the plague, is the print of a hand seen, and in the very moment it first takes them, they feel a sensible blow given them, as it were with the hand of some stander by. As God's hand we will not take it, but the hand of fortune, the hand of hot weather, the hand of close smouldry air. The astronomers, they assign it to the regimen and operation of planets. They say, Venus, Mars, Saturn, are motives thereof, and never mention our sins, which are his chief procreators. The vulgar menialty conclude, therefore, it is like to increase, because a hearnshaw, a whole afternoon together, sate on the top of Saint Peter's church in Cornhill. They talk of an ox that tolled the bell at Woolwich, and how from an ox he transformed himself to an old man, and from an old man to an infant, and from an infant to a young man. Strange prophetic reports (as touching the sickness) they mutter he gave out, when in truth they are nought else but cleanly coined lies, which some pleasant sportive wits have devised to gull them most grossly. Under Master Dee's name the

like fabulous divinations have they bruited, when, good reverend old man, he is as far from any such arrogant preciseness, as the superstitious spreaders of it are from true peace of conscience.

If we would hunt after signs and tokens, we should ominate, from our hardness of heart and want of charity amongst brethren, that God's justice is hard entering. No certainer conjecture is there of the ruin of any kingdom than their revolting from God. Certain conjectures have we had, that we are revolted from God, and that our ruin is not far off. In divers places of our land it hath rained blood, the ground hath been removed, and horrible deformed births conceived. Did the Romans take it for an ill sign, when their capitol was stricken with lightning? how much more ought London to take it for an ill sign, when her chief steeple is stricken with lightning? They with thunder from an enterprise were disanimated, we nothing are amated. The blazing star, the earthquake, the dearth and famine some few years since, may nothing affright us. Let us look for the sword next, to remembrance and warn us. As there is a time of peace, so is there a time of war; no prosperity lasteth always. The Lord, by a solemn oath, bound himself to the Jews, yet when they were oblivious of him, it pleased him to forget the covenant he made with their forefathers, and left their city desolate unto them. Shall he not then (we starting from him, to whom by no bond he is tied,) leave our house desolate unto us? Shall we receive of God a long time all good, and shall we not look in the end to receive of him some ill? O, ye disobedient children, return, and the Lord shall heal your infirmities. Lie down in your confusion, and cover your faces with shame. From your youth to this day have you sinned, and not obeyed the voice of the Lord your God. Now, in the age of your obstinacy and ungrateful abandonments, repent and be converted. With one united intercessionment, thus reconcile yourselves unto him.

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O LORD, our refuge from one generation to another, whither from thy sight shall we go, or whither but to thee, shall we fly from thee? Just is thy wrath; it sendeth no man to hell unjustly. Rebuke us not in thine anger, neither chastise us in thy displeasure. We have sinned we confess, and for our sins thou hast plagued us; with the sorrows of death thou hast compassed us, and thy snares have overtaken us; out of Nature's hand hast thou wrested the sword of fate, and now slayest every one in thy way. Ah, thou preserver of men, why hast thou set us up as a mark against thee? Why wilt thou break a leaf driven to and fro with the wind, and pursue the dry stubble? Return, and shew thyself marvellous upon us. None have we like Moses to stand betwixt life and death for us; none to offer himself to die for the people, that the plague may cease. O, dear Lord! for Jerusalem didst thou die, yet couldst not drive back the plagues destinate to Jerusalem. No image or likeness of thy Jerusalem on earth is there left but London. Spare London, for London is like the city that thou lovedst. Rage not so far against Jerusalem, as not only to desolate her, but

to wreak thyself on her likeness also ; all the honour of thy miracles thou lovest, which thou hast shewed so many and sundry times in rescuing us with a strong hand from our enemies, if now thou becomest our enemy. Let not worldlings judge thee inconstant, or undeliberate in thy choice, in so soon rejecting the nation thou hast chosen. In thee we hope beyond hope ; we have no reason to pray to thee to spare us, and yet have we no reason to spare from prayer, since thou hast willed us. Thy will be done, which willeth not the death of any sinner. Death, let it kill sin in us, and reserve us to praise thee. Though thou killest us, we will praise thee ; but more praise shalt thou reap by preserving than killing, since it is the only praise to preserve where thou mayest kill. With the leper we cry out, “ O Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make us clean.” We claim thy promise, “ That those which mourn shall be comforted.”

Comfort us, Lord ; we mourn, our bread is mingled with ashes, and our drink with tears. With so many funerals are we oppressed, that we have no leisure to weep for our sins, for howling for our sons and daughters. O, hear the voice of our howling, withdraw thy hand from us, and we will draw near unto thee.

Come, Lord Jesu, come ; for, as thou art Jesus, thou art pitiful. Challenge some part of our sin-procured scourge to thy cross. Let it not be said, that thou but half satisfiedst for sin. We believe thee to be an absolute satisfier for sin. As we believe, so for thy merit's sake we beseech thee let it happen unto us.

Thus ought every Christian in London, from the highest to the lowest, to pray. From God's justice we must appeal to his mercy. As the French king, Francis the First, a woman kneeling to him for justice, said unto her, " Stand up, woman, for justice I owe thee ; if thou beggest any thing, beg for mercy : " so if we beg of God for any thing, let us beg for mercy, for justice he owes us. Mercy, mercy, O grant us, heavenly Father, for thy mercy.

*Luctus monumenta manebunt.*

FINIS.

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